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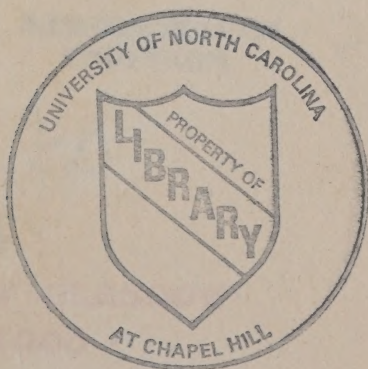
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**THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
JOHN KEATS**

IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. I





THE COMPLETE
WORKS OF ·

JOHN
KEATS

EDITED BY

· H · B · DUXTON · FORMAN ·

· VOL · I · V. 1

POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1817
· ENDYMION ·

· GOWANS & GRAY · GLASGOW ·

· DEC. 1ST · 1900 ·

Reprinted, November, 1924.

THE COMPLETE
WORKS OF

JOHN
KEATS

VOL. I.

EDITED BY
J. E. B. JENNINGS

EDITED BY

H. Dixon Forman

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
1893

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PREFACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the present edition of Keats's whole writings, the main features of my Library edition are reproduced. The voluminous illustrative appendices are not given; but so much of their substance as is necessary for general use is extracted and distributed under other heads; and in all essential matters this edition is the Library edition brought up to date.

The principles of editorship are thus the same as in my large edition of Shelley in eight volumes. The plan has been to gather together everything which could be found from the hand of the poet, to establish the text as nearly as possible in accordance with what he wrote or meant to write, to make no changes without record, to set out fully in foot-notes all authoritative variations of text, rejected passages, &c., and to elucidate and illustrate from such printed and manuscript sources as were open to me.

The three volumes of poetry published during Keats's life have been reproduced upon this plan; and their contents have been collated with all available manuscripts and printed issues of authority, the variations being given in foot-notes. The posthumous and fugitive poems in order of date (as exactly as that order can be ascertained) follow the contents of the three printed volumes.

The literary fragments and notes in prose naturally follow the posthumous poetry; and the letters come last, also in order of date as exactly as that order can be ascertained,—for they are by no means invariably dated.

In the minor matters of orthography, punctuation, &c., I have thought it proper to let the author have the principal voice, rather than to apply any external standard. To ascertain Keats's deliberate preferences as far as possible, and carry them out consistently, seems to me the best procedure. In applying such a principle to those works which were printed in his life-time, it is necessary to record all deviations from the text even when they are in pursuance of the poet's own rules; but in reprinting the posthumous works it is allowable to move a little more freely, because the text of those works as given by earlier editors is certain to have been revised in minor detail from a different point of view. I have therefore endeavoured to accommodate the orthography &c. of the posthumous poems to that of the others without recording in all cases the particular forms adopted in previous editions.

In many instances Keats adopted, no doubt deliberately, the orthography of

Spenser,—as in *lilly*, *ballance*, *pavillion*, and I have not thought it advisable to interfere with a preference of this kind. Even for *but* instead of *butt* he had the authority of elder writers; and I presume no one will dispute the orthography *chace*, seeing that Somerville, to whom the word belongs of right, spelt it so.

These are but samples of a great many words which Keats used with a different spelling from that commonly employed; but there is no occasion to discuss the vocabulary further here.

The most difficult matter to deal with from the point of view of the poet's intention has been that of words inflected in the past participle. There is evidence both internal and external that Keats attached importance to the way in which his past participles in *ed* or *'d* were printed. The external evidence takes the form of an instruction for the printer, written upon the manuscript of 'Endymion' in his own handwriting:

"Attend to the punctuation in general as marked, and to the Elisions in the last syllables of the participles as they are written."

This makes it abundantly clear that he had a set intention in regard to the participles; and there is ample internal evidence that that intention, expressed broadly, was to print *ed* when that syllable was to be pronounced and to replace the *e* by an apostrophe in the opposite case. This sounds at first quite simple; and Keats himself had clearly no notion how difficult a task he had set himself, and how partially the ardent mood of poetic composition admits of carrying out any such rule in detail. The three books which he got printed all betray the intention to follow this rule; and each is inconsistent in itself as to the carrying out of the rule; while the manuscripts of Keats which I have examined in connexion with my editions are naturally still more wayward. The difficulty of now carrying the poet's own rule out for him arises from several circumstances. In regard to the great majority of words ending with *ed* in his works there is no doubt whatever, upon metrical grounds, that the syllable is to be pronounced. But in many instances the *e* in the final *ed* is left standing, both in manuscript and in print, when metrical considerations make it absolutely certain that it was meant to be replaced by an apostrophe; while in a not inconsiderable number of cases, where the question is rather rhythmical than metrical it is by no means certain whether the *e* was left in by accident or on purpose. Cases in which an apostrophe replaces an *e* that is peremptorily wanted for rhyme or metre or rhythm are comparatively uncommon; but they exist; and in one or two passages the author's manuscript shows a curious exception,—an *è* (accented in a manner beyond all dispute) when the verse is such that the real need was an apostrophe instead of an *e*. If these were all the points one had to consider the matter would still be a simple one enough to settle: one would say without hesitation, "leave the *e* in when it is quite clear it is to be sounded; replace it by an apostrophe when it is quite clear it is mute; and when there is a doubt give it the benefit of the doubt and leave it in." For it is obviously of little consequence whether we read ('Endymion,' Book I, line 10)

Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkenèd ways

Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarken'd ways :

the rhythm is easy and noble in either case : if we sound the *e*, the richness of the redundant second foot has an echo of redundancy in the fifth foot : if we leave the *e* out, it has not ; and in the manuscript and first edition of 'Endymion' the *e* stands,—according to the rule, to be pronounced. Similarly, it is of no great moment whether we read ('Sonnet to * * * * *')

Be echoèd swiftly through that ivory shell

or

Be echo'd swiftly through that ivory shell.

On the other hand it is of some consequence whether we read ('Endymion,' Book I, line 111)

Who gathering round the altar seemèd to pry

or

Who gathering round the altar seem'd to pry :

the *e* has clearly no business there ; but there it is both in the manuscript and in the first edition,—to be pronounced, according to the rule, and therefore to be expelled for an apostrophe by an editor desirous of carrying the poet's rule into effect for him. Just as important is it that we should read in the Sonnet 'On First looking into Chapman's Homer'

That deep-brow'd Homer rul'd as his demesne ;

and not

That deep-brow'd Homer rulèd as his demesne ;

but *ruled* Keats wrote and printed, though in the same sonnet he wrote and printed *star'd* not *stared*. And unfortunately the words ending in *ed* are not all or nearly all of a class thus easy to deal with : there is a host of words which are inflected, not by the addition of *ed*, but by the addition of *d* to an *e* which they have already, as *place, face, love, move, range, change, pile, wile, charge, force, rouse, twine, use, scare, dance, pulse, picture* ; and many of these, especially those in which the *e* has an influence upon the value of the consonant it follows, have a disguised, I had almost said an emasculated look, when the *e* is replaced by an apostrophe : you take something away from them that was theirs ; and this is not the same thing as withholding something that you might or might not give them in inflecting them. Then again there are the words which change a letter when inflected with *ed*, such as *bury, marry, tarry, dry, descry, reply* ; and these are the hardest of all to deal with. *Dried* according to Keats's rule is a dissyllable ; the elision of the *e* makes an ugly word enough, *dri'd* ; and I have not met with it in Keats's poetry ; but I do find in his manuscript *dry'd*, and I also find *descry'd* ; and this, I take it, would have been his way of settling the number of syllables to be given to each of the words of that class. *Honied*, he writes for a dissyllable ; but

he would doubtless have put *honey'd*, had he thought about the spelling of the uninflected word. As regards the words which change their feature and complexion when written with an apostrophe instead of an *e*, I can only say thus much,—Keats wrote and printed, often over and over again, *puls'd*, *danç'd*, *rang'd*, *increas'd*, *discours'd*, *shar'd*, *unconfin'd*, *rais'd*, *arous'd*, *disguis'd*, *smil'd*, *surcharg'd*, *heav'd*, *lov'd*, *pin'd*, *clos'd*, *seiz'd*, *convuls'd*, and even *pictur'd*; but that he treated these words thus with some compunction, even were it an unconscious or slumbering undercurrent of compunction, may perhaps be fairly deduced from the fact that he very often left them with the *e*, in cases in which it was of precisely the same importance to excise that vowel as it was in the cases in which he did excise it.

"Therefore" 'twas not "with full happiness that I" set hand to the task of carrying out in detail the rule which Keats evidently meant to follow. It was a stern duty, not to be shrunk from, to disfigure several more words in order to conform to the practice of an author who has found such disfigurement generally necessary. With a living author one would argue in the hope of persuading him to leave every *e* in and put an accent or two dots on every one that is to be sounded, if the reader cannot be trusted to sound them for himself. But for one who is among the immortals we must work as far as may be after his proper fashion. It is necessary to make the text consistent with its own rules,—to consider the ease of the reader in the manner in which the poet intended to consider it, and no other. So much by way of apology for the many lovely words printed in this edition otherwise than one would wish to see them printed. Lists of altered words, made with the view of relieving the foot-notes, will be found appended to the first and second volumes.

The materials used for the present edition include, I believe, all that is important. The late Lord Houghton allowed me to make free with all his Keats publications, and kindly offered to let me go over again the papers at Fryston Hall which served as the basis of his many editions: I regret that circumstances prevented me from availing myself of that privilege; but Professor Sidney Colvin has since done so; and I have had the benefit of his results.

Sir Charles Dilke's collections include many things of the utmost consequence, both to the text of the writings of Keats and to the completeness of illustrative detail. Letters from the poet, books formerly possessed by him, numerous letters from George Keats, Severn, and Brown, and a great mass of related documents, were placed unreservedly in my hands by Sir Charles, and figure conspicuously throughout the volumes both of the present and of the Library edition.

Important papers of Severn fell some eighteen years ago into the hands of Mr. Henry Sotheran of Piccadilly; and I had the advantage of going over them all and making full collations, either by Mr. Sotheran's kindness or by that of later owners of such as passed from the Piccadilly establishment before I examined the collection.

A document of exceptional interest used at that time was a copy-book into which Tom Keats had copied, before publication, a number of the poems forming

the 1817 volume. This book contained transcripts of the 'Specimen of an Induction,' 'Calidore,' 'On receiving a Curious Shell,' 'Imitation of Spenser,' and several of the Sonnets. It had passed into the hands of John Scott, editor of 'The London Magazine,' who was killed in a duel with a Mr. Christie arising out of the abominable 'Cockney School' articles in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Tom Keats had visited Scott in Paris; and it may have been on that occasion that the copy-book passed into Scott's possession.

A more important document acquired by myself about the same time, and still in my collection, was a curious volume originally used for writing fair copies of poems in—poems from various hands. At a later stage it was converted into a scrap-book,—newspaper cuttings and other curiosities being stuck over pages of George Keats's writing; and in one part several of George's copies from John's poems are inserted, having at their head the autograph manuscript of the sonnet to Mrs. George Keats (when Miss Wylie), whom I suppose to have been the owner of the book, seeing that it contains among its curiosities the original parchment commission of James Wylie, as adjutant of the Fifeshire Regiment of Fencible Infantry, signed by George III. in 1794.

The numerous letters to and from Haydon, preserved in the journals of the painter, filled up important blanks and supplied a great number of additions and corrections.

The manuscripts of 'Endymion,' 'Lamia,' 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' 'Isabella,' 'Otho the Great,' and 'The Cap and Bells,' may be mentioned as especially fruitful of various readings and cancelled passages; but most of Keats's principal works and a great mass of the minor poems have been revised from manuscript sources; and not the least of the fortunate chances attending my efforts was the discovery of Richard Woodhouse's copy of the published 'Endymion,' in which were noted, not only the variations of the final manuscript from the printed text, but also those of the first draft, which had not itself come to the surface. Woodhouse seems to have been an ardent admirer of Keats and an enthusiastic student of his works, as well as an excellent scholar; for his copy of 'Endymion' was interleaved, seemingly while Keats was still alive, and the textual differences were noted down in the most business-like and elaborate manner, while the pages bear many remarks and hints of a learned and acute kind, whereof I have not scrupled to avail myself. So far as regards the largest of Keats's poems, this book has been of more service than either of the other printed copies of 'Endymion' I have used, namely Sir Charles Dilke's copy and one in my own possession with a number of autograph corrections. But Sir Charles Dilke's copy has a quantity of manuscript poems bound up at the end; and these have yielded a good deal of assistance in textual work.

The letters of Keats to his sister, which form so large a proportion of the letters first published by me in 1883, threw a flood of new light on his character. We knew him in nearly all relations except that of a protecting brother to a younger sister; and it is this hiatus in his fascinating personality that these delightful letters fill.

After the Library edition was published, there appeared an American issue of Lord Houghton's edition of the poetry, together with a volume of letters, superintended by Mr. J. G. Speed, who, being a grandson of George Keats, had access to some of the papers formerly preserved at Louisville in Kentucky, and was enabled to publish one new letter of considerable interest as well as several passages omitted from previous printed versions.

Later still Mr. Colvin's admirable volume for the Men of Letters Series was written and brought out. It first appeared in 1887. Not only is it, as an appreciation of Keats's character and works, highly valuable; but it is based upon material of which much had not then (and some has not yet) been published. Of much of this material Mr. Colvin gave me the benefit of consultation at first hand for the purposes of a revision of my Library edition published in 1889 and of the volume entitled '*Poetry and Prose of John Keats*' published the next year.

The following is Mr. Colvin's own account of his special material :

"In addition to printed materials I have made use of the following unprinted, viz. :—

"I. Houghton MSS. Under this title I refer to the contents of an album from the library at Fryston Hall, in which the late Lord Houghton bound up a quantity of the materials he had used in the preparation of the '*Life and Letters*,' as well as of correspondence concerning Keats addressed to him both before and after the publication of his book. The chief contents are the manuscript memoir of Keats by Charles Brown, which was offered by the writer in vain to *Galignani*, and I believe other publishers; transcripts by the same hand of a few of Keats's poems; reminiscences or brief memoirs of the poet by his friends Charles Cowden Clarke, Henry Stephens, George Felton Mathew, Joseph Severn, and Benjamin Bailey; together with letters from all the above, from John Hamilton Reynolds, and several others. For the use of this collection, without which my work must have been attempted to little purpose, I am indebted to the kindness of its owner, the present Lord Houghton.¹

"II. Woodhouse MSS. A. A common-place book in which Richard Woodhouse, the friend of Keats and of his publishers Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, transcribed—as would appear from internal evidence, about midsummer 1819—the chief part of Keats's poems at that date unpublished. The transcripts are in many cases made from early drafts of the poems: some contain gaps which Woodhouse has filled up in pencil from later drafts: to others are added corrections, or suggestions for corrections, some made in the hand of Mr. Taylor and some in that of Keats himself.

"III. Woodhouse MSS. B. A note-book in which the same Woodhouse has copied—evidently for Mr. Taylor, at the time when that gentleman was meditating a biography of the poet—a number of letters addressed by Keats to Mr. Taylor himself, to the transcriber, to Reynolds and his sisters, to Rice, and

¹ Now the Earl of Crewe.

Bailey. Three or four of these letters, as well as portions of a few others, are unpublished.¹

"Both the volumes last named were formerly the property of Mrs. Taylor, a niece by marriage of the publisher, and are now my own. A third note-book by Woodhouse, containing personal notices and recollections of Keats, was unfortunately destroyed in the fire at Messrs Kegan Paul and Co's. premises in 1883...

"IV. Severn MSS. The papers and correspondence left by the late Joseph Severn, containing materials for what should be a valuable biography, have been put into the hands of Mr. William Sharp, to be edited and published at his discretion.² In the meantime Mr. Sharp has been so kind as to let me have access to such parts of them as relate to Keats. The most important single piece, an essay on 'The Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame,' has been printed already in the 'Atlantic Monthly'..., but in the remainder I have found many interesting details, particularly concerning Keats's voyage to Italy and life at Rome.

"V. *Rawlings v. Jennings*. When Keats's maternal grandfather, Mr. John Jennings, died in 1805, leaving property exceeding the amount of the specific bequests under his will, it was thought necessary that his estate should be administered by the Court of Chancery, and with that intent a friendly suit was brought in the names of his daughter and her second husband (Frances Jennings, *m.* 1st Thomas Keats, and 2nd William Rawlings) against her mother and brother, who were the executors. The proceedings in this suit are referred to under the above title. They are complicated and voluminous, extending over a period of twenty years, and my best thanks are due to Mr. Ralph Thomas, of 27 Chancery Lane, for his friendly pains in searching through and making abstracts of them."

By 1889 Mr. Colvin had in his hands the holographs of some of the most important of Keats's letters to George and Georgiana Keats in America, showing portentous variations from published texts and a surprising mass of unpublished or imperfectly published matter. Of these also I had the use in 1889. Since then (1891) Mr. Colvin has used the same material in his *Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends*; and I myself published in a single volume in 1895 the whole of Keats's then known letters, chronologically arranged. These included several discovered after 1891.

In the Athenæum for the 23rd of January 1891, Professor Jenks of Melbourne in Victoria announced the discovery of a highly important volume of Keats manuscripts, formerly belonging to George Keats; and this volume is now in the

¹ This statement still stands, no doubt through oversight, in the current issue of Mr. Colvin's book; but both he and I have published the letters and passages referred to since 1887; and they will be found in the present edition.

² Mr. Sharp's book came out in 1892 under the title 'The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn.' The Severn manuscripts were of course not used by me in any way. The printed book is, equally of course, among the works consulted for the present edition.

'British Museum.' It contains holograph copies, by the poet, of 'Isabella,' the Mermaid Tavern lines, and 'The Eve of St. Mark,' and also transcripts of 'Hence Burgundy, Claret, and Port,' 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' the Odes on Melancholy, to a Nightingale, and on a Grecian Urn, 'Welcome Joy, and Welcome Sorrow,' 'Where's the Poet?' the Ode to Autumn, the Robin Hood lines, some lines by L. E. L. on a portrait of Keats, three stanzas of 'Adonais,' and a sonnet by the Honourable Mrs. Norton. Placed loosely in the volume are a transcript of the 'Lines written in the Scotch Highlands' and some verses addressed by "an unknown bard" to one of George Keats's daughters. The book has proved on careful collation to be most valuable.

Of work attributed to Keats in former editions and rejected from the present volumes there is very little; but of such rejection as has been necessary an account should be rendered. The poem and sonnet given in Lord Houghton's Aldine edition (and others) as of doubtful authenticity are both omitted because I do not think that Keats had anything more to do with the poem than with the sonnet, which is to be found among Laman Blanchard's works, and is assigned to that author in several anthologies, as for instance in Leigh Hunt's 'Book of the Sonnet,' Dr. Mackay's 'A Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry,' and Mr. John Dennis's 'English Sonnets.' Lord Houghton has recorded his belief that the sonnet was "one of George Byron's forgeries" (Aldine edition, page 493); but at page 326, the poem commencing with the words "What sylph-like form before my eyes," is introduced by a suggestion that there were genuine pieces among the forgeries sold at the George Byron "autograph" auction. My own belief is that, so far as the actual documents are concerned, all were forged; but that many of them were copies, in assumed hands, of genuine documents. Some of the Shelley letters certainly were; and I think it is only a question of time how soon this particular piece of verse shall be traced to the source outside Keats's work from which George Byron copied it. The letter beginning "My dear Spencer" which was printed at pages 27 and 28 of the edition of Keats's Life and Letters published in 1867, and the letter beginning "My dear Haydon," printed at pages 49-51 of the same volume, are omitted on similar grounds. Both seem to me unlike Keats in all respects; and both are from the George Byron sale, the Haydon one being moreover addressed to "W. Haydon" instead of "B. R. Haydon." The song "Stay, ruby-breasted warbler, stay," given at page 6 of the Aldine edition, was probably sent to Lord Houghton from America. I omit it because, in the scrap-book mentioned at page xi containing a mass of transcripts by George Keats from his brother's poetry, this poem is not only written in George's hand but signed "G.K." instead of "J.K."; and indeed it reads more like one of the effusions which George is recorded to have produced than an early poem by John.

From the same scrap book a sonnet attributed by George Keats to his brother John was extracted for the Library edition in 1883. It is the sonnet beginning with the line

Brother belov'd if health shall smile again,

and passed without public challenge as Keats's till I discovered it by chance

among Mrs. Tighe's posthumous poems, and of course withdrew it at once from my current editions of Keats and made confession of the mistake into which George Keats had unwittingly lured me. No doubt Keats had copied it at some time from the volume containing 'Psyche' (which he greatly admired) and some minor poems, and so deceived his brother without intending to do so.

Another piece which I was led to attribute to Keats was a delightful set of couplets issued by Leigh Hunt in 'The Indicator' for the 19th of January 1820, headed 'Vox et Præterea Nihil.' After a long discussion with the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, I concluded that these beautiful lines had been written by Keats as a part of 'Endymion,' in one of the foot-notes to which I inserted them with the suggestion that they had been intended to come between lines 853 and 854 of Book III, and had been rejected by Keats as overweighting the passage. This suggestion also passed unchallenged for thirteen years, after which, through the courtesy of Mr. Bryan Charles Waller, author of 'The Twilight Land' and 'Perseus with the Hesperides,' I was made aware that 'Vox et Præterea Nihil' was to be found in a volume of poetry by his uncle Bryan Waller Procter ("Barry Cornwall").¹ Of this false ascription also due confession was made, and the couplets were cancelled in the current edition of Keats's poetry. How they had betrayed me and others may be judged from the single sample—

Like the low voice of Syrinx when she ran
Into the forests from Arcadian Pan;

strongly resembling a couplet in 'Endymion'—

Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a horrid dread.

It is believed that the five volumes, of which the first goes forth next month, contain everything of Keats's which has come to the surface since 1833, and that this edition, besides a great mass of work that is not in any other, embodies all that is elsewhere in print, whether in published editions, lives, or essays.

In the last quarter of the present expiring century the estimation in which Keats has been held has increased very greatly; and it has seemed desirable to make his whole writings accessible to all classes at the opening of the new century, and that in a form at once handy and compact and having all the essential advantages of a Library edition.

Regarded as pure literature, the work of Keats has qualities which place it close to that of Shakespeare. It is not claimed for him that he is the greatest English poet since Shakespeare: such a claim were impious to the memory of Milton, of Wordsworth, of Shelley, of Byron,—not to mention others who have followed Shakespeare in the long and glorious roll of our poets. The term "great poet" is comprehensive: before using it one weighs the claimant's intellect, his imagination, his psychic energy, his powers of creation generally. It could not be maintained

¹ 'Marcian Colonna an Italian Tale with Three Dramatic Scenes and other Poems,' published by John Warren and C. & J. Ollier in 1820. In this volume the title is enlarged to 'A Voice—Vox et Præterea Nihil.'

that in all these points Keats was supreme, even in his generation; but it might well be conceded that, in the differentia of his mind and style, there is a magic, a majesty, a power of realizing conceptions wholly poetic in a manner wholly poetic, such as no English poet since Shakespeare had possessed, unless indeed it were Milton.

H. B. F.

46 Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, London,
November 1900.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL WORKS CONSULTED.

Under this head it is not proposed to attempt a bibliography of Keats's works and of related books, or even to set down all the works to which passing references are made in the editorial portions of the present volumes. But as it has been necessary to draw more or less largely on a considerable number of substantive works, it seems desirable to supplement, by means of a list of the principal or most notable of these, the information given in the preface as to the sources of this edition.

Keats's three volumes published in his life-time, in 1817, 1818, and 1820, do not head this list, as each is fully described in the note prefixed to its contents as printed in the present edition. No second edition of the 'Poems,' 'Endymion,' or 'Lamia, &c.' was published during the poet's life: hence the sources of "various reading" are either manuscripts or prints occurring in periodical and other works not by Keats. Such works will be found fully referred to in the foot-notes.

1. *Annals of the Fine Arts*, for MDCCCXVI ... London ... Sherwood, Neely, and Jones ... 1817.

2. *Annals of the Fine Arts*, for MDCCCXVII ... London ... 1818.

3. *Annals of the Fine Arts*, for MDCCCXVIII ... London ... 1819.

4. *Annals of the Fine Arts*, for MDCCCXIX ... London ... 1820.

5. *Annals of the Fine Arts*, for MDCCCXX ... London ... 1820.

These five octavo volumes were edited by James Elmes; but the ruling spirit and chief contributor to the work was Haydon, although Keats, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Lamb, and Southey, all figure in its pages. Three numbers appeared in 1816, four each in 1817, 1818, and 1819, and two in 1820,—seventeen in all. One of Haydon's many fine dissertations, that, namely, on Visconti's mistake as to the action of the *Ilissus* in the Elgin collection appeared as an octavo pamphlet in French,—so determined was the learned painter to make his voice heard throughout Europe on this subject.

6. *Erreur de Visconti relative a l'Action de la Statue de l'Ilissus dans la collection d'Elgin, au Museum Britannique*. Par B. R. Haydon, Peintre d'Histoire. Londres: Imprimé par Bulmer et Cie. Cleveland-Row, St. James's. 1819.

7. *The Literary Pocket-Book; or, Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art*. 1819. (*To be continued annually*.) London: ... Ollier, Vere-Street, ... (where communications will be received.) ... [1818].

8. *The Literary Pocket-Book* ... 1820 ... London [1819].

9. *The Literary Pocket-Book* ... 1821 ... London [1820].

39. Benjamin Robert Haydon : Correspondence and Table-Talk. With a Memoir by his Son, Frederic Wordsworth Haydon. With Facsimile Illustrations from his Journals. In Two Volumes [8vo.] ... London : Chatto and Windus ... 1876.

40. The Poetical Works of John Keats. Chronologically arranged and edited, with a Memoir by Lord Houghton, D.C.L., Hon. Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. London : George Bell and Sons ... 1876. [Aldine edition, one volume, foolscap 8vo.]

41. Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, Unpublished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends. London : George Bell and Sons ... 1877 [one volume, 8vo.].

42. Clarendon Press Series Keats Hyperion, Book I Edited with Notes W. T. Arnold, B.A. ... Oxford ... MDCCCLXXVIII [pamphlet, crown 8vo.].

43. Recollections of Writers. By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke ... London : Sampson Low ... 1878 [one volume, crown 8vo.].

44. Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne Written in the Years MDCCCXIX and MDCCCXX and now given from the Original Manuscripts with Introduction and Notes by Harry Buxton Forman ... London ... Reeves & Turner ... MDCCCLXXVIII [one volume, foolscap 8vo.].

45. Lives of Famous Poets. By William Michael Rossetti. A Companion Volume to the Series Moxon's Popular Poets. London ... Moxon ... 1878 [one volume, crown 8vo.].

46. The Poetical Works of John Keats. Chronologically arranged and edited, with a Memoir, by Lord Houghton ... Second Edition [of the Aldine edition] ... 1879.

47. John Keats A Study By F. M. Owen ... London C. Kegan Paul & Co. ... 1880 [one volume, crown 8vo.].

48. The English Poets Selections with Critical Introductions by various Writers and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, M.A. London Macmillan and Co. 1880 [four volumes, crown 8vo.].

The fourth volume, "The Nineteenth Century : Wordsworth to Dobell," includes, of course, a selection from Keats's works. This is preceded by an Essay from the pen of Matthew Arnold.

49. English Literature by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A. London : Macmillan and Co. 1880 [one volume, medium 8vo.].

This book was originally issued as a "Primer of English Literature"—which title it bears as a "dropped head" above Chapter I.

50. The Poetical Works and Other Writings of John Keats now first brought together including Poems and numerous Letters not before published edited with Notes and Appendices by Harry Buxton Forman in Four Volumes [demy 8vo.] ... London Reeves & Turner ... 1883.

This was the first attempt to collect and set out the whole of Keats's Writings. The volumes contained in addition to all the Writings of

Keats known at that time, everything judged of importance from the numerous earlier works cited in the present list, except, of course, Lord Houghton's Memoirs, which were, and are still, accessible in his own editions of Keats. Keats's letters in this first Library edition numbered 196,—157 to his family and friends and 39 to Fanny Brawne.

51. The Letters of John Keats edited by Jno. Gilmer Speed ... New-York Dodd, Mead & Company 1883 [one volume, medium 8vo.].

52. The Poems of John Keats with the Annotations of Lord Houghton and a Memoir by Jno. Gilmer Speed ... New York Dodd, Mead & Company 1883 [two volumes, medium 8vo.].

These three volumes were issued together with half-titles worded 'The Letters and Poems of John Keats. In Three Volumes.' There are 15 letters to his brothers, 62 to his friends, and 37 to Fanny Brawne, 114 in all. Whatever is new is very inaccurately printed; and the arrangement of the Poetry does not correctly represent Lord Houghton's editions. The typography of this selection is handsome.

53. The Poetical Works of John Keats given from his own Editions and other Authentic Sources and Collated with many Manuscripts Edited by Harry Buxton Forman London Reeves & Turner ... 1884 [one volume, crown 8vo.].

This is an unannotated edition in large type, with a collection of Cancelled Passages from 'Endymion' at the end, full subject index, and index of first lines. There is no Memoir; but the Preface attempts an "Appreciation" on a small scale, and is supplemented by a Chronology of Events, Compositions, and Publications.

54. The Poetical Works of John Keats edited by William T. Arnold. London Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. ... MDCCCLXXXIII [one volume, crown 8vo.].

This edition is of course incomplete; but it has a valuable introduction and contains most of Keats's best poetry. Mr. Arnold has treated in a full and systematic way the subject of the Sources of Keats's diction,—a subject on which Woodhouse began while Keats was still alive, as shown in the notes to the Library edition. Mr. Arnold has added a good deal to what Woodhouse and others had done in this way.

55. The Poetical Works of John Keats Reprinted from the Original Editions with Notes by Francis T. Palgrave London Macmillan and Co. 1884 [A Selection in one volume of the "Golden Treasury" Series, pott 8vo.].

56. The Asclepiad. A Book of Original Research and Observation ... By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. ... published quarterly ... London. April 1884 [octavo].

This contains an important article entitled "An Esculapian Poet—John Keats."

57. The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley by Edward Dowden, LL.D. ... In Two Volumes [demy 8vo.] ... London ... Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. ... 1886.

58. Keats by Sidney Colvin London: Macmillan and Co. ... 1887 [one volume of the "English Men of Letters" Series edited by John Morley, crown 8vo.].

59. Life of John Keats by William Michael Rossetti. London Walter Scott ... 1887 [one volume, medium 8vo.].

60. The Poetical Works and Other Writings of John Keats edited with Notes and Appendices by H Buxton Forman In Four Volumes [demy 8vo.] Reissue with Additions and Corrections ... London Reeves & Turner ... 1889

61. Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne with Introduction and Notes by H Buxton Forman Second Edition Revised and Enlarged London Reeves & Turner ... 1889

62. Poetry and Prose by John Keats A Book of Fresh Verses and New Readings—Essays and Letters lately found—and Passages formerly suppressed Edited by H Buxton Forman and forming a Supplement to the Library edition of Keats's Works London Reeves & Turner ... 1890 [one volume, demy 8vo.].

This volume, designed to put those who owned the Library edition of 1883 in the same position as those who owned the Reissue of 1889, contained also some little material special to itself.

63. Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends Edited by Sidney Colvin London Macmillan and Co. ... 1891 [one volume, large foolscap 8vo.].

This edition, which does not include the Letters to Fanny Brawne, contains 164 letters in all. The poetry inserted by Keats in the originals is given in full, though in a type smaller than that used for the body of the Letters. The editor has added valuable notes.

64. The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn by William Sharp ... London Sampson Low . . 1892 [one volume, royal 8vo.].

65. Excursions in Criticism Being some Prose Recreations of a Rhymers By William Watson London : ... Mathews & ... Lane ... MDCCCXCIII.

66. John Keats A Critical Essay by Robert Bridges Privately Printed MDCCCXCV [one volume, post 8vo.].

67. Keats' Jugend und Jugendgedichte. Von J. Hoops. Sonderabdruck aus Englische Studien XXI. band, 2. heft. 1895 [Leipzig, 8vo. pamphlet.].

68. The Letters of John Keats complete revised edition with a Portrait not published in previous editions and twenty-four contemporary views of places visited by Keats. Edited by H Buxton Forman London Reeves & Turner ... 1895 [one volume, crown 8vo.].

This edition contains every letter of Keats known to be extant at the time including those to Fanny Brawne, which take their place in order of date among the rest, not as a separate group. There are 214 letters in all; and these are given with the transcribed poetry in full, set in the same large type as the body of the letters.

69. The Poetical Works of John Keats... Edited by H. Buxton Forman ... Sixth Edition with Seven Portraits and Ten other Illustrations London ... Reeves and Turner ... 1898.

This is a new edition of No. 53, illustrated and brought up to date.

70. Keats' Hyperion Mit Einleitung herausgegeben von Johannes Hoops ... Berlin Verlag von Emil Felber 1899 [one volume, crown 8vo.].

This little book is No. 3 in a series, namely the "Englische Textbibliothek Herausgegeben von Johannes Hoops a. o. Professor an der Universität von Heidelberg."

MEMOIR.

Of John Keats whether as man or as poet the best biography was written by himself all unconscious of what he was doing. It is preserved in his letters. No doubt the conviction that this was the case led the late Lord Houghton to give the form he did to his work when he dealt with the mass of material entrusted to him by Charles Armitage Brown, supplemented by contributions from other sources assiduously sought out while the 'Life, Letters and Literary Remains' were being embodied in those two small volumes issued by Moxon in 1848 and still treasured by Keats's lovers. With new generations new needs arise; and the selection made by Lord Houghton from his materials with so much taste and feeling, if with a somewhat more liberal allowance of editorial discretion than accords with present views, has long ceased to suffice for the requirements of Keats's always growing audience. Not only have the poet's known writings doubled in bulk since 1848; but a considerable Keats literature has grown up; and, while Lord Houghton's memoirs and notes in their several forms will always be among the choice acquisitions of those readers who go a little further afield than the current book-shops, the letters of Keats taken alone, or even with the extraneous matter published by Lord Houghton, do not give enough information about the poet and his surroundings to satisfy the needs of the present generation. It is for this reason that, apart from the notes and elucidations to be found in their appropriate places in the pages of these five volumes, the present brief biography is prefixed.

John Keats was the eldest of the five children of Thomas Keats and his wife Frances, born Jennings: it was on the 31st of October 1795¹ that John was born

¹The evidence which I discovered in 1882 in the register of baptisms at the Church of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, that Keats's birthday was the 31st of October, not the 29th as he himself seems to have thought, appears to me to be conclusive; but, as Professor Colvin is not fully satisfied on the point, I give the following note from his 'Keats' (page 221):—"As to the exact date of Keats's birth the evidence is conflicting. He was christened at St Botolph's, Bishopsgate, Dec. 18, 1795, and on the margin of the entry in the baptismal register (which I am informed is in the handwriting of the rector, Dr. Conybeare) is a note stating that he was born Oct. 31. The date is given accordingly without question by Mr. Buxton Forman ('Works,' vol. I. p. xlviii). But it seems certain that Keats himself and his family believed his birthday to have been Oct. 29. Writing on that day in 1818, Keats says, 'this is my birthday.' Brown (in Houghton MSS.) gives the same day, but only as on hearsay from a lady to whom Keats had mentioned it, and with a mistake as to the year. Lastly, in the proceedings in

at the Swan and Hoop Livery stables in Finsbury,—Finsbury Pavement, facing Lower Moorfields, at that time an open space, but now occupied by Finsbury Circus, the London Institution, and the east side of Finsbury Pavement. This Livery stable was kept by Keats's grandfather, John Jennings, who had taken into his employ Thomas Keats, a young man from the West Country, of whose antecedents nothing is known. He is said to have been still under twenty years of age when he became head ostler at the Swan and Hoop; and in the fulness of time he married his master's daughter and took charge of the business, Mr. Jennings retiring and taking up his residence at Ponder's End. The birth of John Keats is recorded to have been premature, and probably hastened by some imprudence on the part of his mother, who is said to have been somewhat addicted to pleasure-seeking.

On the 28th of February 1797 Keats's brother George was born. His brother Thomas was born on the 18th of November 1799; and on the 28th of April 1801 the fourth son of this marriage came into the world. He was christened Edward, and died in infancy. On the 3rd of June 1803 a daughter was born: she was christened Frances Mary. By this time the growing family had moved away from the Swan and Hoop and were occupying a house in Craven Street, off the City Road. In the following year a catastrophe befell them. On the 15th of April Thomas Keats went to dine at Southgate, and at a late hour mounted his horse and started for home. As he passed down the City Road, his horse fell with him, and he was thrown and fractured his skull. It was about one o'clock in the morning when the watchman found him. He was then alive, but speechless; the watchman got assistance, and took him to a house in the neighbourhood, where he died about eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th of April 1804.

Within a year of the untimely and violent death of Keats's father, the widow married a Mr. William Rawlings "of Moorgate in the City of London, Stable-Keeper," assumed by Mr. Colvin on the ground of this description to have been her first husband's successor in the management of her father's business. Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings did not live happily together, and were soon separated, Mrs. Rawlings and the young Keatses taking up their abode with Mrs. Jennings, who also was left a widow by the death of Mr. John Jennings on the 8th of March 1805.

The question of education had not been by any means neglected. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Keats had wished to send their sons to Harrow; but, concluding that the expense would be disproportionate to their means, they wisely decided to adopt

Rawlings v. Jennings, Oct. 29 is again given as his birthday, in the affidavit of one Anne Birch, who swears that she knew his father and mother intimately. The entry in the St Botolph's register is probably the authority to be preferred."

The early circumstances of Keats's family life did not tend to a very accurate knowledge on these points. When I first corresponded with his sister, Mrs. Llanos, she was under a wrong impression about her own age, based on an inaccurate tradition as to the year of her father's death. The interval between the two dates she had correctly; but it was not until I discovered the record of the accident in 'The Gentleman's Magazine' that she was convinced of her own birth having taken place in 1803.

more moderate counsels, and John was sent, shortly before his father's death, to the school at which his uncles Jennings had been educated, namely that of Mr. John Clarke of Enfield. This is not the only fact to be laid to heart by any who might too hastily assume from what has been said that Keats was sprung of quite ordinary people of the commercial middle-class. Mr. John Jennings himself is said to have been "extremely generous and gullible"; but he knew a man of parts, and did not entrust his daughter's happiness and his stable-yard to a common fellow when he consented to the marriage between Thomas Keats and Frances Jennings. Thomas Keats, Devonian or Cornishman—who shall say which?—Thomas Keats, like his illustrious eldest son, was a brisk little man who impressed people with his personality. Frances Jennings was a somewhat notable young woman; Mr. Richard Abbey had not perhaps had great experience of talented women; but George Keats has recorded of that gentleman (his sometime guardian) that he regarded Frances Jennings as the one woman of his acquaintance who excelled her mother Alice Jennings in "talents and sense." And Abbey was at the least a shrewd man. It would be a pleasant task, if material enough existed, to reconstruct the several personalities; but it must suffice to add that, among the traditions of this middle-class family, was that of the valour of Captain Midgley John Jennings, R.N., Keats's mother's brother, who had served gallantly under Duncan at Camperdown, and who died on the 8th of October 1808, and further that Keats's mother herself is credited with a passionate attachment to her eldest son, which he fully reciprocated.

One of the prettiest stories in the records of Keats's young days is that of the drawn sword. His mother being ill and ordered to be kept quiet, the child constituted himself guardian of her chamber, at the door of which he posted himself, armed with an old sword, and suffered no one, on pain of death, to approach her. Benjamin Robert Haydon, ever in extremes, though a true admirer of Keats, has spoilt the flavour of this record or legend by giving it a vicious turn;¹ but those to whom Keats is dear will believe the tale as told above—indicative of that tenderness and intrepidity which we know to have been blended in the character of Keats.

Another tale for which Haydon is as far as I am aware the sole authority is particularly well worth preserving among the few characteristic scraps about Keats's childhood. It is this:

"An old lady (Mrs. Grafty, of Craven Street, Finsbury) told his brother George,—when in reply to her question, 'what John was doing,' he told her he had determined to become a poet—that this was very odd, because when he could just speak, instead of answering questions put to him he would always make a rhyme to the last word people said, and then laugh."

¹ Here is what Haydon says in his Autobiography:

"He was when an infant a most violent and ungovernable child. At five years of age or thereabouts, he once got hold of a naked sword and shutting the door swore nobody should go out. His mother wanted to do so, but he threatened her so furiously she began to cry, and was obliged to wait till somebody through the window saw her position and came to her rescue."

Here there is nothing to lead the imaginative painter to stray into the paths of decoration; and it helps us to piece out the picture of the little boy who, like many other little boys, was fond of dabbling in brooks and taking home small live fish. Of the child Keats it is recorded by the poet Keats in a letter to his sister that

There was a naughty boy
 And a naughty boy was he
 He kept little fishes
 In washing tubs three
 In spite
 Of the might
 Of the Maid
 Nor afraid
 Of his Granny-good—
 He often would
 Hurly burly
 Get up early
 And go
 By hook or crook
 To the brook
 And bring home
 Miller's thumb,
 Tittlebat
 Not over fat,
 Minnows small
 As the stall
 Of a glove,
 Not above
 The size
 Of a nice
 Little Baby's
 Little fingers ...

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the same brook was in his mind when he penned in 1817 that charming reminiscence which he puts in the mouth of Endymion, making confessions to his sister Peona, about Diana's face looking up at him from the water of a well—

And there in strife no burning thoughts to heed,
 I'd bubble up the water through a reed;
 So reaching back to boyhood: make me ships
 Of moulted feathers, touchwood, alder chips,
 With leaves stuck in them; and the Neptune be
 Of their petty ocean.

This is much more like experience than invention; and probably both it and

the record of childish habits, written in 1818 in Scotland, refer to those years of the poet's life divided between Enfield and Edmonton—between, that is to say, his grandmother's house at Edmonton, and Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield. There it was, as recorded by Charles Cowden Clarke, that Keats "all but commenced and did complete his school education." Clarke adds—"he was one of the little fellows who had not wholly emerged from the child's costume upon being placed under my father's care...perhaps the youngest individual in a corporation of between seventy and eighty youngsters." Clarke says "he had a brisk, winning face, and was a favourite with all, particularly my mother;" and of Keats's father he records that he was "a man of so remarkably fine a common-sense, and native respectability, that I perfectly remember the warm terms in which his demeanour used to be canvassed by my parents after he had been to visit his boys.¹ John was the only one resembling him in person and feature, with brown hair and dark hazel eyes... His two brothers... were like the mother, who was tall, of good figure, with large oval face, and sensible deportment."

In the early part of his school-life John gave, according to Clarke, no extraordinary indications of intellectual character; but it was remembered of him afterwards, that there was ever present a determined and steady spirit in all his undertakings: Clarke "never knew it misdirected in his required pursuit of study. He was a most orderly scholar."... The narrator adds—"My father was in the habit, at each half-year's vacation, of bestowing prizes upon those pupils who had performed the greatest quantity of voluntary work; and such was Keats's indefatigable energy for the last two or three successive half-years of his remaining at school, that, upon each occasion, he took the first prize by a considerable distance. He was at work before the first school-hour began, and that was at seven o'clock; almost all the intervening times of recreation were so devoted; and during the afternoon holidays, when all were at play, he would be in the school—almost the only one—at his Latin or French translation; and so unconscious and regardless was he of the consequences of so close and persevering an application, that he never would have taken the necessary exercise had he not been sometimes driven out for the purpose by one of the masters.

"It has just been said that he was a favourite with all. Not the less beloved was he for having a highly pugnacious spirit, which, when roused, was one of the most picturesque exhibitions—off the stage—I ever saw. One of the transports of that marvellous actor, Edmund Kean—whom, by the way, he idolized—was its nearest resemblance; and the two were not very dissimilar in face and figure. Upon one occasion, when an usher, on account of some impertinent behaviour, had boxed his brother Tom's ears, John rushed up, put himself in the received posture of offence, and, it was said, struck the usher—who could, so to say, have put him into his pocket. His passion at times was almost ungovernable; and his brother George, being considerably the taller and stronger, used frequently to hold him down by main force, laughing when John was in 'one of his moods,' and was

¹ From this it is to be assumed that George went to the school near about the same time as John. Clarke thought John was the younger.

endeavouring to beat him. It was all, however, a wisp-of-straw conflagration; for he had an intensely tender affection for his brothers, and proved it upon the most trying occasions. He was not merely the 'favourite of all,' like a pet prize-fighter, for his terrier courage; but his high-mindedness, his utter unconsciousness of a mean motive, his placability, his generosity, wrought so general a feeling in his behalf, that I never heard a word of disapproval from any one, superior or equal, who had known him."

Mr. Colvin ('Keats,' page 8) has drawn on the papers in the Houghton Collection for the following extract from an account furnished by one of Keats's school-fellows, Edward Holmes, who lived to write a Life of Mozart:—

"Keats was in childhood not attached to books. His *penchant* was for fighting. He would fight any one—morning, noon, and night, his brother among the rest. It was meat and drink to him....His favourites were few; after they were known to fight readily he seemed to prefer them for a sort of grotesque and buffoon humour....He was a boy whom any one from his extraordinary vivacity and personal beauty might easily fancy would become great—but rather in some military capacity than in literature. You will remark that this taste came out rather suddenly and unexpectedly....In all active exercises he excelled. The generosity and daring of his character with the extreme beauty and animation of his face made I remember an impression on me—and being some years his junior I was obliged to woo his friendship—in which I succeeded, but not till I had fought several battles. This violence and vehemence—this pugnacity and generosity of disposition—in passions of tears or outrageous fits of laughter—always in extremes—will help to paint Keats in his boyhood. Associated as they were with an extraordinary beauty of person and expression, these qualities captivated the boys, and no one was more popular."

Clarke goes on to relate that, in the latter part of the time that he remained at school, the last year and a half or so, Keats occupied the hours during meals in reading. He is described as having a tolerably retentive memory, and to have read a surprising quantity. "He must in those last months," says Clarke, "have exhausted the school library, which consisted principally of abridgments of all the voyages and travels of any note; Mavor's collection, also his Universal History; Robertson's histories of Scotland, America, and Charles the Fifth; all Miss Edgeworth's productions, together with many other works equally well calculated for youth. The books, however, that were his constantly recurrent sources of attraction were Tooke's 'Pantheon,' Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, which he appeared to *learn*, and Spence's 'Polymetis.' This was the store whence he acquired his intimacy with the Greek mythology; here was he 'suckled in that creed outworn;' for his amount of classical attainment extended no farther than the *Æneid*." With the *Æneid* he is said to have been so fascinated that before leaving school he had translated in writing a considerable portion. "And yet," says Clarke, "I remember that at that early age—mayhap under fourteen—notwithstanding, and through all its incidental attractiveness, he hazarded the opinion to me (and the expression riveted my surprise) that there was feebleness

in the structure of the work." Burnet's History of his Own Time and Leigh Hunt's 'Examiner,' which Mr. Clarke's father took in, are credited with laying the foundation of Keats's love of civil and religious liberty.

During the latter part of Keats's school-days, his mother's health failed more and more completely. She suffered much from rheumatism for some time; and when, finally, she was attacked by pulmonary consumption, it was not long before her sufferings came to an end. Keats's devotion to her at her worst took the form of sitting up all night to watch her, administering her medicine, giving her (and even cooking) her food, and reading novels to her. When at length her release came his grief was so poignant and overwhelming as to awaken "the liveliest pity and sympathy in all who saw him." He was still at Mr. Clarke's school—it was in February 1810, when he was fourteen years old, that she died—and under his schoolmaster's desk he would hide himself in his despair. Shortly after this blow, Mrs. Jennings appointed Rowland Sandell and Richard Abbey to be guardians and trustees of Keats and his brothers and sister,—making over to the children the greater part of her property under her husband's will.

At the end of 1810, when turned fifteen, Keats left school and was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Hammond, a surgeon living in Church Street, Edmonton, only two miles from Enfield. "This arrangement," says Clarke, "evidently gave him satisfaction ... for now, with the exception of the duty he had to perform in the surgery—by no means an onerous one—his whole leisure hours were employed in indulging his passion for reading and translating. During his apprenticeship he finished the '*Æneid*.'"¹

One little glimpse of his life at this time was given to me by my old friend the late Richard Henry Horne, author of '*Orion*,' who went to Mr. Clarke's school during Keats's apprenticeship. One winter day Hammond had driven over from Edmonton to Mr. Clarke's with Keats; and, while the Doctor went into the school-house, the apprentice (renowned "bruiser" in the school) sat in the gig, head bent in a brown study, and held the reins. Horne, dared by his companions to snowball the "old boy," of course did it. He had the luck to hit Keats in the back, and then incontinently took to his heels and got away before other arrangements could be made for the reins.² Another glimpse we get from Clarke, who tells us that he and Keats met about five or six times a month at this time; and Keats rarely came to Enfield empty-handed; "either he had a book to read, or brought one to be exchanged."

And yet another glimpse the poet himself gives us when, discoursing to his

¹ I do not know positively whether this means that he finished reading it or finished translating it,—probably translating; Mr. Colvin, at all events, has no doubt upon the point; but I have not discovered whether the translation is extant. It would probably be in prose; and it is hardly to be supposed that its interest would be other than biographical.

² Mr. Colvin ('Keats,' page 11) gives this story somewhat differently on the authority of Mr. Gosse, who had it from Horne: Keats is described as standing at the horse's head in a brown study. But Horne told me the tale as in the text over a dozen times, and never varied it.

brother on the subject of the complete renewal of the body's tissues every seven years, he says "seven years ago it was not this hand that clenched itself against Hammond,"¹ thus letting us know that it was not in entire amity that he and Hammond parted. Briefly, they quarrelled; and in the latter part of the year 1814 the apprentice's indentures were cancelled, Keats proceeding to London to study at St. Thomas's and Guy's hospitals.

At first he lodged at No. 8 Dean Street, in the Borough. Later on he occupied rooms with George Wilson Mackereth and Henry Stephens, fellow medical students. To Stephens we are indebted for some reminiscences of the poet, communicated to Lord Houghton and others. Even in the serious days of Keats's studentship, he was regarded by his fellows as chiefly remarkable for scribbling doggerel verses in the note-books of his companions; but he was certainly popular among his fellow-students as he had been among his schoolfellows. Stephens said that "his absolute devotion to poetry prevented his having any other taste or indulging in any vice."

By all accounts, however, notwithstanding his addiction to verse, Keats was a good medical student,—industrious, able, and successful,—and might have made a career in the profession chosen for him, had there not been other influences more powerful. He operated well; but his imagination appalled him with visions of what might chance if he failed or stumbled. Also his life—his real life—was abroad in the fields of romance away from the grim realities of science; and he gradually became more and more the devotee of the Muses, less and less the son of Æsculapius. His introduction to Leigh Hunt and Haydon at length fanned into flame the fire of imaginative creation which was ever there but had been kept smouldering a while. At about the time when he completed his twenty-first year the will to live "the life poetic" took distinct shape; and, had he maintained robustness of body, he would doubtless have found a way of living by his pen without detriment to his eager and single-souled devotion to poetic art. Charles Cowden Clarke, as his early Mentor, Leigh Hunt and Haydon as his most powerful encouragers at the important epoch of adolescence, must be credited with much of the active influence that took Keats out of the path to a medical practitioner's life, and set his feet in the devious ways of literature.

Among his earlier friends, besides Charles Cowden Clarke, are to be named George Felton Mathew, William Haslam, Joseph Severn, and Charles Wells. Of Mathew, not much is publicly known, save that his family were in trade and showed Keats some hospitality, that Keats addressed to him the poorest of his Epistles in verse, and that, when he wrote to Lord Houghton in 1848 his recollections of the poet, he was "a supernumerary official on the Poor-Law Board, struggling meekly under the combined strain of a precarious income, a family of twelve children, and a turn for the interpretation of prophecy."² These details

¹ The date of this statement is the 21st of September 1819. Probably it is not to be literally assumed that Keats threatened Hammond as early as September 1812 and yet remained with him for two years more.

² Colvin's 'Keats,' pp. 19-20.

should have some weight in settling the degree of our acceptance of what he said in 1848 about Keats. "Keats and I, though about the same age, and both inclined to literature, were in many respects as different as two individuals could be. He enjoyed good health—a fine flow of animal spirits—was fond of company—could amuse himself admirably with the frivolities of life—and had great confidence in himself. I, on the other hand, was languid and melancholy—fond of repose—thoughtful beyond my years—and diffident to the last degree....He was of the sceptical and republican school—an advocate for the innovations which were making progress in his time—a faultfinder with everything established. I on the other hand hated controversy and dispute—dreaded discord and disorder....He admired more the external decorations than felt the deep emotions of the Muse. He delighted in leading you through the mazes of elaborate description, but was less conscious of the sublime and the pathetic. He used to spend many evenings in reading to me, but I never observed the tears nor the broken voice which are indicative of extreme sensibility."

William Haslam seems to have been a person who would never have been heard of but that his name occurs, both pleasantly and unpleasantly, in the letters of Keats and in related documents; but he is credited with having introduced Keats to Joseph Severn, who at that time was a young and struggling aspirant in art, whose fancy had conceived a high ideal of what a real live poet might be, and who found in this particular specimen "all his fancy painted." And no wonder; for the authentic quality of Keats's mission was quickly accepted as an article of faith in a growing circle of friends and acquaintances even before he had proved his title by substantive productions.

Charles Wells was a schoolfellow of Tom Keats's at Edmonton; and at this time he lived with his people in Featherstone Buildings, Holborn. Horne told me that there had been some unpleasantness between Keats and Wells before the well-known incident of the roses,—probably something to do with poor Tom. Wells was only fifteen when he made his *amende* for whatever the offence was by sending Keats the bunch of roses which was the subject of the sonnet at page 42 of the present volume.¹

One of the pleasantest figures in the circle is Georgiana Augusta Wylie, the beloved of George Keats, who clearly had his elder brother's countenance and encouragement in his love-affair, for John, besides writing verses to her himself, helped George in the same way, and produced for him the charming Valentine² "Hadst thou lived in days of old." The womanly perceptiveness of the late Mrs. Owen was no doubt right about Georgiana Wylie's influence: referring to Keats's attachment for this bright girl, Mrs. Owen, in her excellent book, 'John Keats: a Study' (1880, page 13) makes an important point of vital criticism when she says—"There can be little doubt that this sister-in-law was one of the pure and beautiful influences at work in his mind when he wrote 'Endymion.' It is impos-

¹ How bitterly Keats resented another and later offence will be seen from passages in his letters to George in America (in a later volume of this edition).

² See page 22 of this volume.

sible not to feel the shadowy presence of a high ideal throughout the pages..." The charm of the fraternal relations of Endymion and Peona is doubtless indebted to this happy influence.

How magnetically Keats attached men to him can scarcely be better exemplified than by quoting Leigh Hunt's account of their first meeting. It is as follows:—"Mr. Clarke, junior, his schoolmaster's son, a reader of genuine discernment, had encouraged with great warmth the genius that he saw in the young poet; and it was to Mr. Clarke I was indebted for my acquaintance with him. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the exuberant specimens of genuine though young poetry that were laid before me, and the promise of which was seconded by the fine fervid countenance of the writer. We became intimate on the spot, and I found the young poet's heart as warm as his imagination. We read and walked together, and used to write verses of an evening upon a given subject. No imaginative pleasure was left unnoticed by us, or unenjoyed; from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old, to the luxury of a summer rain at our window, or the clicking of the coal in winter-time. Not long afterwards, having the pleasure of entertaining at dinner Godwin, Hazlitt, and Basil Montague, I showed them the verses of my young friend, and they were pronounced to be as extraordinary as I thought them. One of them was that noble sonnet on first reading Chapman's Homer, which terminates with so energetic a calmness, and which completely announced the new poet taking possession."¹

The vivid impression made by Keats upon Hunt as upon others did not wear off; and Hunt, like the rest had something to say about even his personal appearance,—as thus: "He was under the middle height; and his lower limbs were small in comparison with the upper, but neat and well-turned. His shoulders were very broad for his size: he had a face, in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed up, an eager power checked and made patient by ill-health. Every feature was at once strongly cut, and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression, it was in the mouth, which was not without something of a character of pugnacity. His face was rather long than otherwise; the upper lip projected a little over the under; the chin was bold, the cheeks sunken; the eyes mellow and glowing; large, dark and sensitive. At the recital of a noble action, or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled."

The earliest known efforts of Keats to serve the Muse are much more like exercises in the art of writing verse than poetry properly so called; and in the transition period one notes chiefly the determination to be a poet. Now and then, however, come flashes of inspiration, as in the Sonnet on first looking into Chapman's Homer, and in passages of "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill." As he mixed more with men of letters, as for instance John Hamilton Reynolds, Cornelius Webb, Horace Smith, Shelley, and later Wordsworth, his own true identity as a poet grew stronger and stronger: and even by the time he decided to publish his

¹ 'Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries.'

first volume he had accomplished a notable piece of poetic criticism in 'Sleep and Poetry,' written after sleeping at Hunt's cottage in the Vale of Health. In March 1817 the little volume of 'Poems,' the contents of which stand first, in their original order, in the present edition, was issued to the world through the young publishing house of Charles and James Ollier, who afterwards became the publishers of Shelley. The little book attracted hardly any notice, though it was well reviewed by Hunt in 'The Examiner'; but its failure did but stimulate Keats to more ambitious and strenuous effort: and it is said that he and Shelley arranged a race over the Muse's meadows. Shelley was to write 'Laon and Cythna' and Keats 'Endymion'; and they were to try which could finish his work first.

On the 14th of April 1817, urged by his brothers, and more vehemently by Haydon, Keats left London to be "alone and improve" himself,—even Shelley's invitation to go and stay with him at Marlow being refused, in order that he might have his "own unfettered scope." By the end of April the Olliers arranged with George Keats for the relinquishment of the little volume of poems,—the terms used on both sides being somewhat acrimonious; and Keats started upon 'Endymion,' working at Carisbrooke in the Isle of Wight, at Margate, and at Canterbury. Tom was with him both at Margate and at Canterbury; and, after receiving disturbing letters from George on the subject of money matters, the two brothers returned to London and took lodgings at postman Bentley's house in Well Walk, Hampstead. George, it must be stated, had been in Mr. Abbey's employ, but had left it. Tom was unfit for work. Keats himself had encroached upon his share of the capital of the Jennings property while a medical student; and there were now difficulties with Abbey about ways and means. Keats had already arranged for the publication of 'Endymion' (when done), and had even had advances from the future publishers.

Installed in the Well Walk lodgings, Keats worked away at 'Endymion' through the summer, and developed a friendship with Charles Wentworth Dilke and Charles Armitage Brown, who lived in two houses forming a single block, known as Wentworth Place, in John Street, Downshire Hill—now, as a single house, called Lawn Bank. It was through Reynolds that Keats knew these two excellent friends,—Dilke, then aged 29, a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, but much occupied with literature, and Brown, aged 31, living on his means after vicissitudes. Brown was a good companion, with literary proclivities, and had even in his time made £500 by writing a successful opera on a Russian subject. Both men were as unlike Keats as possible, and also as unlike each other. A third friend introduced by Reynolds was Benjamin Bailey,¹ who was reading for the Church at Oxford; and yet a fourth should here be mentioned, the witty and hapless James Rice. In the course of the summer George and Tom Keats made a journey to Paris, and Keats went to Oxford to stay with Bailey during the long vacation.

¹ Afterwards Archdeacon of Colombo.

While at Oxford he continued 'Endymion' steadily, and finished the third book, writing also delightful letters to his sister Fanny, who was much kept away from him by Mr. Abbey, and to Jane and Mariane Reynolds, the sisters of his friend, and afterwards Mrs. Thomas Hood and Mrs. Green. Keats returned to Hampstead early in October 1817. Haydon and Hunt were by this time living "jealous neighbours" in adjoining houses in Lisson Grove, Haydon having also quarrelled with Reynolds. Here Keats was cautioned by Haydon against showing his poem to Hunt, lest he should claim to have done half of it! But Keats, though beginning to appraise Hunt's qualifications at a somewhat lower value than formerly was still warmly attached to him, and knew also how to discount Haydon's statements. In the autumn he went to Burford Bridge, near Dorking, and there finished 'Endymion.' During the winter, after his return to Hampstead, he revised the poem, did a little dramatic criticism, wrote a few small poems, and attended occasional convivial gatherings of young men. In the meantime Tom had become so ill (he was in a consumption) that George took him, by advice, to Teignmouth on the south coast of Devon for the winter.

Keats still saw much of Hunt and Shelley, and also of Haydon, who made studies of his head for a figure in his picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem then in progress, and promised to contribute a portrait of him to 'Endymion' if the poem should be published as a quarto volume; but, as we all know, it was decreed that it should be an octavo, without a portrait. Keats's minor poems of this period are always of authentic quality—no more mere exercises—though varying widely in tone and value. And now came into discussion with Reynolds a scheme for a joint publication of poetical tales from Boccaccio. From this scheme arose 'Isabella or the Pot of Basil,' begun at once, not long after the opening of the new year 1818.

At this time came a new disturbance. George was determined to marry and emigrate to America, and must come to town forthwith. Tom, under the soft influences of the Devonshire air, had somewhat rallied; and Keats determined to release George and take up again the office of Nurse. For Teignmouth, then, he started in the second week of March, only, however, to be in time for a fresh relapse of the poor sufferer and a new spell of watchfulness and effort to keep Tom in heart. During the time (nearly two months) of his Teignmouth ministrations, he saw 'Endymion' through the press, wrote and re-wrote the preface, finished 'Isabella,' of which he had only done a few stanzas, and wrote a few more minor poems, including his best metrical Epistle, that to Reynolds.

The outlook of the Keats family was gloomy enough by this time. John Keats himself had not been over prudent in guarding his health: there was doubtless congenital weakness in some sort though he had great mental and physical energy, and his biographers never tire of telling tales about his prowess as a boxer, and especially of his thrashing a butcher half as big again as himself for an act of cruelty. Clearly he was not given to sparing himself and husbanding his physical resources. George knew well enough about all this; and it was not for his own sake only that he desired to emigrate and make, if it might be, a fortune; for

behind his personal ambition lay ever the thought that he would fain be in a position to maintain John if need were. Miss Wylie had consented to cast in her lot with the manly George, just turned 21, when Keats took his poor waning brother Tom back to London in May 1818 that they might be with George during the preparations for his departure. He was already looking somewhat askance at 'Endymion,' just then making its public appearance, and planning new efforts in lieu of any possible attempt to better the work accomplished.

When George Keats and Georgiana Wylie had taken the momentous decision referred to above, another not apparently so important, but really fraught with ill for the Keats family, was also decided on. Charles Brown and John Keats decided to go on a walking tour to Scotland, leaving poor Tom to be taken care of at Well Walk. George and his bride, accompanied by Keats and Brown, proceeded to Liverpool, the party calling on the way at Redbourn near St. Albans to dine and see Henry Stephens. At Liverpool the two tourists and the young couple parted, George and his bride sailing for America and Keats and Brown proceeding by coach to Lancaster. Keats's account of this trip in his letters is very vivid and full. Brown's letters, as well as his manuscript biography of Keats in the Houghton collection also give a detailed account. The pedestrians set out from Lancaster and went to Windermere Lake, to Keswick, to Derwent Water, and up Mount Skiddaw; and, having seen many of the beauties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, trudged to Carlisle, whence they took the stage-coach to Dumfries, "which," says Brown, "was an uninteresting distance of 36 miles." They walked all over the coast of Kirkcudbright with great pleasure, the country being very fruitful, and the views delightful. It was their intention to see the Giant's Causeway and they took the Packet from Port Patrick to Donaghadee, but did not proceed further than Belfast; for the Irish people pleased them so little, and the expence was so great that they returned to Scotland, and proceeded up the coast to Ayrshire. Near Ayr, they paid a visit to the Cottage in which Burns was born,—even then, it seems, thousands went there "for no other purpose but the happiness of being under the roof." They visited the ruins of Kirk Alloway, because there Tam o' Shanter saw the Witches dancing; then they saw the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and the "auld Brig" and the "new Brig" in the Town, and every thing they could think of that was connected with Burns's poetry. After satisfying themselves that Burns had as charming a country to live in as he himself has described, they proceeded to Glasgow. Then journeying by the banks of the Clyde, they reached Dumbarton, and turned northwards by the side of Loch Lomond. Pushing on from Loch Lomond to the top of Loch Awe, the friends passed one of their pleasantest days in walking by its side to the south end. They afterwards went to the rough, mountainous coast, where, to use Brown's own words, "the sea breaks in between the hills, twenty and thirty miles up the Country, forming what they call salt water Lakes." Arrived at Oban, they took the ferries, first to the Island of Kerrera, and then to the Island of Mull. Here a Guide led them through the Country. "No stranger," says Brown, "could possibly find the road—for in fact *road there was none*, nearly for the whole

journey of 37 miles,—sometimes it was over smooth rock, then we had for miles to hop from one stone to another, up hill and down hill, then to cross rivers up to our knees, and, what was worst of all, to walk thro' bogs." From the extremity of Mull, they crossed to Iona and visited the ruins of the Cathedral, the College, and Chapels. Here they hired a Boat to take them to Staffa,—where they explored Fingal's cave, on which Keats wrote the beautiful poem called 'Staffa.' Returning to Oban by a different route, they proceeded to Fort William in order to ascend Ben Nevis. "We went," says Brown, "to the very top of it, and we had to toil up a prodigious steep, chiefly over large loose stones, for eight miles, ... and as for the coming down, it was worse than the ascent."

All this roughing it was beginning to tell upon Keats; and the tourists now made for Inverness, along the banks of Loch Lochy and Loch Ness, visiting the Falls of Foyers. Brown declares that he and Keats were sometimes nearly starved; for 3 or 4 days together they would not be able to procure a morsel of meat, and the oat-bread they found very difficult to eat. Brown computed at 642 miles the distance walked by him and Keats by the time they came to Inverness; and, says he, I "shall have twice as much more to accomplish if I can, but Mr. Keats will leave me here, and I am full of sorrow about it; he is not well enough to go on; a violent cold and an ulcerated throat make it a matter of prudence that he should go to London in the Packet; he has been unwell for some time, and the Physician here is of opinion he will not recover if he journeys on foot, thro' all weathers, and under so many privations."

In another letter he says—"I am waiting here to see him off in the smack for London. He caught a violent cold in the Island of Mull, which, far from leaving him, has become worse, and the physician here thinks him too thin and fevered to proceed on our journey. It is a cruel disappointment. We have been as happy as possible together. Alas! I shall have to travel through Perthshire and all the counties round in solitude! But my disappointment is nothing to his; he not only loses my company (and that's a great loss), but he loses the country. Poor Charles Brown will have to trudge by himself,—an odd fellow, and moreover an odd figure; imagine me with a thick stick in my hand, the knapsack on my back, 'with spectacles on nose,' a white hat, a tartan coat and trousers, and a Highland plaid thrown over my shoulders! Don't laugh at me, there's a good fellow, although Mr. Keats calls me the Red Cross Knight, and declares my own shadow is ready to split its sides as it follows me. This dress is the best possible dress, as Dr. Pangloss would say. It is light and not easily penetrated by the wet, and when it is, it is not cold,—it has little more than a kind of heavy smoky sensation about it."¹

The state of his brother Tom's health formed an additional call towards London; and when, on the 18th of August, Keats reached the Thames and proceeded at once to Hampstead, it was for a new bout of nursing rather than being nursed. Mrs. Dilke described him on his arrival as looking "brown and as shabby as you can

¹ These extracts are from 'Papers of a Critic.'

imagine, scarcely any shoes left, his jacket all torn at the back, a fur cap, a great plaid, and his knapsack."

He came back to his old haunts to find a sort of literary turmoil in his set, due to the appearance of the scurrilous "Cockney School" article in 'Blackwood's Magazine'; and 'The Quarterly Review' followed in September with its "savage and tartarly" stuff. It is not to be maintained that these attacks had any very serious effect upon him: to use his own words, he suffered much more from his "own domestic criticism" than the ophidian utterances of Lockhart, the bucolic brutality of Wilson, or the pestilent stuff uttered by the "noteless blot on a remembered name" as Shelley called the Quarterly Reviewer, could possibly inflict. Moreover, he was too wholly absorbed in his ministrations at the bedside of poor Tom to feel these things as more than an annoyance, though one which would recur with some bitterness as time went on. Keats would naturally feel resentment whenever he thought of the unpunished personalities of the vilest kind which were used for the purposes of political enmity, and helped to debauch the public mind, and spoil his chances of immediate success. But, as George Keats said, "John was the very soul of courage and manliness, and as much like the *Holy Ghost* as *Johnny Keats*."¹

I am fain to mention at this point another of Keats's contemporaries who remained staunch and indeed made some endeavour to advance into friendlier relations with the wronged poet after the appearance of the attacks. It was probably not at any great distance of time from this that Procter made Keats's acquaintance. In the Autobiography published in 1877 in that interesting book 'Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall)' we read at page 201—"Of Keats I have little to record. I saw him only two or three times before his departure for Italy. I was introduced to him by Leigh Hunt, and found him very pleasant, and free from all affectation in manner and opinion. Indeed, it would be difficult to discover a man with a more bright and open countenance. He was always ready to hear and to reply; to discuss, to reason, to admit; and to join in serious talk or common gossip. It has been said that his poetry was affected and effeminate. I can only say that I never encountered a more manly and simple young man.

"In person he was short, and had eyes large and wonderfully luminous, and a resolute bearing; not defiant, but well-sustained."

It was Procter's widow who said in the long aftertime to which she survived, that Keats's eyes impressed her "as those of one who had been looking on some glorious sight."

On the 1st of December Tom's release came,—in the night,—and Keats left the death-chamber in Well Walk to impart his fresh grief to Brown at Wentworth Place. Brown thus records the visit:—

"Early one morning I was awakened in my bed by a pressure on my hand. It was Keats, who came to tell me that his brother was no more. I said nothing, and

¹ A phrase of patronizing ribaldry used in 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

we both remained silent for a while, my hand fast locked in his. At length, my thoughts returning from the dead to the living, I said—"Have nothing more to do with those lodgings,—and alone too! Had you not better live with me?" He paused, pressed my hand warmly, and replied,—"I think it would be better." From that moment he was my inmate."¹

Keats had begun 'Hyperion' at Tom's bedside; and during the early days of his residence with Brown as a sharing inmate, he proceeded with its composition; but his nervous system was certainly unhinged for some time after his loss; for he was most fondly attached to his brothers. The tremulous melancholy of his mind at this time is illustrated by a reminiscence of his friend Dilke's, of which the tradition was kept alive by the late Mr. John Snook of Belmont Castle. One day a white rabbit came into the Wentworth Place Garden, and Dilke shot it. Keats declared that it was Tom's spirit; and so earnestly did he insist on this view as to impress it on others of the circle; and, when the creature, duly or unduly cooked, was placed on the table, no one could look on it; and it was removed untouched.

As time softened the painful impressions of the last few months, Keats became more and more re-absorbed in devotion to his art. But another influence which was to prove more destructive than all past calamities was about to make itself felt. Keats met at his neighbour Dilke's Mrs. Brawne and her daughter Fanny,² who had hired Brown's furnished house during the Scotch tour, and were still living in Hampstead. Keats did not altogether like Fanny Brawne's demeanour at first; but his fate was very quickly sealed. Try as he would to persuade himself that he was not in love with her, his passion was unquestionably quick in its advent and consuming in its nature and degree. It came upon him in the very fulness and splendour of his power. He worked not only at 'Hyperion,' but in the course of the winter made way with 'The Eve of St. Agnes'; and, towards the end of January 1819, when he and Brown were visiting Dilke's father at Chichester, and Mr. and Mrs. John Snook at Bedhampton—Mrs. Snook was Dilke's sister—he had begun upon the priceless fragment 'The Eve of St. Mark.'

When in February he returned to Wentworth Place he seems to have gone less into the society of his men friends than formerly and to have alternately nursed and resisted his passion for Fanny Brawne. In April 1819 the Dilkes left Wentworth Place; and Mrs. Brawne now took their house; so that Keats and Brown were next-door neighbours to Fanny and her family. It was probably early in the year 1819 that he declared his love for her and was acknowledged as her accepted suitor. It was at all events sufficiently early to give some weight to her opinion about the effect of the reviews on him. After avowing that the attack was made a little before she knew him, she says that, in her opinion, however great his mortification might have been, he was not of a character likely to have displayed it in the weak manner sometimes depicted. Referring to the expedition to the Highlands, from which "he was forced to return, in consequence

¹ Mr. Colvin's "Keats," quoted from Houghton Manuscript.

² There were also Fanny's young brother Samuel and an ungrown sister Margaret, afterwards Madame d'Aounha.

of the illness of a brother, whose death a few months afterwards affected him strongly," she says:—"It was about this time that I became acquainted with Keats. We met frequently at the house of a mutual friend...but neither then nor afterwards did I see anything in his manner to give the idea that he was brooding over any secret grief or disappointment. His conversation was in the highest degree interesting, and his spirits good, excepting at moments when anxiety regarding his brother's health dejected them."¹

In the Spring of 1819, during the turmoil of his passion, Keats wrote some of the most perfect of his works,—the Odes on Indolence, on a Grecian Urn, to Psyche and to a Nightingale, 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' and other short poems of great beauty and individuality. To this period belongs a decline in the friendship between him and Haydon. The painter inconsiderately enough borrowed £30 raised for him with difficulty by the poet, and when Keats was himself in dire straits, resented the expectation that it should be repaid. There was no rupture; but Keats felt his friend to be less worthy of his friendship than he had thought. Brown made Keats an advance for the purposes of a summer outing which was deemed advisable; and by the 3rd of July Keats had bidden good-bye to Fanny Brawne for a while and arrived at Shanklin, where he shared lodgings with James Rice—there for his irremediably declining health. Keats also was in poor health; and although the sick man with whom he was now in constant companionship was one of the wittiest creatures on earth, he naturally failed to have other than a gloomy effect on the sick mind and body of the poet. Brown joined the ailing pair at Shanklin before long; and, shortly after the robust man's arrival, Rice left. It was now that Keats, already occupied with 'Lamia,' accepted a scheme of Brown's for a jointly produced tragedy, founded on the history of Otho the Great. Brown was to bring his stage experience to bear upon the construction of the piece, including the thread of the fable; and Keats was to write the dialogue. While this work was proceeding Keats and Brown moved to Winchester where they arrived in the second week of August. When the fifth act of 'Otho the Great' was reached, Keats dismissed Brown from the joint-conduct of the drama and completed the work alone. He also finished 'Lamia,' and, on a hint from Brown, began an English historical tragedy on the subject of King Stephen.

Brown went to Bedhampton at the beginning of September, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Snook; and, while he was there, Keats received an urgent letter from George, necessitating an immediate visit to London to arrange with Abbey for fresh supplies to be sent to America. After three days the poet returned to Winchester, without having ventured to see Fanny Brawne; and, during a fortnight's solitude, he began to work at 'Hyperion' once more. It was then that he made up his mind to abandon this great attempt on account of the artificiality of its style and its too salient resemblance to the work of Milton. While still at Winchester he revised 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' worked a little on 'The Eve of St. Mark,' and

¹ Medwin's Life of Shelley (see Vol. ii, pages 86-93).

wrote the Ode to Autumn and the renowned Winchester letter to George and Georgiana Keats. It was at this juncture that he determined to return to Town, take lodgings in Westminster, and try to live by journalism. Dilke got lodgings for him at 25 College Street from the 8th of October; and Brown returned alone to Wentworth Place.

But indifferent health, material anxiety for himself and those he loved, and above all the passion which Fanny Brawne had awakened in him, had by this time wrought upon the fibre of his character. The attempt to which he had braced himself failed disastrously and at once. Within two days he was at Wentworth Place, at his mistress's feet—within a fortnight his resistance to the spell was disarmed, and he was settled once more next door to her under Brown's roof.

The question of publication now presented itself again; but, instead of printing at once the chief poems which he had completed since the publication of 'Endymion,' he decided to abide the issue of Brown's endeavours to get 'Otho the Great' put upon the stage. These endeavours, though at first they seemed to promise success, ultimately failed. By the end of the year Keats was busy upon the fantastic quasi-satirical fairy tale in *ottava-rima*, 'The Cap and Bells' and his extraordinary attempt to reconstruct 'Hyperion' in the form of a directly narrated vision. Both these attempts were in different ways evidence of the decay of his higher powers; for, although executive dexterity and nimbleness of intellect are evidenced in abundance, and though the *Vision* is notable for the awakening of high convictions on the subject of the mission and true work of poets, the judgment which characterizes Keats's best work has gone into abeyance, the flood of true creative energy has failed at the source, and that marvellous felicity of expression which accompanied the flood has become attenuated.

At the turn of the year George Keats paid a flying visit to London. For three weeks in January 1820 the brothers were again together; but Keats never attempted to unload his griefs as formerly; and George went back to Louisville in Kentucky to his wife and child, having arranged his business matters with Abbey, but having got no inkling of the doom overhanging his brother. It was on the 28th of January that George left London for Liverpool: on the 3rd of February Keats's mortal illness declared itself. Brown records that on that night his friend came into the house "in a state that looked like fierce intoxication."

"Such a state in him," says Brown, "I knew, was impossible; it therefore was the more fearful. I asked hurriedly, 'What is the matter? you are fevered?' 'Yes, yes,' he answered, 'I was on the outside of the stage this bitter day till I was severely chilled,—but now I don't feel it. Fevered!—of course, a little.' He mildly and instantly yielded, a property in his nature towards any friend, to my request that he should go to bed. I followed with the best immediate remedy in my power. I entered his chamber as he leapt into bed. On entering the cold sheets, before his head was on the pillow, he slightly coughed, and I heard him say,—'That is blood from my mouth.' I went towards him; he was examining a single drop of blood upon the sheet. 'Bring me the candle, Brown, and let me see this blood.' After regarding it steadfastly, he looked up in my face, with a calm-

ness of countenance that I can never forget, and said,—‘I know the colour of that blood;—it is arterial blood;—I cannot be deceived in that colour;—that drop of blood is my death-warrant;—I must die.’ I ran for a surgeon; my friend was bled; and, at five in the morning, I left him after he had been some time in a quiet sleep.”

Fanny Brawne's account¹ of the actual commencement of this mortal illness, though less picturesque and circumstantial, has a distinct value. She says it “began from inflammation in the lungs, from cold,” and adds—“In coughing, he ruptured a blood-vessel. An hereditary tendency to consumption was aggravated by the excessive susceptibility of his temperament, for I never see those often quoted lines of Dryden without thinking how exactly they applied to Keats :—

The fiery soul, that working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay.

From the commencement of his malady he was forbidden to write a line of poetry, and his failing health, joined to the uncertainty of his prospects, often threw him into deep melancholy.” Referring to the often quoted Finch letter published by Mrs. Shelley as illustrating the preface to ‘Adonais,’ she says that it “seems calculated to give a very false idea of Keats. That his sensibility was most acute, is true, and his passions were very strong, but not violent, if by that term violence of temper is implied. His was no doubt susceptible, but his anger seemed rather to turn on himself than on others, and in moments of greatest irritation, it was only by a sort of savage despondency that he sometimes grieved and wounded his friends. Violence such as the letter describes, was quite foreign to his nature. For more than a twelvemonth before quitting England, I saw him every day, often witnessed his sufferings, both mental and bodily, and I do not hesitate to say that he never could have addressed an unkind expression, much less a violent one, to any human being. During the last few months before leaving his native country, his mind underwent a fierce conflict; for whatever in moments of grief or disappointment he might say or think, his most ardent desire was to live to redeem his name from the obloquy cast upon it; nor was it till he knew his death inevitable, that he eagerly wished to die.”

But to return to the exact course of the narrative :—After weeks of close confinement at Wentworth Place, he began to mend, and was so far able to get about as to be in London on the 25th of March 1820 at the private view of Haydon's vast picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, in which his own eager face, surmounting a figure in an ecstatic attitude, appeared to confront him with the record of better days. Haydon records significantly in his Autobiography that the room was full and that Keats and Hazlitt were up in a corner, *really rejoicing*.² Keats was of course unable to go with Brown on a new Scotch walking tour early in May 1820; but he accompanied his friend on board the smack for Scotland, and descended the river as far as Gravesend.

¹ Medwin's Life of Shelley —Vol. ii, pages 86-93.

² Tom Taylor's Life of Haydon, first edition, volume I, page 371.

Hunt was now living in Mortimer Street, Kentish Town; and Keats, to be near him, took a lodging in Wesleyan Place. He did no work but the revision of the proof-sheets of¹ 'Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes and other Poems' which he had at length consented to have published; and no doubt he also read a proof of 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' which he had let Hunt have for 'The Indicator' of the 20th of May 1820. He had given in to his friends by keeping back the *Vision*; and the torso of 'Hyperion' abandoned at Winchester appeared in his book, which was published at the beginning of July. The book had only a moderate success; but Keats was beyond reach of any good that a great literary success might have done him. Consumed by his passion for Fanny Brawne, convinced that neither his health nor his means would admit of his marriage, he had quickly sustained a relapse, and after fresh attacks of bleeding from the lungs on the 22nd and 23rd of June 1820, had gone to Hunt's house for better care than he could have at Wesleyan Place. The Doctors told him that another winter in England would be fatal; and here was a fresh and terrible complication. No wonder that when John and Maria Gisborne, as recorded in her manuscript journal in my possession, drank tea at Hunt's on the 12th of July, the glory had departed! "I was much pained," she wrote, "by the sight of poor Keats, under sentence of death from Dr. Lamb. He never spoke and looks emaciated." It was perhaps immediately upon this visit that Gisborne wrote to Shelley in such a way as to bring forth his letter to Keats dated the 27th of July 1820, inviting him to stay with him at Pisa. On the 12th of August, wounded by the act of a servant in opening one of Fanny Brawne's letters, he then left Hunt's abruptly, and went to Mrs. Brawne's at Wentworth Place. Here he received the aforementioned letter from Shelley whose invitation, however, he did not accept. Keats hoped that, if he took the journey to which he had been condemned, Brown would go with him; but his letters to Brown failed to reach him; and when the time came to start his good friend did not even know that he was going. Joseph Severn, who had won the Royal Academy gold medal in 1819, determined at this juncture to accompany Keats to Rome, and there study to fit himself for competition for the Travelling studentship. The two young men embarked on the 18th of September on board the ship "Maria Crowther" bound for Naples. Brown, hearing at length what was toward, took the smack at Dundee and reached the Thames the very night of the "Maria Crowther's" departure, so that the friends were lying in the River at the same time, each unaware of the other's proximity.

After ten days of beating about the channel the "Maria Crowther" was still only off Portsmouth. Keats landed and went to see Mr. and Mrs. Snook at Bedhampton, not knowing that at that very time Brown was again close to him, namely at the Dilkes' at Chichester. Keats's feet were on English soil once more at Lulworth Cove, on the Dorsetshire coast, where he and Severn landed and spent a

¹ While this work was in progress Shelley wrote Keats's first publisher Ollier—"Keats, I hope, is going to show himself a great poet; like the sun, to burst through the clouds, which, though dyed in the finest colours of the air, obscured his rising."

pleasant day exploring rocks and so on; and, on returning to the ship, the dying poet wrote in a large 8vo. Shakespeare's Poems given to him by Reynolds his last poem—the Sonnet

Bright star would I were stedfast as thou art.

The distresses of the sea transit to Italy included a storm in the Bay of Biscay, the company of a Miss Cotterill who, like Keats, was in a consumption and bound for Italy, and nine days of quarantine off Naples after a four weeks' voyage. From the harbour of Naples Keats wrote to Mrs. Brawne; and after landing, he wrote a very painful letter to Brown on the 1st of November. Before the middle of that month the travellers were at Rome and settled in a lodging in the Piazza di Spagna, in the first house on the right-hand side as one ascends the beautiful stairway of the Trinità dei Monti. Keats had rallied a little under the care of Dr. Clark (afterwards Sir James Clark) when he wrote to Brown on the 30th of November the last letter we have from his hand. But a sudden relapse came ten days later, and fit after fit of bleeding from the lungs racked the enfeebled patient and distressed the watcher—the devoted and tender friend who nursed him so faithfully to the end. Before the end came, he was unable to bear so much as a glance at a letter which came from her whom he was about to relinquish for ever. Severn says—The glance of that letter tore him to pieces. The effects we[re] on him for many days—he did not read it—he could not but requested me to place it in his coffin together with a purse and letter (unopened) of his sisters since which time he has requested me not to place *that letter* in his coffin but only his sisters purse and letter with some hair.

This suffering existence was prolonged till the 23rd of February. Its close must be told in Severn's words written on the 27th.

"He is gone; he died with the most perfect ease—he seemed to go to sleep. On the twenty-third, about four, the approaches of death came on. 'Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come.' I lifted him up in my arms. The phlegm seemed boiling in his throat, and increased until eleven, when he gradually sunk into death, so quiet, that I still thought he slept. I cannot say more now. I am broken down by four nights' watching, no sleep since, and my poor Keats gone. Three days since the body was opened: the lungs were completely gone. The doctors could not imagine how he had lived these two months. I followed his dear body to the grave on Monday with many English. They take much care of me here—I must else have gone into a fever. I am better now, but still quite disabled.

"The police have been. The furniture, the walls, the floor, must all be destroyed and changed, but this is well looked to by Dr. Clark.

"The letters I placed in the coffin with my own hand.

"This goes by the first post. Some of my kind friends would else have written before."

He was buried at Rome in the Protestant Cemetery near the Pyramid of Caius Cestius; and in the fulness of time his faithful friend Severn was laid beside him—old and honoured.

It was not till April that Shelley heard at Pisa what had happened at Rome; but within four months of the falling of the curtain on the tragedy of John Keats, the great poet who had so frankly courted his more intimate friendship, and who knew the beauty of his nature as all those who saw much of him knew it, had poured forth and committed to the press that glowing tribute to his memory which the world knows as 'Adonais.' Within another brief span of thirteen months the supreme singer whose Elegy on the Death of Keats is by many accounted to be his own most perfect and illustrious work, had joined the hapless subject of his soaring strain in "the unapparent"—passing joyously and swiftly through the almost painless death dealt by that sea which he so passionately loved and hugging to his side in the moment of dissolution a certain precious little book which he had borrowed from Hunt. This book, containing 'Lamia,' 'Isabella,' 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' 'Hyperion,' and the best Odes, was his dead friend's clearest title to that immortality in which they were to pass along the centuries, side by side, while all of each of them that the grave could swallow lay beneath the grass surrounding the Pyramid of Cestius in that spot of which the elder of them had said that "it might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

Now that we look back at the mingled web of circumstance in which they lived and passed,—look back through a vista of near eighty years,—we can speak dispassionately of what Keats was and did.

It is impossible to read Keats's poetry closely without being struck by the earnest single-heartedness of his devotion to his art. It is the most salient moral quality which his writings display, and contributes more than any cultivation of thought, study of philosophy, or adherence to the spirit of the Greek mythology, to give to his works that stability which made certain from the first what he half doubtingly ventured to "think" in writing to his brother,—that he should be "among the English poets" after his death. It was perhaps this great earnestness, over-straining his super-sensitive nature, that led to most of the faults of his more youthful productions. The line of his reading was from early times the best calculated to invigorate and inspire his style; and although he fell at first into some of the laxities of early English poets, the small damage here and there effected in this way is insignificant when compared with the good he got from his studies. Spenser very soon gained a great influence over him, as the notes to 'Endymion' will tend to indicate; but curiously enough the early poem called an 'Imitation of Spenser' has very little that is directly Spenserian, and is much more like an imitation of Thomson—an echo from the Spenserian galleries of 'The Castle of Indolence.' In the opening of "I steed tip-toe upon a little hill," Keats makes good use of a mental phase inspired by the earlier poem 'The Floure and the Lefe,' and if, in the same line of reading, he caught the trick of writing such a couplet as

And glides into a bed of water lillies :

Broad leav'd are they and their white canopies

the balance is still very clearly in our favour. Now and then the debt to classic

literature is a little too evident; but as a rule Keats's works are remarkably free from other men's thoughts. It is quite exceptional to come upon such a household word as was reset for us in the lines

To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;

which we cannot help placing at a disadvantage beside the lines from 'As You Like It' (Act II, Scene 1)

And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

But the real wonder about Keats is what a little way into the land of his poetry the reader carries with him the sense of shortcomings of this kind. 'Endymion' bears us along in a whirl of imaginative creation; and the beauties with which it is lavishly strewn scarcely leave time for the thought that the construction wants perspicacity—a thought which will intrude at last. In work later than 'Endymion' there are probably more passages wherein the thought or feeling, whatever it may be, is expressed with an almost absolute felicity than will be found in the like bulk of work by any other modern English poet. The Odes to a Nightingale, on a Grecian Urn and on Indolence, 'The Eve of St. Mark' and 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' may be named among the most sustained examples of this lofty felicity. Perhaps it will be objected that the opening of the Ode to a Nightingale is not really clear,—that it is not made evident at a glance how the poet's numbness arose from being too happy in the bird's happiness,—too happy that the bird sang "of summer in full-throated ease"; but I am not sure that the tremulous thick-ness of utterance arising from intense emotion is not better rendered by the means employed, even if unconsciously employed and unintentionally rendered, than it would have been if the thought had undergone a little more chastening; while the prismatic line

No hungry generations tread thee down

is Dantesque in its weird vigour,—a touch of the highest genius, bringing before us visions of many terrible things, and chiefly of multitudinous keen and cruel faces more awful in the relentless oppressiveness of their onset upon the sensitive among men than anything in the mighty visions of damnation and detestableness seen five hundred years ago in Italy. The unphilosophic obliqueness of the analogy drawn—the comparison between the lot of the *individual* man and that of the *general* nightingale—scarcely detracts from the value, as it certainly does not from the supreme beauty, of the poem—while we know not how much the pathos is enhanced by this very obliqueness of analogy.

It was late in Keats's short life before he began to give birth to grand thoughts such as those just glanced at. The mythology and poetry of the moon were perhaps longer uppermost in his thoughts than in any other poet's. Besides the 'Endymion' that he speaks of in his letter to Clarke of the 17th of December 1816, a poem now identified with "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill," there are what we

may term lunar traces throughout the early volume of Poems. Even in the poor little poem 'To Some Ladies,' which is not even carefully finished up to its own Tom Moorish standard, seeing that the second quatrain lacks a rhyme,—even in this we have talk of "Cynthia's face, the enthusiast's friend." In the Epistle to George Felton Mathew we read

in happy hour
Came chaste Diana from her shady bower,

and in the Epistle to George Keats there are the really admirable verses about the poet and what he sees beside the mere moon in heaven—

Ah, yes! much more would start into his sight—
The revelries and mysteries of night:
And should I ever see them, I will tell you
Such tales as needs must with amazement spell you.

Again in the Epistle to Clarke—

When Cynthia smiles upon a summer's night,
And peers among the cloudlet's jet and white,
As though she were reclining in a bed
Of bean blossoms, in heaven freshly shed.

Once more in the Sonnet to George Keats—

Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping
So scantily, that it seems her bridal night,
And she her half-discover'd revels keeping.

And the Hecate character of the moon is clearly enough alluded to in the two lines closing the Sonnet to * * * * *

And when the moon her pallid face discloses,
I'll gather some by spells, and incantation.

Indeed Keats may almost be said to have made the moon and her lover his own,—so much so that Browning, in one of his tributes to Keats, conveys a whole romanceful of meaning in a word, the word *even* in those glorious trochaics from 'One Word More':—

What, there's nothing in the moon note-worthy?
Nay—for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy)
All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos)
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even!

Had Keats never passed out of the lunar phase he would still have produced a book far more remarkable than Chamberlayne's 'Pharonnida,' a poem which bears

a certain resemblance to 'Endymion,' and which, I think, had been read by the modern poet (see page 164 of this volume); and much of even the 1817 volume must perforce have been remembered; but it is the volume published in 1820 that assures him a seat among the immortals.

Francis Turner Palgrave refers in his 'Golden Treasury' to Keats as "a poet deserving the title 'marvellous boy' in a much higher sense than Chatterton," and says that Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth would have left "poems of less excellence and hope" than Keats has left "had their lives been closed at twenty-five." Such was Keats's enthusiasm for Chatterton that I feel sure he would have been the first to wish Mr. Palgrave to be reminded that the Bristol boy really was a boy in the strictest sense, having won for himself at the hands of Keats the proud title of "the most English of poets except Shakespeare" by a truly prodigious mass of work all done before he was eighteen years old—an age he never attained. The comparison with Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth holds; but it is only fair to ask on behalf of Chatterton what Keats would have left had he failed to attain eighteen instead of twenty-six years. I think the real marvel of Keats is best touched on by Mrs. Browning in Book I of 'Aurora Leigh':

By Keats's soul, the man who never stepped
In gradual progress like another man,
But, turning grandly on his central self,
Ensphered himself in twenty perfect years
And died, not young,—(the life of a long life,
Distilled to a mere drop, falling like a tear
Upon the world's cold cheek to make it burn
For ever;) by that strong excepted soul,
I count it strange and hard to understand
That nearly all young poets should write old;...

What is really notable is that he who had produced practically nothing as a boy, who between the ages of twenty and twenty-five had been through so much sorrow and anguish tending to stop his work, should yet have written within those five years such a body of poetry, so suddenly rising to the highest excellence of expression and the most startling imaginative capacity, and this out of poetic beginnings scarcely removed from the common-place.

That Keats himself was always at the very antipodes of common-place, we have ample evidence in the various recollections of his childhood, boyhood, and youth; in the facts of his life; and in the excellently recorded physiognomy. In every authentic portrait, he is a marked man; and there is scarcely an act on record that does not express individuality and character.

By all who really knew Keats he seems to have been greatly beloved,—one of the surest proofs of the nobility of his character. His devotion to his mother and his brothers, taking practical forms, his paternal solicitude for his young orphan sister, his readiness to assist friends from his own slender resources, his promptness to protect the weak and oppressed, his enthusiasm for the good, the beautiful, and

the true, and his contempt for everything that was mean, sordid, or hollow, are all qualities which find, more or less, a balanced expression in his writings and his acts. His words and his life speak for him fully in the following volumes; and truly of a more lovable character it would be hard indeed to find living records such as these. The fluctuation of his nobler qualities under premature physical decay is one of the saddest spectacles in the history of literature; but, although his friends had all somewhat to bear with when the hand of death was upon him, the main stream of his life remained noble and beautiful to the last. In the records that relate to the times when he was between twenty and twenty-three years of age, and in his letters even later than those times, there is a splendid elasticity corresponding with the "fine compactness of person" which he is said to have had. That his forces were rather volcanic and intermittent than sustained and resistant the melancholy result showed; and however much or little prophetic truth may have been in Coleridge's well-known utterance "there is death in that hand," the final verdict will probably be that this noble nature, with all its male vigour, had not the due proportion of patient stolid resistance to make head against a dire combination of misfortunes.

Hunt in his admirable remarks upon 'The Eve of St. Agnes' points to the fainting of Porphyro at sight of Madeline as the one flaw in the poem, and apologizes for it on the score of the poet's enfeebled state of health at the time. But I think this is rather hard on all three—poem, poet, and disease. If it be so important a fault, I fear we must acquit bodily disease of any part or lot in it, for Keats's young people always had a way of fainting, whether conceived in his more vigorous or in his less vigorous period. Endymion after the visit of Diana (Volume I, page 137) is described as having "Swoon'd drunken from pleasure's nipple"; and he swoons at the thought of Diana's voice when he is in the palace of Neptune, at the end of Book III of the poem: at the end of Book IV he is represented as kneeling before the goddess "in a blissful swoon," which however may not be meant quite literally; and again, in Book IV, lines 745-7, the disguised Diana tells how as a child she gave kisses "to the void air," and how when she imagined

the warm tremble of a devout kiss
Even then, that moment, at the thought of this,
Fainting I fell into a bed of flowers,
And languish'd there three days.

Lycius faints when he meets with Lamia at the roadside; Lamia had previously fallen "into a swooning love of him"; and even in the very fortress of ideal strength, the breast of the King of the Giant-gods, Keats has implanted this liability to faint; for when in 'Hyperion' (Book II), Saturn enters among his fallen brother-gods, it is recorded of him that he

Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration;

and a little further on he talks about poring

on Nature's universal scroll

Even to swooning.

Indeed the idea of swooning, especially for lovers was so familiar to the poet that, when his own time came, he wrote to his lady, "all I can bring you is a swooning admiration of your beauty."

To me it has always seemed that Keats's attitude towards women was that of impassioned chivalry not wholly free from a hysterical element. The line in "Woman! when I behold thee,"

E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps and prances,

is not inapt; and

My ear is open like a greedy shark,

To catch the tunings of a voice divine

expresses the exaggeration of sentiment perfectly.

Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair;

Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast,

Are things on which the dazzled senses rest

Till the fond fixed eyes forget they stare.

This is all more or less hysterical; and, with all its obvious charm for young people, so, very much so, is

God! she is like a milk white lamb that bleats

For man's protection.

In one of his letters Keats describes the reactionary converse of this exaggerated sentiment, in a passage which is an anticipation of the 'Ode on Indolence,' and in which the phase of feeling is described as "a delightful sensation, about three degrees on this side of faintness"; and even in the carefully finished 'Ode to Psyche,' we have the line

And on the sudden, fainting with surprise,

applied to the mere vision of Cupid and Psyche.

This default of male robustness in one particular is a contradiction in Keats's manly and even pugnacious character; but I do not think it ought to be regarded with intolerance, even though it helped so valuable a life to fall into a hereditary consumption. The fact of the matter is that, somehow or other, an Oriental as well as a Greek and a Celtic strain had passed into the child of English parents; and if we have the supreme advantage of a romantic colour and warmth throughout a great part of the poetry left by this wondrously gifted youth, we must be content to take with it the prevalent temperament of the lovers in oriental romances and tales, who faint as a matter of course under due provocation, very much to the surprise of a northerly reader not previously acquainted with their customs. Strange and occult things happen now and again in the building up of men of genius; but I do not know that the presence, in a London child of not very

remarkable parents, of clear emanations from the spirit of Greek mythology and the spirit of Eastern romance is more wonderful than the transfusion of the sublimated essence of the French revolution into the veins of Shelley, the scion of a long line of Sussex squires, or the perfect intuition of medieval romance life displayed by Thomas Chatterton, the descendant of a line of Bristol sextons.

"I think," wrote Keats to his brother, "I shall be among the English poets after my death." "He is," wrote another poet,—Matthew Arnold; "he is with Shakespeare." One might end with that; but better still it seems to me to close by crediting to yet another poet,—its true owner—an appreciation which the critics of to-day are but too prone to deliver as their own—a few words of Bryan Waller Procter's:—

"Were it necessary, in this place, to characterise Keats as a writer, I should say that he was more intensely and exclusively poetical than any other. No one can read his poems (including 'Endymion' and all others subsequently published) without feeling at once that he is communing with a great poet. There can be no mistake about his *quality*. It is above all doubt; and if, like Lucifer, he has not drawn after him a third part of the heavens, he has had a radiant train of followers, comprising (with the exception of the great name of Wordsworth) all who have since succeeded in distinguishing themselves in the same sphere of art."

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

in explanation of the different types employed.

In order to prevent a difficulty that sometimes arises of distinguishing between the author and the editor, especially when author's and editor's notes to a text both occur, the following plan has been adopted. The text of the author and its variants have been printed throughout in 'old style' type, while all notes &c. added by the editor have been set in 'condensed' type. It is hoped that this innovation will be found of no small service to the general reader as well as to the student.

POEMS

Published in 1817.

The poems preceding 'Endymion' are the contents of a small volume published early in 1817 with a title-page worded as follows:—

POEMS,
BY
JOHN KEATS.

"What more felicity can fall to creature,
"Than to enjoy delight with liberty."
Fate of the Butterfly.—SPENSER.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
C. & J. OLLIER, 3, WELBECK STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1817.

This book, Keats's first substantive publication, though worked in fours, is a foolscap octavo, each sheet of paper being cut in halves. It was issued in drab boards, with a back label "Keats's Poems," and consists of a blank leaf, fly-title 'Poems' in heavy black letter, with imprint on verso, "Printed by C. Richards, No. 18, Warwick Street, Golden Square, London," title-page as given above, Dedication with a note on the verso, and pages 1 to 121 including the fly-titles to the Epistles, Sonnets, and 'Sleep and Poetry'. There are head-lines in Roman capitals running throughout each section, recto and verso alike, (1) 'Poems', (2) 'Epistles', (3) 'Sonnets', and (4) 'Sleep and Poetry'.

The note after the Dedication is as follows:—

"The Short Pieces in the middle of the book, as well as some of the Sonnets, were written at an earlier period than the rest of the Poems."

Leigh Hunt, reviewing with characteristic boldness, loyalty, and insight this volume, dedicated to him, laid his finger unerringly on its weak and strong points. His review appeared in 'The Examiner' for the 1st of June and 6th and 13th of

July 1817, and was reprinted as an Appendix in my Library edition of Keats's Works.

Charles Ollier, reputed the leading spirit in the young firm of publishers who issued this book, seems to have been well enough pleased with the volume at first; for in what appears to have been his own copy he wrote immediately on its appearance, the following Sonnet:

Keats I admire thine upward daring Soul,
Thine eager grasp at immortality
I deem within thy reach;—rejoic'd I see
Thee spurn, with brow serene, the gross controul
Of circumstance, while o'er thee visions roll
In radiant pomp of lovely Poesy!
She points to blest abodes where spirits free
Feed on her smiles and her great name extol.—
Still shall the pure flame bright within thee burn
While nature's voice alone directs thy mind;
Who bids thy speculation inward turn
Assuring thee her transcript thou shalt find.
Live her's—live freedom's friend—so round thine urn
The oak shall with thy laurels be entwined.

I have no evidence of authorship beyond the hand-writing; but I have no doubt about its being the writing of Charles Ollier. This sonnet, dated the 2nd of March 1817, represents a far pleasanter phase of Keats's connexion with his first publisher than that represented by another document in prose. George Keats would seem to have become more or less aggressive on his brother's behalf within two months of the issue of the little book. What his controversy with the Olliers was we do not know; but he seems to have written them a letter to which the following is their reply.

Sir,—We regret that your brother ever requested us to publish his book, or that our opinion of its talent should have led us to acquiesce in undertaking it. We are, however, much obliged to you for relieving us from the unpleasant necessity of declining any further connexion with it, which we must have done, as we think the curiosity is satisfied, and the sale has dropped. By far the greater number of persons who have purchased it from us have found fault with it in such plain terms, that we have in many cases offered to take the book back rather than be annoyed with the ridicule which has, time after time, been showered upon it. In fact, it was only on Saturday last that we were under the mortification of having our own opinion of its merits flatly contradicted by a gentleman, who told us he considered it 'no better than a take in.' These are unpleasant imputations for any one in business to labour under, but we should have borne them and concealed their existence from you had not the style of your note shewn us that such delicacy would be quite thrown away. We shall take means without delay for ascertaining the number of copies on hand, and you shall be informed accordingly.

Your most, &c.

C. & J. Ollier.

3, Welbeck Street, 29th April, 1817.

This letter appeared in 'The Athenæum' for the 7th of June 1873, and was reprinted in the Appendix to Volume I of the Library edition of Keats's Works.

H. B. F.

DEDICATION.

TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

GLORY and loveliness have pass'd away ;
For if we wander out in early morn,
No wreathed incense do we see upborne
Into the east, to meet the smiling day :
No crowd of nymphs soft voic'd and young, and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
But there are left delights as high as these,
And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time, when under pleasant trees
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please
With these poor offerings, a man like thee.

Charles Cowden Clarke (Recollections of Keats) says that on the evening when the last proof sheet of the 1817 volume was brought from the printer, it was accompanied by the information that, if a "dedication to the book was intended it must be sent forthwith." Whereupon he withdrew to a side table, and in the buzz of a mixed conversation, composed and brought to Charles Ollier, the publisher, this Dedication Sonnet.

The following sonnet, which Hunt wrote to Keats in reply to this dedication, is transcribed from Keats's own copy of 'Foliage; or Poems Original and Translated, by Leigh Hunt' (1818), bearing upon the title-page, in Hunt's beautiful writing, the words "John Keats from his affectionate friend the Author." Keats gave the book to Miss Brawne; and it is now in my possession.

TO JOHN KEATS.

'Tis well you think me truly one of those,
Whose sense discerns the loveliness of things ;
For surely as I feel the bird that sings
Behind the leaves, or dawn as it up grows,
Or the rich bee rejoicing as he goes,
Or the glad issue of emerging springs,
Or overhead the glide of a dove's wings,
Or turf, or trees, or, midst of all, repose.
And surely as I feel things lovelier still,
The human look, and the harmonious form
Containing woman, and the smile in ill,
And such a heart as Charles's, wise and warm,—
As surely as all this, I see, ev'n now,
Young Keats, a flowering laurel on your brow.

Hunt notes that the "Charles" of the last line but two is "Charles C. C. [Cowden Clarke], a mutual friend."

POEMS.

"Places of nestling green for Poets made."

STORY OF RIMINI.

I STOOD tip-toe upon a little hill,
 The air was cooling, and so very still,
 That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
 Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
 Their scanty leav'd, and finely tapering stems, 5
 Had not yet lost those starry diadems
 Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
 The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
 And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
 On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept 10
 A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
 Born of the very sigh that silence heaves :
 For not the faintest motion could be seen
 Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
 There was wide wand'ring for the greediest eye, 15
 To peer about upon variety ;
 Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
 And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;
 To picture out the quaint, and curious bending

1. Leigh Hunt tells us in 'Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries' that "this poem was suggested to Keats by a delightful summer's-day, as he stood beside the gate that leads from the Battery on Hampstead Heath into a field by Caen Wood." This is of course merely an identification of the locality ; and the poem was clearly not written there or then ; for in a letter to Charles Cowden Clarke postmarked the 17th of December 1816 Keats writes of finishing this poem "in one more attack." He speaks of it as 'Endymion' ; and that that was the name by which he designated this poem before publication I learned in 1883 by inspecting George Keats's transcript of it—headed 'Endymion'. I did not note any variations of text. No doubt the title was abandoned at the time of publication because the poet had already in his mind the full treatment of the subject which he gave to the world in 1818.

12. Hunt calls this ('Examiner') "a fancy, founded, as all beautiful fancies are, on a strong sense of what really exists or occurs."

Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending ; 20
 Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
 Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
 I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free
 As though the fanning wings of Mercury
 Had play'd upon my heels : I was light-hearted, 25
 And many pleasures to my vision started ;
 So I straightway began to pluck a posey
 Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

A bush of May flowers with the bees about them ;
 Ah, sure no tasteful nook would be without them ; 30
 And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
 And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them
 Moist, cool and green ; and shade the violets,
 That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert hedge with wild briar overtwin'd, 35
 And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
 Upon their summer thrones ; there too should be
 The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
 That with a score of light green brethren shoots
 From the quaint mossiness of aged roots : 40
 Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters
 Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters
 The spreading blue bells : it may haply mourn
 That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
 From their fresh beds, and scatter'd thoughtlessly 45
 By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
 Ye ardent marigolds !
 Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
 For great Apollo bids 50
 That in these days your praises should be sung
 On many harps, which he has lately strung ;
 And when again your dewiness he kisses,
 Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :
 So haply when I rove in some far vale, 55
 His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight :
 With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,

37-41. Of this passage Hunt says in 'The Examiner', "Any body who has seen a throng of young beeches, furnishing those natural clumpy seats at the root, must recognize the truth and grace of this description." He adds that the remainder of the poem, especially verses 47 to 86, "affords an exquisite proof of close observation of nature as well as the most luxuriant fancy."

And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings. 60

Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :
They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings. 65

How silent comes the water round that bend ;
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging shallows : blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach 70

A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle 75
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand.

If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain ;
But turn your eye, and they are there again. 80
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the em'rald tresses ;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live :

So keeping up an interchange of favours, 85
Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low hung branches ; little space they stop ;
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak : 90

Or perhaps, to show their black, and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That nought less sweet, might call my thoughts away,

61-80. Clarke says Keats told him this passage was the recollection of the friends' "having frequently loitered over the rail of a foot-bridge that spanned . . . a little brook in the last field upon entering Edmonton." Keats, he says, "thought the picture correct, and acknowledged to a partiality for it." Lord Houghton prints the following alternative reading of the passage beginning with line 61 :—

Linger awhile among some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's daisied banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :
That will be found as soft as ringdoves' cooings.
The inward ear will hear her and be blest,
And tingle with a joy too light for rest.

Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown	95
Fanning away the dandelion's down ;	
Than the light music of her nimble toes	
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.	
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught	
Playing in all her innocence of thought.	110
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,	
Watch her half-smiling lips, and downward look ;	
O let me for one moment touch her wrist ;	
Let me one moment to her breathing list ;	
And as she leaves me may she often turn	105
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburne.	
What next ? A tuft of evening primroses,	
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;	
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,	
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap	110
Of buds into ripe flowers ; or by the flitting	
Of diverse moths, that aye their rest are quitting ;	
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim	
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim	
Coming into the blue with all her light.	115
O Maker of sweet poets, dear delight	
Of this fair world, and all its gentle livers ;	
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,	
Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,	
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,	120
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,	
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering !	
Thee must I praise above all other glories	
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.	
For what has made the sage or poet write	125
But the fair paradise of Nature's light ?	
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,	
We see the waving of the mountain pine ;	
And when a tale is beautifully staid,	
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade :	130

96. In the Rowfant collection (formed by the late Mr. F. Locker-Lampson) there is a single leaf of the autograph manuscript of this poem, beginning with line 96 and ending with line 182. It seems to have been preserved by Haydon, who has written upon it, "Given me by my Dear Friend Keats—B. R. Haydon." The verbal variations are given below.

99. The manuscript reads 'will' for 'would'.

106. In the manuscript, 'peeping' for 'looking'.

115. Lord Houghton notes, presumably from some other manuscript, the following variation :—

Floating through space with ever-living eye,
The crowned queen of ocean and the sky.

128. In the manuscript we read 'a mountain Pine'.

When it is moving on luxurious wings,
 The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings :
 Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
 And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases ;
 O'er head we see the jasmine and sweet briar, 135
 And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire ;
 While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
 Charms us at once away from all our troubles :
 So that we feel uplifted from the world,
 Walking upon the white clouds wreath'd and curl'd. 140
 So felt he, who first told, how Psyche went
 On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment ;
 What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
 First touch'd ; what amorous, and fondling nips
 They gave each other's cheeks ; with all their sighs, 145
 And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes :
 The silver lamp,—the ravishment,—the wonder—
 The darkness,—loneliness,—the fearful thunder ;
 Their woes gone by, and both to heaven upflown,
 To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne. 150
 So did he feel, who pull'd the boughs aside,
 That we might look into a forest wide,
 To catch a glimpse of Fauns, and Dryades
 Coming with softest rustle through the trees ;
 And garlands woven of flowers wild, and sweet, 155
 Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet :
 Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled
 Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
 Poor nymph,—poor Pan,—how he did weep to find,
 Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind 160
 Along the reedy stream ; a half heard strain,
 Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

What first inspir'd a bard of old to sing
 Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring ?
 In some delicious ramble, he had found 165
 A little space, with boughs all woven round ;

141. Compare 'Endymion', final couplet :—

Peona went
 Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.

144. This was originally written in the manuscript, 'What fondleing and amorous nips' ; but the words are marked to be transposed.

151. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'So do they feel who pull' ; and in the next line, 'may' for 'might'.

153. In the manuscript, and in the original edition, 'Fawns' for 'Fauns'.

155. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'And curious garlands of flowers', etc.

156. The manuscript has 'sportive' for 'sporting'.

159. In the manuscript, 'how did he weep'.

And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
 Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool,
 The blue sky here, and there, serenely peeping
 Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping. 170
 And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
 A meek and forlorn flower, with naught of pride,
 Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
 To woo its own sad image into nearness :
 Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move ; 175
 But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
 So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
 Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot ;
 Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
 Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale. 180

Where had he been, from whose warm head out-flew
 That sweetest of all songs, that ever new,
 That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness,
 Coming ever to bless
 The wanderer by moonlight ? to him bringing 185
 Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
 From out the middle air, from flowery nests,
 And from the pillowy silkiness that rests
 Full in the speculation of the stars.
 Ah ! surely he had burst our mortal bars ; 190
 Into some wond'rous region he had gone,
 To search for thee, divine Endymion !

He was a Poet, sure a lover too,
 Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew
 Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below ; 195
 And brought in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow
 A hymn from Dian's temple ; while upswelling,
 The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
 But though her face was clear as infant's eyes,
 Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice, 200
 The Poet wept at her so piteous fate,
 Wept that such beauty should be desolate :
 So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
 And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air ; thou most lovely queen 205
 Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen !
 As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
 So every tale, does this sweet tale of thine.
 O for three words of honey, that I might

174. We read 'fair' for 'sad' in the manuscript.

Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night !

210

Where distant ships do seem to show their keels,
Phœbus awhile delay'd his mighty wheels,
And turn'd to smile upon thy bashful eyes,
Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize.

The evening weather was so bright, and clear, 215
That men of health were of unusual cheer ;
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,
Or young Apollo on the pedestal :

And lovely women were as fair and warm,
As Venus looking sideways in alarm. 220

The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half-closed lattices to cure
The languid sick ; it cool'd their fever'd sleep,
And sooth'd them into slumbers full and deep.

Soon they awoke clear ey'd : nor burnt with thirsting, 225
Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples bursting :
And springing up, they met the wond'ring sight
Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with delight ;
Who feel their arms, and breasts, and kiss and stare,
And on their placid foreheads part the hair. 230

Young men, and maidens at each other gaz'd
With hands held back, and motionless, amaz'd
To see the brightness in each other's eyes ;
And so they stood, fill'd with a sweet surprise,
Until their tongues were loos'd in poesy. 235

Therefore no lover did of anguish die :
But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,
Made silken ties, that never may be broken.

Cynthia ! I cannot tell the greater blisses, 240
That follow'd thine, and thy dear shepherd's kisses :
Was there a poet born ?—but now no more,
My wand'ring spirit must no farther soar.—

233. In the original edition, 'others'.

Hunt's remark in 'The Examiner' on this poem as a whole is excellent. He says, "The first poem consists of a piece of luxury in a rural spot, ending with an allusion to the story of Endymion, and to the origin of other lovely tales of mythology, on the ground suggested by Mr. Wordsworth in a beautiful passage of his 'Excursion.' Here, and in the other largest poem ['Sleep and Poetry'], which closes the book, Mr. Keats is seen to his best advantage, and displays all that fertile power of association and imagery which constitutes the abstract poetical faculty as distinguished from every other. He wants age for a greater knowledge of humanity, but evidences of this also bud forth here and there."

SPECIMEN OF AN INDUCTION TO A POEM.

Lo ! I must tell a tale of chivalry ;
 For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye.
 Not like the formal crest of latter days :
 But bending in a thousand graceful ways ;
 So graceful, that it seems no mortal hand, 5
 Or e'en the touch of Archimago's wand,
 Could charm them into such an attitude.
 We must think rather, that in playful mood,
 Some mountain breeze had turn'd its chief delight,
 To show this wonder of its gentle might. 10
 Lo ! I must tell a tale of chivalry ;
 For while I muse, the lance points slantingly
 Athwart the morning air : some lady sweet,
 Who cannot feel for cold her tender feet,
 From the worn top of some old battlement 15
 Hails it with tears, her stout defender sent :
 And from her own pure self no joy dissembling,
 Wraps round her ample robe with happy trembling.
 Sometimes, when the good Knight his rest would take,
 It is reflected, clearly, in a lake, 20
 With the young ashen boughs, 'gainst which it rests,
 And th' half seen mossiness of linnets' nests.
 Ah ! shall I ever tell its cruelty,
 When the fire flashes from a warrior's eye,
 And his tremendous hand is grasping it, 25
 And his dark brow for very wrath is knit ?
 Or when his spirit, with more calm intent,
 Leaps to the honors of a tournament,
 And makes the gazers round about the ring
 Stare at the grandeur of the ballancing ? 30
 No, no ! this is far off :—then how shall I
 Revive the dying tones of minstrelsy,
 Which linger yet about long gothic arches,
 In dark green ivy, and among wild larches ?

Hunt in his review speaks confidently of this and the next composition as connected—"The 'Specimen of an induction to a Poem,' and the fragment of the Poem itself entitled 'Calidore'"; and, in a volume of transcripts made in a copy-book of Tom Keats's, the two compositions are written continuously, the first headed simply 'Induction', and the second 'Calidore'.

8. Manuscript variation, 'say' for 'think'.

9-10. Manuscript variation, 'his' for 'its'.

17. In the transcript line 17 stands thus :

And now no more her anxious grief remembering.

How sing the splendour of the revelries, 35
 When buts of wine are drunk off to the lees?
 And that bright lance, against the fretted wall,
 Beneath the shade of stately banneral,
 Is slung with shining cuirass, sword, and shield?
 Where ye may see a spur in bloody field. 40
 Light-footed damsels move with gentle paces
 Round the wide hall, and show their happy faces;
 Or stand in courtly talk by fives and sevens:
 Like those fair stars that twinkle in the heavens.
 Yet must I tell a tale of chivalry: 45
 Or wherefore comes that steed so proudly by?
 Wherefore more proudly does the gentle knight,
 Rein in the swelling of his ample might?

Spenser! thy brows are arched, open, kind,
 And come like a clear sun-rise to my mind; 50
 And always does my heart with pleasure dance,
 When I think on thy noble countenance:
 Where never yet was ought more earthly seen
 Than the pure freshness of thy laurels green.
 Therefore, great bard, I not so fearfully 55
 Call on thy gentle spirit to hover nigh
 My daring steps: or if thy tender care,
 Thus startled unaware,
 Be jealous that the foot of other wight
 Should madly follow that bright path of light 60
 Trac'd by thy lov'd Libertas; he will speak,
 And tell thee that my prayer is very meek;
 That I will follow with due reverence,
 And start with awe at mine own strange pretence.
 Him thou wilt hear; so I will rest in hope 65
 To see wide plains, fair trees and lawny slope:
 The morn, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers;
 Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers.

35-40. Manuscript variations, 'grandeur' for 'splendour' in line 35, 'this bright spear' for 'that bright lance' in line 37, and 'you' for 'ye' in line 40.

44. The transcript reads 'which' for 'that'.

46. In previous editions, 'knight'; but in a copy of the 1817 volume bearing on the title-page an inscription in Keats's writing, the word 'steed' is substituted in manuscript for 'knight'. The transcript also reads 'steed'.

51. This thought, of the heart "dancing" at what is seen by "the inward eye", is of course from Wordsworth's renowned poem about the Daffodils:

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the Daffodils.

57. The transcript reads 'gentle' for 'tender'.

59. The transcript has 'living' in place of 'other'.

61. 'Libertas' means Leigh Hunt. Mrs. Charles Cowden Clarke had positive knowledge of this from her husband.

CALIDORE.

A FRAGMENT.

YOUNG Calidore is paddling o'er the lake ;
 His healthful spirit eager and awake
 To feel the beauty of a silent eve,
 Which seem'd full loath this happy world to leave ;
 The light dwelt o'er the scene so lingeringly. 5
 He bares his forehead to the cool blue sky,
 And smiles at the far clearness all around,
 Until his heart is well nigh over wound,
 And turns for calmness to the pleasant green
 Of easy slopes, and shadowy trees that lean 10
 So elegantly o'er the waters' brim
 And show their blossoms trim.
 Scarce can his clear and nimble eye-sight follow
 The freaks, and dartings of the black-wing'd swallow,
 Delighting much, to see it half at rest, 15
 Dip so refreshingly its wings, and breast
 'Gainst the smooth surface, and to mark anon,
 The widening circles into nothing gone.

And now the sharp keel of his little boat
 Comes up with ripple, and with easy float, 20
 And glides into a bed of water lillies :
 Broad leav'd are they and their white canopies
 Are upward turn'd to catch the heavens' dew.
 Near to a little island's point they grew ;
 Whence Calidore might have the goodliest view 25
 Of this sweet spot of earth. The bowery shore
 Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
 And light blue mountains : but no breathing man
 With a warm heart, and eye prepar'd to scan
 Nature's clear beauty, could pass lightly by 30
 Objects that look'd out so invitingly
 On either side. These, gentle Calidore
 Greeted, as he had known them long before.

The sidelong view of swelling leafiness,
 Which the glad setting sun, in gold doth dress ; 35
 Whence ever, and anon the jay outsprings,
 And scales upon the beauty of its wings.

6-16. The transcript in Tom Keats's copy-book reads 'clear' for 'cool' in line 6, 'was' for 'is' in line 8, 'which' for 'that' in line 10, 'his' for 'its' in line 16, 28. In the transcript, line 28 reads—

And light blue Mountains. But sure no breathing man
 and in line 29 'an' stands in place of 'and.'

The lonely turret, shatter'd, and outworn,
 Stands venerably proud ; too proud to mourn
 Its long lost grandeur : fir trees grow around, 40
 Aye dropping their hard fruit upon the ground.

The little chapel with the cross above
 Upholding wreaths of ivy ; the white dove,
 That on the window spreads his feathers light,
 And seems from purple clouds to wing its flight. 45
 Green tufted islands casting their soft shades
 Across the lake ; sequester'd leafy glades,
 That through the dimness of their twilight show
 Large dock leaves, spiral foxgloves, or the glow
 Of the wild cat's eyes, or the silvery stems 50
 Of delicate birch trees, or long grass which hems
 A little brook. The youth had long been viewing
 These pleasant things, and heaven was bedewing
 The mountain flowers, when his glad senses caught
 A trumpet's silver voice. Ah ! it was fraught 55
 With many joys for him : the warder's ken
 Had found white coursers prancing in the glen :
 Friends very dear to him he soon will see ;
 So pushes off his boat most eagerly,
 And soon upon the lake he skims along, 60
 Deaf to the nightingale's first under-song ;
 Nor minds he the white swans that dream so sweetly :
 His spirit flies before him so completely.

And now he turns a jutting point of land,
 Whence may be seen the castle gloomy, and grand : 65
 Nor will a bee buzz round two swelling peaches,
 Before the point of his light shallop reaches
 Those marble steps that through the water dip :
 Now over them he goes with hasty trip,
 And scarcely stays to ope the folding doors : 70
 Anon he leaps along the oaken floors
 Of halls and corridors.

40. In the transcript this and the next line stand thus :—

Its long lost grandeur. Laburnums grow around
 And bow their golden honors to the ground.

42. In the transcript, 'its cross'.

44. The transcript reads 'window' ; the first edition, 'windows'.

48. 'Which' for 'That' in the transcript.

57. In the transcript we read 'seen' for 'found'.

60. In the transcript, 'across the lake'.

69. The transcript reads 'flies' for 'goes'.

70. 'And scarcely stops', in the transcript.

Delicious sounds ! those little bright-eyed things That float about the air on azure wings, Had been less heartfelt by him than the clang Of clattering hoofs ; into the court he sprang, Just as two noble steeds, and palfreys twain, Were slanting out their necks with loosened rein ; While from beneath the threat'ning portcullis They brought their happy burthens. What a kiss, What gentle squeeze he gave each lady's hand ! How tremblingly their delicate ankles spann'd ! Into how sweet a trance his soul was gone, While whisperings of affection Made him delay to let their tender feet Come to the earth ; with an incline so sweet From their low palfreys o'er his neck they bent : And whether there were tears of languishment, Or that the evening dew had pearl'd their tresses, He feels a moisture on his cheek, and blesses With lips that tremble, and with glistening eye, All the soft luxury That nestled in his arms. A dimpled hand, Fair as some wonder out of fairy land, Hung from his shoulder like the drooping flowers Of whitest Cassia, fresh from summer showers : And this he fondled with his happy cheek As if for joy he would no further seek ; When the kind voice of good Sir Clerimond Came to his ear, like something from beyond His present being : so he gently drew His warm arms, thrilling now with pulses new, From their sweet thrall, and forward gently bending, Thank'd heaven that his joy was never ending ; While 'gainst his forehead he devoutly pressed A hand heaven made to succour the distress'd ; A hand that from the world's bleak promontory Had lifted Calidore for deeds of Glory.	75 80 85 90 95 100 105
Amid the pages, and the torches' glare, There stood a knight, patting the flowing hair Of his proud horse's mane : he was withal A man of elegance, and stature tall : So that the waving of his plumes would be High as the berries of a wild ash tree, Or as the winged cap of Mercury.	110 115

78. In the transcript, 'from loosened rein'.

85. The transcript reads 'pretty feet'.

101. 'This present being' in the transcript.

103. The transcript reads 'meekly bending'.

His armour was so dexterously wrought
 In shape, that sure no living man had thought
 It hard, and heavy steel : but that indeed
 It was some glorious form, some splendid weed,
 In which a spirit new come from the skies 120
 Might live, and show itself to human eyes.
 'Tis the far-fam'd, the brave Sir Gondibert,
 Said the good man to Calidore alert ;
 While the young warrior with a step of grace
 Came up,—a courtly smile upon his face, 125
 And mailed hand held out, ready to greet
 The large-ey'd wonder, and ambitious heat
 Of the aspiring boy ; who as he led
 Those smiling ladies, often turn'd his head
 To admire the visor arch'd so gracefully 130
 Over a knightly brow ; while they went by
 The lamps that from the high roof'd hall were pendent,
 And gave the steel a shining quite transcendent.

Soon in a pleasant chamber they are seated ;
 The sweet-lipp'd ladies have already greeted 135
 All the green leaves that round the window clamber,
 To show their purple stars, and bells of amber.
 Sir Gondibert has doff'd his shining steel,
 Gladdening in the free, and airy feel
 Of a light mantle ; and while Clerimond 140
 Is looking round about him with a fond,
 And placid eye, young Calidore is burning
 To hear of knightly deeds, and gallant spurning
 Of all unworthiness ; and how the strong of arm
 Kept off dismay, and terror, and alarm 145
 From lovely woman : while brimful of this,
 He gave each damsel's hand so warm a kiss,
 And had such manly ardour in his eye,
 That each at other look'd half staringly ;
 And then their features started into smiles 150
 Sweet as blue heavens o'er enchanted isles.

Softly the breezes from the forest came,
 Softly they blew aside the taper's flame ;
 Clear was the song from Philomel's far bower ;
 Grateful the incense from the lime-tree flower ; 155
 Mysterious, wild, the far heard trumpet's tone ;
 Lovely the moon in ether, all alone :

139. In the transcript, 'free and easy'.

147. The transcript reads, 'sweet' for 'warm'.

Sweet too the converse of these happy mortals,
 As that of busy spirits when the portals
 Are closing in the west ; or that soft humming
 We hear around when Hesperus is coming.
 Sweet be their sleep. * * * * *

160

TO SOME LADIES.

WHAT though while the wonders of nature exploring,
 I cannot your light, mazy footsteps attend ;
 Nor listen to accents, that almost adoring,
 Bless Cynthia's face, the enthusiast's friend :

Yet over the steep, whence the mountain stream rushes,
 With you, kindest friends, in idea I rove ;
 Mark the clear tumbling crystal, its passionate gushes,
 Its spray that the wild flowers kindly bedews.

5

Why linger you so, the wild labyrinth strolling ?
 Why breathless, unable your bliss to declare ?
 Ah ! you list to the nightingale's tender condoling,
 Responsive to sylphs, in the moon-beamy air.

10

'Tis morn, and the flowers with dew are yet drooping,
 I see you are treading the verge of the sea :
 And now ! ah, I see it—you just now are stooping
 To pick up the keep-sake intended for me.

15

If a cherub, on pinions of silver descending,
 Had brought me a gem from the fret-work of heaven ;
 And smiles, with his star-cheering voice sweetly blending,
 The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given ;

20

It had not created a warmer emotion
 Than the present, fair nymphs, I was blest with from you,
 Than the shell, from the bright golden sands of the ocean
 Which the emerald waves at your feet gladly threw.

For, indeed, 'tis a sweet and peculiar pleasure,
 (And blissful is he who such happiness finds,)
 To possess but a span of the hour of leisure,
 In elegant, pure, and aerial minds.

25

158. In the transcript, 'those' for 'these'.

20. The reference is of course to Mrs. Henry Tighe, born Mary Blachford, whose delicate poem 'Psyche, or the Legend of Love', now unduly almost forgotten, had a natural attraction for Keats and influenced his early poetic thought.

ON RECEIVING A CURIOUS SHELL,
AND A COPY OF VERSES,

FROM THE SAME LADIES.

HAST thou from the caves of Golconda, a gem
 Pure as the ice-drop that froze on the mountain?
 Bright as the humming-bird's green diadem,
 When it flutters in sun-beams that shine through a fountain?

Hast thou a goblet for dark sparkling wine? 5
 That goblet right heavy, and massy, and gold?
 And splendidly mark'd with the story divine
 Of Armida the fair, and Rinaldo the bold?

Hast thou a steed with a mane richly flowing?
 Hast thou a sword that thine enemy's smart is? 10
 Hast thou a trumpet rich melodies blowing?
 And wear'st thou the shield of the fam'd Britomartis?

What is it that hangs from thy shoulder, so brave,
 Embroider'd with many a spring peering flower?
 Is it a scarf that thy fair lady gave? 15
 And hastest thou now to that fair lady's bower?

Ah! courteous Sir Knight, with large joy thou art crown'd;
 Full many the glories that brighten thy youth!
 I will tell thee my blisses, which richly abound
 In magical powers to bless, and to sooth. 20

On this scroll thou seest written in characters fair
 A sun-beamy tale of a wreath, and a chain;
 And, warrior, it nurtures the property rare
 Of charming my mind from the trammels of pain.

The title of this poem is in many editions distributed between this and the preceding composition. In Tom Keats's book of transcripts, already mentioned, the poem is headed merely "On receiving a curious shell and a copy of verses"; but another transcript, in the hand-writing of George Keats, is subscribed (not headed) "Written on receiving a copy of Tom Moore's 'Golden Chain', and a most beautiful Dome shaped shell from a Lady". The reference is to 'The Wreath and the Chain'. The last-named copy, in line 6, reads 'full' for 'right', in line 7 'wrought' for 'mark'd', in line 9 'his mane thickly', in line 10 'which' for 'that'. Line 17 reads:—

Ah courteous Sir Eric! with joy thou art crown'd:

In line 19 we have 'I too have my blisses', and line 23 is
 And lo! it possesses this property rare.

This canopy mark : 'tis the work of a fay ; 25
 Beneath its rich shade did King Oberon languish,
 When lovely Titania was far, far away,
 And cruelly left him to sorrow, and anguish.

There, oft would he bring from his soft sighing lute
 Wild strains to which, spell-bound, the nightingales listen'd ; 30
 The wondering spirits of heaven were mute,
 And tears 'mong the dewdrops of morning oft glisten'd.

In this little dome, all those melodies strange,
 Soft, plaintive, and melting, for ever will sigh ;
 Nor e'er will the notes from their tenderness change ; 35
 Nor e'er will the music of Oberon die.

So, when I am in a voluptuous vein,
 I pillow my head on the sweets of the rose,
 And list to the tale of the wreath, and the chain,
 Till its echoes depart ; then I sink to repose. 40

Adieu, valiant Eric ! with joy thou art crown'd ;
 Full many the glories that brighten thy youth,
 I too have my blisses, which richly abound
 In magical powers, to bless and to sooth.

TO * * * *

[GEORGIANA AUGUSTA WYLIE.]

HADST thou liv'd in days of old,
 O what wonders had been told
 Of thy lively countenance,

28-39. In line 29, George Keats's transcript has 'soft-speaking' for 'soft sighing', and line 31 is

The Hymns of the wondering Spirits were mute !

In line 37 we have 'And' for 'So' and in line 39 'song' for 'tale'. None of these variations are shown by the other copy, which corresponds almost exactly with the volume of 1817, but reads line 31 thus :

The wandering spirits of Heaven are mute.

Hunt, in reviewing the 1817 volume in 'The Examiner' says, "without affection or favour", that these earlier poems in the middle of the book "might have been omitted, especially the string of magistrate-interrogatories about a shell and a copy of verses".

3. Richard Woodhouse records in his Keats Commonplace Book that this poem was "altered from a copy of verses written by K. at the request of his brother George, and by the latter sent as a valentine" to Georgiana Wylie. This valentine, after line 2, read :—

Of thy lively dimpled face
 And thy footsteps full of grace :

And thy humid eyes that dance
 In the midst of their own brightness ; 5
 In the very fane of lightness.
 Over which thine eyebrows, leaning,
 Picture out each lovely meaning :
 In a dainty bend they lie,
 Like to streaks across the sky, 10
 Or the feathers from a crow,
 Fallen on a bed of snow.
 Of thy dark hair that extends
 Into many graceful bends :
 As the leaves of Hellebore 15
 Turn to whence they sprung before
 And behind each ample curl
 Peeps the richness of a pearl.
 Downward too flows many a tress
 With a glossy waviness ; 20
 Full, and round like globes that rise

Of thy hair's luxurious darkling,
 Of thine eyes' expressive sparkling.
 And thy voice's swelling rapture,
 Taking hearts a ready capture.
 Oh ! if thou hadst breathed then,
 Thou hadst made the Muses ten.

Then came lines 37 to 68 as in the text, and lastly,

Ah me ! whither shall I flee ?
 Thou hast metamorphosed me.
 Do not let me sigh and pine,
 Prythee be my valentine.

14 Feby. 1816.

Professor Colvin ('Keats,' Men of Letters Series, pages 112 and 113), quoting from a manuscript in the late Lord Houghton's collection, gives an account of a meeting between Henry Stephens and Keats at which the poet introduced to his friend his new sister-in-law, who was then on her way with her husband, George Keats, to America. The occasion was that on which Keats and Brown started on their Scotch tour, going as far as Liverpool with George and his bride and calling on the way at Redbourn near St. Albans to dine and see Stephens. The young bride is described as "rather short, not what might strictly be called handsome, but looked like a being any man of moderate sensibility might easily love. She had an imagination poetically cast, somewhat singular and girlish in her attire. . . . There was something original about her, and John seemed to regard her as a being whom he delighted to honour and introduced her with evident satisfaction." Keats wrote to his brother and sister-in-law in October 1818 a letter expressing his feelings very plainly. To her he says : "I have a tenderness for you and an admiration which I feel to be as great and more chaste than I can have for any woman in the world". He then mentions his sister, and hopes he "may one day feel as much for her" ; but "her character," he says, "is not formed, her identity does not press upon me as yours does." To George he says : "Through you I know not only a sister, but a glorious human being."

From the censer to the skies
 Through sunny air. Add too, the sweetness
 Of thy honey'd voice ; the neatness
 Of thine ankle lightly turn'd : 25
 With those beauties, scarce discern'd,
 Kept with such sweet privacy,
 That they seldom meet the eye
 Of the little loves that fly
 Round about with eager pry. 30
 Saving when, with freshening lave,
 Thou dipp'st them in the taintless wave ;
 Like twin water lillies, born
 In the coolness of the morn.
 O, if thou hadst breathed then, 35
 Now the Muses had been ten.
 Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
 Than twin sister of Thalia ?
 At least for ever, evermore,
 Will I call the Graces four. 40
 Hadst thou liv'd when chivalry
 Lifted up her lance on high,
 Tell me what thou wouldst have been ?
 Ah ! I see the silver sheen
 Of thy broider'd, floating vest 45
 Cov'ring half thine ivory breast ;
 Which, O heavens ! I should see,
 But that cruel destiny
 Has plac'd a golden cuirass there ;
 Keeping secret what is fair. 50
 Like sunbeams in a cloudlet nested
 Thy locks in knightly casque are rested :
 O'er which bend four milky plumes
 Like the gentle lilly's blooms
 Springing from a costly vase. 55
 See with what a stately pace
 Comes thine alabaster steed ;
 Servant of heroic deed !
 O'er his loins, his trappings glow
 Like the northern lights on snow. 60
 Mount his back ! thy sword unsheath !
 Sign of the enchanter's death ;
 Bane of every wicked spell ;
 Silencer of dragon's yell.
 Alas ! thou this wilt never do : 65
 Thou art an enchantress too,
 And wilt surely never spill
 Blood of those whose eyes can kill.

TO HOPE.

WHEN by my solitary hearth I sit,
 And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom ;
 When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
 And the bare heath of life presents no bloom ;
 Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed, 5
 And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,
 Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,
 Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
 And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away, 10
 Peep with the moon-beams through the leafy roof,
 And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
 Strive for her son to seize my careless heart ;
 When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air, 15
 Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart :
 Chace him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
 And fright him as the morning frightens night !

Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear
 Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow, 20
 O bright-ey'd Hope, my morbid fancy cheer ;
 Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow :
 Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
 And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head !

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain, 25
 From cruel parents, or relentless fair ;
 O let me think it is not quite in vain
 To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air !
 Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
 And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head ! 30

In the long vista of the years to roll,
 Let me not see our country's honour fade :
 O let me see our land retain her soul,
 Her pride, her freedom ; and not freedom's shade.
 From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed— 35
 Beneath thy pinions canopy my head !

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
 Great liberty ! how great in plain attire !

With the base purple of a court oppress'd,
 Bowing her head, and ready to expire : 40
 But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings
 That fill the skies with silver glitterings !

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
 Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud ;
 Brightening the half veil'd face of heaven afar : 45
 So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
 Sweet Hope, celestial influence round me shed,
 Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

February, 1815.

IMITATION OF SPENSER.

* * * * *

Now Morning from her orient chamber came,
 And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill ;
 Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
 Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill ;
 Which, pure from mossy beds, did down distill, 5
 And after parting beds of simple flowers,
 By many streams a little lake did fill,
 Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
 And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

There the king-fisher saw his plumage bright 10
 Vieing with fish of brilliant dye below ;
 Whose silken fins, and golden scales' light
 Cast upward, through the waves, a ruby glow :
 There saw the swan his neck of arched snow,
 And oar'd himself along with majesty ; 15
 Sparkled his jetty eyes ; his feet did show
 Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,
 And on his back a fay reclin'd voluptuously.

Ah ! could I tell the wonders of an isle 20
 That in that fairest lake had placed been,

Lord Houghton states on the authority of the notes of Charles Armitage Brown that the *Imitation of Spenser* is the earliest known composition of Keats, and was written while he was living at Edmonton.

12. Tom Keats's copy-book reads 'golden scalès light'. It seems highly likely that Keats really meant to carry his archaism to the extent of making 'scales' a dissyllable, especially as the metre is thus corrected.

I could e'en Dido of her grief beguile ;
 Or rob from aged Lear his bitter teen :
 For sure so fair a place was never seen,
 Of all that ever charm'd romantic eye :
 It seem'd an emerald in the silver sheen 25
 Of the bright waters ; or as when on high,
 Through clouds of fleecy white, laughs the cœrulean sky.

And all around it dipp'd luxuriously
 Sloping of verdure through the glossy tide,
 Which, as it were in gentle amity, 30
 Rippled delighted up the flowery side ;
 As if to glean the ruddy tears, it try'd,
 Which fell profusely from the rose-tree stem !
 Haply it was the workings of its pride,
 In strife to throw upon the shore a gem 35
 Outvieing all the buds in Flora's diadem.

* * * * *

WOMAN ! when I behold thee flippant, vain,
 Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies ;
 Without that modest softening that enhances
 The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
 That its mild light creates to heal again : 5
 E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps, and prances,
 E'en then my soul with exultation dances
 For that to love, so long, I've dormant lain :
 But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender,
 Heavens ! how desperately do I adore 10
 Thy winning graces ;—to be thy defender
 I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
 A very Red Cross Knight—a stout Leander—
 Might I be lov'd by thee like these of yore.

Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair ; 15
 Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast,
 Are things on which the dazzled senses rest
 Till the fond, fixed eyes, forget they stare.
 From such fine pictures, heavens ! I cannot dare
 To turn my admiration, though unpossess'd 20
 They be of what is worthy,—though not drest
 In lovely modesty, and virtues rare.

29. In line 29 the transcript reads 'glassy' for 'glossy'; and this is likely enough to be right.

Yet these I leave as thoughtless as a lark ;
These lures I straight forget,—e'en ere I dine,
Or thrice my palate moisten : but when I mark
Such charms with mild intelligences shine, 25
My ear is open like a greedy shark,
To catch the tunings of a voice divine.

Ah ! who can e'er forget so fair a being ?
Who can forget her half retiring sweets ? 30
God ! she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats
For man's protection. Surely the All-seeing,
Who joys to see us with his gifts agreeing,
Will never give him pinions, who intreats
Such innocence to ruin,—who vilely cheats 35
A dove-like bosom. In truth there is no freeing
One's thoughts from such a beauty ; when I hear
A lay that once I saw her hand awake,
Her form seems floating palpable, and near ;
Had I e'er seen her from an arbour take 40
A dewy flower, oft would that hand appear,
And o'er my eyes the trembling moisture shake.

EPISTLES.

TO GEORGE FELTON MATHEW.

SWEET are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song ;
Nor can remembrance, Mathew ! bring to view
A fate more pleasing, a delight more true
Than that in which the brother Poets joy'd, 5
Who with combined powers, their wit employ'd
To raise a trophy to the drama's muses.
The thought of this great partnership diffuses
Over the genius loving heart, a feeling
Of all that's high, and great, and good, and healing. 10

Too partial friend ! fain would I follow thee
Past each horizon of fine poesy ;
Fain would I echo back each pleasant note
As o'er Sicilian seas, clear anthems float
'Mong the light skimming gondolas far parted, 15
Just when the sun his farewell beam has darted :
But 'tis impossible ; far different cares
Beckon me sternly from soft " Lydian airs,"
And hold my faculties so long in thrall,
That I am oft in doubt whether at all 20
I shall again see Phœbus in the morning :
Or flush'd Aurora in the roseate dawning !
Or a white Naiad in a rippling stream ;
Or a rapt seraph in a moonlight beam ;
Or again witness what with thee I've seen, 25
The dew by fairy feet swept from the green,
After a night of some quaint jubilee
Which every elf and fay had come to see :

This and the two other 'Epistles' form a separate section of the 1817 volume, with a half-title bearing the motto—

" Among the rest a shepherd (though but young
" Yet hartned to his pipe) with all the skill
" His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill."

This is from Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals.'

When bright processions took their airy march
Beneath the curved moon's triumphal arch.

30

But might I now each passing moment give
To the coy muse, with me she would not live
In this dark city, nor would condescend
'Mid contradictions her delights to lend.
Should e'er the fine-ey'd maid to me be kind, 35
Ah ! surely it must be whene'er I find
Some flowery spot, sequester'd, wild, romantic,
That often must have seen a poet frantic ;
Where oaks, that erst the Druid knew, are growing,
And flowers, the glory of one day, are blowing ; 40
Where the dark-leav'd laburnum's drooping clusters
Reflect athwart the stream their yellow lustres,
And interwin'd the cassia's arms unite,
With its own drooping buds, but very white.
Where on one side are covert branches hung, 45
'Mong which the nightingales have always sung
In leafy quiet : where to pry, aloof,
Atween the pillars of the sylvan roof,
Would be to find where violet beds were nestling,
And where the bee with cowslip bells was wrestling. 50
There must be too a ruin dark, and gloomy,
To say "joy not too much in all that's bloomy."

Yet this is vain—O Mathew lend thy aid
To find a place where I may greet the maid—
Where we may soft humanity put on, 55
And sit, and rhyme and think on Chatterton ;
And that warm-hearted Shakspeare sent to meet him
Four laurell'd spirits, heaven-ward to intreat him.
With reverence would we speak of all the sages
Who have left streaks of light athwart their ages : 60
And thou shouldst moralize on Milton's blindness,
And mourn the fearful dearth of human kindness
To those who strove with the bright golden wing
Of genius, to flap away each sting
Thrown by the pitiless world. We next could tell 65
Of those who in the cause of freedom fell ;
Of our own Alfred, of Helvetian Tell ;
Of him whose name to ev'ry heart's a solace,
High-minded and unbending William Wallace.
While to the rugged north our musing turns 70
We well might drop a tear for him, and Burns.

Felton ! without incitements such as these,
How vain for me the niggard Muse to tease :

For thee, she will thy every dwelling grace,
 And make "a sun-shine in a shady place :"
 For thou wast once a flowret blooming wild,
 Close to the source, bright, pure, and undefil'd,
 Whence gush the streams of song : in happy hour
 Came chaste Diana from her shady bower,
 Just as the sun was from the east uprising ;
 And, as for him some gift she was devising,
 Beheld thee, pluck'd thee, cast thee in the stream
 To meet her glorious brother's greeting beam.
 I marvel much that thou hast never told
 How, from a flower, into a fish of gold
 Apollo chang'd thee ; how thou next didst seem
 A black-ey'd swan upon the widening stream ;
 And when thou first didst in that mirror trace
 The placid features of a human face :
 That thou hast never told thy travels strange,
 And all the wonders of the mazy range
 O'er pebbly crystal, and o'er golden sands ;
 Kissing thy daily food from Naiad's pearly hands.

November, 1815.

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

FULL many a dreary hour have I past,
 My brain bewilder'd, and my mind o'ercast
 With heaviness ; in seasons when I've thought
 No sphere'y strains by me could e'er be caught
 From the blue dome, though I to dimness gaze
 On the far depth where sheeted lightning plays ;
 Or, on the wavy grass outstretch'd supinely,
 Pry 'mong the stars, to strive to think divinely :
 That I should never hear Apollo's song,
 Though feathery clouds were floating all along
 The purple west, and, two bright streaks between,
 The golden lyre itself were dimly seen :
 That the still murmur of the honey bee
 Would never teach a rural song to me :
 That the bright glance from beauty's eyelids slanting
 Would never make a lay of mine enchanting,

1. This epistle seems to have been composed at Margate, for a very careful transcript of it in George Keats's hand-writing is subscribed "Margate, August 1816". In line 11 this copy reads 'strokes' for 'streaks', and in line 12 'faintly' for 'dimly'. Another transcript of George Keats's reads 'Glide' for 'Fly' in line 20.

Or warm my breast with ardour to unfold
Some tale of love and arms in time of old.

But there are times, when those that love the bay,
Fly from all sorrowing far, far away ; 20
A sudden glow comes on them, nought they see
In water, earth, or air, but poesy.
It has been said, dear George, and true I hold it,
(For knightly Spenser to Libertas told it),
That when a Poet is in such a trance, 25
In air he sees white coursers paw, and prance,
Bestriden of gay knights, in gay apparel,
Who at each other tilt in playful quarrel,
And what we, ignorantly, sheet-lightning call,
Is the swift opening of their wide portal, 30
When the bright warder blows his trumpet clear,
Whose tones reach nought on earth but Poet's ear.
When these enchanted portals open wide,
And through the light the horsemen swiftly glide,
The Poet's eye can reach those golden halls, 35
And view the glory of their festivals :
Their ladies fair, that in the distance seem
Fit for the silv'ring of a seraph's dream ;
Their rich brimm'd goblets, that incessant run
Like the bright spots that move about the sun ; 40
And, when upheld, the wine from each bright jar
Pours with the lustre of a falling star.
Yet further off, are dimly seen their bowers,
Of which, no mortal eye can reach the flowers ;
And 'tis right just, for well Apollo knows 45
'Twould make the Poet quarrel with the rose.
All that's reveal'd from that far seat of blisses,
Is, the clear fountains' interchanging kisses,
As gracefully descending, light and thin,

24. Libertas=Leigh Hunt. See note, page 15.

37. The first transcript reads 'bright' for 'fair'.

42. Hunt ('Examiner') notes this comparison of poured wine to a falling star as an instance of Keats's early "tendency to notice everything too indiscriminately and without an eye to natural proportion and effect".

45. The second transcript reads 'just right'.

48. In the first transcript,

Is, the clear fountains, interchanging kisses,
perhaps the right reading. Hunt charges this comparison with the same fault as line 42; and he adds—"It was by thus giving way to every idea that came across him, that Marino, a man of real poetical fancy, but no judgment, corrupted the poetry of Italy; a catastrophe, which however we by no means anticipate from our author, who with regard to this point is much more deficient in age than in good taste".

Like silver streaks across a dolphin's fin, 50
When he upswimmeth from the coral caves,
And sports with half his tail above the waves.

These wonders strange he sees, and many more,
Whose head is pregnant with poetic lore.
Should he upon an evening ramble fare 55
With forehead to the soothing breezes bare,
Would he naught see but the dark, silent blue
With all its diamonds trembling through and through?
Or the coy moon, when in the waviness
Of whitest clouds she does her beauty dress, 60
And staidly paces higher up, and higher,
Like a sweet nun in holy-day attire?
Ah, yes! much more would start into his sight—
The revelries, and mysteries of night:
And should I ever see them, I will tell you 65
Such tales as needs must with amazement spell you.

These are the living pleasures of the bard:
But richer far posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud eye looks through the film of death? 70
"What though I leave this dull, and earthly mould,
"Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold
"With after times.—The patriot shall feel
"My stern alarum, and unsheath his steel;
"Or, in the senate thunder out my numbers 75
"To startle princes from their easy slumbers.
"The sage will mingle with each moral theme
"My happy thoughts sententious; he will teem
"With lofty periods when my verses fire him,
"And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him. 80
"Lays have I left of such a dear delight
"That maids will sing them on their bridal night.
"Gay villagers, upon a morn of May,
"When they have tir'd their gentle limbs with play,
"And form'd a snowy circle on the grass, 85
"And plac'd in midst of all that lovely lass

51. 'When he upspringeth' in the first transcript.

60. The first transcript reads 'doth' instead of 'does'.

65-6. The first transcript reads—

And should I ever view them, I will tell ye
Such Tales, as needs must with amazement spell ye.

77. The first transcript reads, 'the moral theme'—the second 'each' as in the text.

86. The first transcript reads—

Placing in midst thereof, that happy lass.

"Who chosen is their queen,—with her fine head
 "Crowned with flowers purple, white, and red :
 "For there the lilly, and the musk-rose, sighing,
 "Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying : 90
 "Between her breasts, that never yet felt trouble,
 "A bunch of violets full blown, and double,
 "Serenely sleep :—she from a casket takes
 "A little book,—and then a joy awakes
 "About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries, 95
 "And rubbing of white hands, and sparkling eyes :
 "For she's to read a tale of hopes, and fears ;
 "One that I foster'd in my youthful years :
 "The pearls, that on each glist'ning circlet sleep,
 "Gush ever and anon with silent creep, 100
 "Lur'd by the innocent dimples. To sweet rest
 "Shall the dear babe, upon its mother's breast,
 "Be lull'd with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu !
 "Thy dales, and hills, are fading from my view :
 "Swiftly I mount, upon wide spreading pinions, 105
 "Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions.
 "Full joy I feel, while thus I cleave the air,
 "That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair,
 "And warm thy sons !" Ah, my dear friend and brother,
 Could I, at once, my mad ambition smother, 110
 For tasting joys like these, sure I should be
 Happier, and dearer to society.
 At times, 'tis true, I've felt relief from pain
 When some bright thought has darted through my brain :
 Through all that day I've felt a greater pleasure 115
 Than if I'd brought to light a hidden treasure.
 As to my sonnets, though none else should heed them,
 I feel delighted, still, that you should read them.
 Of late, too, I have had much calm enjoyment,
 Stretch'd on the grass at my best lov'd employment 120
 Of scribbling lines for you. These things I thought
 While, in my face, the freshest breeze I caught.
 E'en now I'm pillow'd on a bed of flowers
 That crowns a lofty clift, which proudly towers
 Above the ocean-waves. The stalks, and blades, 125
 Chequer my tablet with their quivering shades.
 On one side is a field of drooping oats,
 Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats ;
 So pert and useless, that they bring to mind
 The scarlet coats that pester human-kind. 130

118. The first transcript reads 'will' for 'should'.

125. The first transcript reads, 'ocean's waves'.

And on the other side, outspread, is seen
 Ocean's blue mantle streak'd with purple, and green.
 Now 'tis I see a canvass'd ship, and now
 Mark the bright silver curling round her prow.
 I see the lark down-dropping to his nest, 135
 And the broad winged sea-gull never at rest ;
 For when no more he spreads his feathers free,
 His breast is dancing on the restless sea.
 Now I direct my eyes into the west,
 Which at this moment is in sunbeams drest : 140
 Why westward turn? 'Twas but to say adieu !
 'Twas but to kiss my hand, dear George, to you !

August, 1816.

TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

OFT have you seen a swan superbly frowning,
 And with proud breast his own white shadow crowning ;
 He slants his neck beneath the waters bright
 So silently, it seems a beam of light
 Come from the galaxy : anon he sports,— 5
 With outspread wings the Naiad Zephyr courts,
 Or ruffles all the surface of the lake
 In striving from its crystal face to take
 Some diamond water drops, and them to treasure
 In milky nest, and sip them off at leisure. 10
 But not a moment can he there insure them,
 Nor to such downy rest can he allure them ;
 For down they rush as though they would be free,
 And drop like hours into eternity.
 Just like that bird am I in loss of time, 15
 Whene'er I venture on the stream of rhyme ;

139. The first transcript reads 'towards the west'.

1. Charles Cowden Clarke was born at Enfield on the 15th of December 1787; so that he was in his twenty-ninth year when this epistle was addressed to him. He died at Villa Novello, Genoa, on the 13th of March 1877, in his ninetyeth year. He assisted his father in the school where Keats was educated.

Hunt remarks in 'The Examiner'—"The Epistle to Mr. Clarke is very amiable as well as poetical, and equally honourable to both parties,—to the young writer who can be so grateful towards his teacher, and to the teacher who had the sense to perceive his genius, and the qualities to call forth his affection. It consists chiefly of recollections of what his friend had pointed out to him in poetry and in general taste; and the lover of Spenser will readily judge of his preceptor's qualifications, even from a single triplet, in which he is described, with a deep feeling of simplicity [lines 35-7]."

With shatter'd boat, oar snapt, and canvass rent
 I slowly sail, scarce knowing my intent ;
 Still scooping up the water with my fingers,
 In which a trembling diamond never lingers. 20
 By this, friend Charles, you may full plainly see
 Why I have never penn'd a line to thee :
 Because my thoughts were never free, and clear,
 And little fit to please a classic ear ;
 Because my wine was of too poor a savour 25
 For one whose palate gladdens in the flavour
 Of sparkling Helicon :—small good it were
 To take him to a desert rude, and bare,
 Who had on Baiæ's shore reclin'd at ease,
 While Tasso's page was floating in a breeze 30
 That gave soft music from Armida's bowers,
 Mingled with fragrance from her rarest flowers :
 Small good to one who had by Mulla's stream
 Fondled the maidens with the breasts of cream ;
 Who had beheld Belphebe in a brook, 35
 And lovely Una in a leafy nook,
 And Archimago leaning o'er his book :
 Who had of all that's sweet tasted, and seen,
 From silv'ry ripple, up to beauty's queen ;
 From the sequester'd haunts of gay Titania, 40
 To the blue dwelling of divine Urania :
 One, who, of late, had ta'en sweet forest walks
 With him who elegantly chats, and talks—
 The wrong'd Libertas,—who has told you stories 45
 Of laurel chaplets, and Apollo's glories ;
 Of troops chivalrous prancing through a city,
 And tearful ladies made for love, and pity :
 With many else which I have never known.
 Thus have I thought ; and days on days have flown 50
 Slowly, or rapidly—unwilling still
 For you to try my dull, unlearned quill.
 Nor should I now, but that I've known you long ;
 That you first taught me all the sweets of song :
 The grand, the sweet, the terse, the free, the fine ;
 What swell'd with pathos, and what right divine : 55
 Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,
 And float along like birds o'er summer seas ;
 Miltonian storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness ;
 Michael in arms, and more, meek Eve's fair slenderness.
 Who read for me the sonnet swelling loudly 60
 Up to its climax and then dying proudly ?
 Who found for me the grandeur of the ode,

Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load?
 Who let me taste that more than cordial dram,
 The sharp, the rapier-pointed epigram? 65
 Show'd me that epic was of all the king,
 Round, vast, and spanning all like Saturn's ring?
 You too upheld the veil from Clio's beauty,
 And pointed out the patriot's stern duty;
 The might of Alfred, and the shaft of Tell; 70
 The hand of Brutus, that so grandly fell
 Upon a tyrant's head. Ah! had I never seen,
 Or known your kindness, what might I have been?
 What my enjoyments in my youthful years,
 Bereft of all that now my life endears? 75
 And can I e'er these benefits forget?
 And can I e'er repay the friendly debt?
 No, doubly no;—yet should these rhymings please,
 I shall roll on the grass with two-fold ease:
 For I have long time been my fancy feeding 80
 With hopes that you would one day think the reading
 Of my rough verses not an hour misspent;
 Should it e'er be so, what a rich content!
 Some weeks have pass'd since last I saw the spires
 In lucent Thames reflected:—warm desires 85
 To see the sun o'erpeep the eastern dimness,
 And morning shadows streaking into slimness
 Across the lawny fields, and pebbly water;
 To mark the time as they grow broad, and shorter;
 To feel the air that plays about the hills, 90
 And sips its freshness from the little rills;
 To see high, golden corn wave in the light
 When Cynthia smiles upon a summer's night,
 And peers among the cloudlets jet and white,
 As though she were reclining in a bed 95
 Of bean blossoms, in heaven freshly shed.
 No sooner had I stepp'd into these pleasures
 Than I began to think of rhymes and measures:
 The air that floated by me seem'd to say
 "Write! thou wilt never have a better day." 100
 And so I did. When many lines I'd written,
 Though with their grace I was not oversmitten,
 Yet, as my hand was warm, I thought I'd better
 Trust to my feelings, and write you a letter.
 Such an attempt requir'd an inspiration 105
 Of a peculiar sort,—a consummation;—
 Which, had I felt, these scribblings might have been
 Verses from which the soul would never wean:

But many days have passed since last my heart
 Was warm'd, luxuriously by divine Mozart ; 110
 By Arne delighted, or by Handel madden'd ;
 Or by the song of Erin pierc'd and sadden'd :
 What time you were before the music sitting,
 And the rich notes to each sensation fitting.
 Since I have walk'd with you through shady lanes 115
 That freshly terminate in open plains,
 And revel'd in a chat that ceased not
 When at night-fall among your books we got :
 No, nor when supper came, nor after that,—
 Nor when reluctantly I took my hat ; 120
 No, nor till cordially you shook my hand
 Mid-way between our homes :—your accents bland
 Still sounded in my ears, when I no more
 Could hear your footsteps touch the grav'ly floor.
 Sometimes I lost them, and then found again ; 125
 You chang'd the footpath for the grassy plain.
 In those still moments I have wish'd you joys
 That well you know to honor :—"Life's very toys
 "With him," said I, "will take a pleasant charm ;
 "It cannot be that ought will work him harm." 130
 These thoughts now come o'er me with all their might :—
 Again I shake your hand,—friend Charles, good night.

September, 1816.

130. Hunt says ('Examiner'), in evident allusion to Keats's prowess as a boxer and readiness to back his friends—"we can only add, without any disrespect to the graver warmth of our young poet, that if Ought attempted it, Ought would find he had stout work to do with more than one person." The student will probably turn to the posthumous poems and compare these epistles with that to John Hamilton Reynolds written in 1818.

SONNETS.

I.

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

MANY the wonders I this day have seen :
The sun, when first he kist away the tears
That fill'd the eyes of morn ;—the laurell'd peers
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean ;—

Joseph Severn preserved a few leaves torn from a small oblong pocket note-book, bearing pencilled sketches by Keats of rude figures &c., and what seemed to be the first drafts (in pencil also) of this sonnet and the two quatrains of the sonnet 'To my Brothers'. I collated this draft with a careful transcript made by George Keats himself, and with another in Tom Keats's copy-book. This last does not vary from the printed text, and bears no date; but the other transcript, like that of the Epistle to George Keats, is subscribed "Margate, August, 1816". In the draft, line 3 at first stood unfinished—

That trembled on the morning's eye

and then—

That trembled in the eye of Morn

and finally—

That hung on Morning's cheek—the laurell'd Peers,

which is the reading of George Keats's transcript. In line 4 we have 'That' for 'Who' in George's transcript; while the draft reads 'That in the Paleing (altered to 'feathery') gold'. In line 6 of the draft, 'Dangers' stands cancelled in favour of 'Rocks'. Line 8 in both draft and transcript is—

Must muse on what's to come and what has been.

In line 10 the draft reads 'silver' for 'silken', and there is a cancelled line 11 :—

Giving the world such snatches of delight,

for which the reading of the text is substituted. The final couplet was originally—

The Sights have warmed me but without thy love,

What Joy in Earth or Sea or Heaven above?

This is cancelled in the draft in favour of the reading of the text. In line 13 George's transcript has 'thoughts' for 'thought'. Hunt's 'Examiner' review contains an excellent passage on the second quatrain, which, he says, "passes, with great happiness, from the mention of physical associations to mental; and concludes with a feeling which must have struck many a contemplative mind, that has found the sea-shore like a border, as it were, of existence. . . . We have read somewhere the remark of a traveller, who said that when he was walking alone at night-time on the sea-shore, he felt conscious of the earth, not as the common every day sphere it seems, but as one of the planets, rolling round with him in the mightiness of space. The same feeling is common to imaginations that are not in need of similar local excitements."

The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
 Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
 Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears
 Must think on what will be, and what has been.
 E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write,
 Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping
 So scantily, that it seems her bridal night,
 And she her half-discover'd revels keeping.
 But what, without the social thought of thee,
 Would be the wonders of the sky and sea?

II.

TO * * * * *

HAD I a man's fair form, then might my sighs
 Be echoed swiftly through that ivory shell
 Thine ear, and find thy gentle heart; so well
 Would passion arm me for the enterprize:
 But ah! I am no knight whose foeman dies;
 No cuirass glistens on my bosom's swell;
 I am no happy shepherd of the dell
 Whose lips have trembled with a maiden's eyes.
 Yet must I dote upon thee,—call thee sweet,
 Sweeter by far than Hybla's honied roses
 When steep'd in dew rich to intoxication.
 Ah! I will taste that dew, for me 't is meet,
 And when the moon her pallid face discloses,
 I'll gather some by spells, and incantation.

III.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY THAT MR. LEIGH HUNT
LEFT PRISON.

WHAT though, for showing truth to flatter'd state,
 Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
 In his immortal spirit, been as free
 As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.

II. Tom Keats's copy-book contains a transcript of this sonnet showing no variation in the text, except by a copyist's error at the end,—the last word being 'incantations'. There is no heading beyond the word 'Sonnet', no date, and no clue to the identity of the person addressed.

III. The Hunts ("Wronged Libertas" and his brother) left prison on the 2nd of February 1815, according to Leigh Hunt's own account, though Thornton Hunt says the 3rd at page 99, Volume I, of the 'Correspondence' (1862). Professor Wilson, well described by Horne as "the clown of 'Blackwood's Magazine'", found sufficient ground here for one of the unseemliest of his coarse pleasantries—to wit the allegation that Keats fed Hunt "on the oil cakes of flattery" till he

Minion of grandeur ! think you he did wait ?

Think you he nought but prison walls did see,

Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'dst the key ?

Ah, no ! far happier, nobler was his fate !

In Spenser's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,

Culling enchanted flowers ; and he flew

With daring Milton through the fields of air :

To regions of his own his genius true

Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair

When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew ?

IV.

How many bards gild the lapses of time !

A few of them have ever been the food

Of my delighted fancy,—I could brood

Over their beauties, earthly, or sublime :

became "flatulent of praise". Keats's real offence was of course his friendship with a radical, and his venturing to characterize as "showing truth to flatter'd state" the article in 'The Examiner' for which Hunt and his brother were imprisoned for two years and fined a thousand pounds,—an article in which Hunt, doing battle with 'The Morning Post', thus translated the "language of adulation into that of truth":

"What person, unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this 'Glory of the people' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches!— . . . that this 'Exciter of desire' [bravo! Messieurs of the 'Post'!]—this 'Adonis in loveliness' was a corpulent man of fifty!—in short, this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honourable, virtuous, true*, and *immortal* prince, was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity!"

Even towards such a ruthless polemic as Professor Wilson one must seek to be just; and I do not doubt that he felt called upon to oppose the Hunt set with every pulsation of "a heart as rough as Esau's hand", but loyal enough to those politicians whom Keats called the Prince Regent's "wretched crew". It was really, I take it, from this poor little sonnet that the animus of the predominant press party against Keats originated. An article celebrating "The Departure of the Proprietors of this Paper from Prison" occupied the first page of 'The Examiner' for Sunday, the 5th of February 1815. The opening is as follows:—

"The two years' imprisonment inflicted on the Proprietors of this Paper for differing with the 'Morning Post' on the merits of the Prince Regent, expired on Thursday last; and on that day accordingly we quitted our respective Jails." On the subject of how they felt on the occasion, Hunt excuses himself from particularity, but observes with characteristic pleasantness, "there is a feeling of space and of airy clearness about everything, which is alternately delightful and painful." The greater part of the article is far from being in Hunt's best manner; but the end should stand on record here: "We feel that we have driven another nail or two into the old oaken edifice of English Liberty; and if we have rapped our fingers a little in the operation, it is only a laugh and a wring of the hands, and all is as it should be."

IV. Hunt adduces the first line ('Examiner') as an example of Keats's "sense of the proper variety of versification without a due consideration of its principles", and

And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
 These will in throngs before my mind intrude.
 But no confusion, no disturbance rude
 Do they occasion; 't is a pleasing chime.
 So the unnumber'd sounds that evening store;
 The songs of birds—the whisp'ring of the leaves—
 The voice of waters—the great bell that heaves
 With solemn sound,—and thousand others more,
 That distance of recognizance bereaves,
 Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar.

V.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME SOME ROSES.

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
 What time the sky-lark shakes the tremulous dew
 From his lush clover covert;—when anew
 Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields:
 I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
 A fresh-blown musk-rose; 't was the first that threw
 Its sweets upon the summer: graceful it grew
 As is the wand that queen Titania wields.
 And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,
 I thought the garden-rose it far excell'd:
 But when, O Wells! thy roses came to me
 My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd:
 Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
 Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd

very justly adds, "by no contrivance of any sort can we prevent this from jumping out of the heroic measure into mere rhythmicity." Clarke records that when this and one or two other early poems of Keats were first shown by him to Hunt, Horace Smith, being present, remarked on the 13th line, "What a well-condensed expression for a youth so young!"

V. This sonnet was addressed to Charles Wells, the author of 'Stories after Nature', 'Joseph and his Brethren', and a few fugitive compositions. His great dramatic poem, 'Joseph and his Brethren', probably came out late in 1823, for, though the title-page is dated 1824, the label at the back is dated 1823. The book was left in oblivion for something like fifty years. Wells, however, lived to find himself famous in 1876, on the issue of a revised edition, which I had the pleasure of fitting for and seeing through the press for him. He died at Marseilles on the 17th of February 1879, in his 78th year, having finally corrected and interpolated a copy of the new edition of his great work for some future re-edition.

In Tom Keats's copy-book this sonnet is headed "To Charles Wells on receiving a bunch of roses," and dated "June 29, 1816." In this heading the word 'full-blown' stands cancelled before 'roses'. The only variation beyond spelling and pointing is in the last line, which is

Whispered of truth, Humanity and Friendliness unquell'd.

VI.

TO G. A. W.

NYMPH of the downward smile and sidelong glance,
 In what diviner moments of the day
 Art thou most lovely?—when gone far astray
 Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance,
 Or when serenely wand'ring in a trance
 Of sober thought?—or when starting away
 With careless robe to meet the morning ray
 Thou spar'st the flowers in thy mazy dance?
 Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,
 And so remain, because thou listenest:
 But thou to please wert nurtured so completely
 That I can never tell what mood is best.
 I shall as soon pronounce which Grace more neatly
 Trips it before Apollo than the rest.

VII.

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
 Let it not be among the jumbled heap
 Of murky buildings; climb with me the steep,—
 Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
 Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
 May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
 'Mongst boughs pavillion'd, where the deer's swift leap
 Startles the wild bee from the fox-glove bell.

VI. The subject of this sonnet was Georgiana Augusta Wylie, who married Keats's brother George, and after his death became Mrs. Jeffrey. See foot-note at page 23. The holograph manuscript, headed "To Miss Wylie", corresponds verbatim with the sonnet as published in 1817; but in the two quatrains the better punctuation is that of the manuscripts; and I have followed it in the text. The thirteenth line shows one correction: 'Nymph' was originally written where 'Grace' now stands. In a transcript in Tom Keats's copy-book we read 'what grace'; and the sonnet is headed "Sonnet to a Lady", and dated "Dec. 1816". Curiously enough Keats's edition also reads 'grace', with a small g, as if Tom had made the "press copy".

VII. This sonnet, published in 'The Examiner' for the 5th of May 1816, signed "J. K.", is stated by Charles Cowden Clarke ('Gentleman's Magazine' for February 1874) to be "Keats's first *published* poem". In Tom Keats's copy-book it is headed "Sonnet to Solitude", and undated. The only variation is in line 9,—'I'd' for 'I'll'. 'The Examiner' reads 'rivers' for 'river's' in line 5, and lines 9 and 10 stand thus—

Ah! fain would I frequent such scenes with thee;
 But the sweet converse of an innocent mind.

But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
 Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
 Whose words are images of thoughts refin'd,
 Is my soul's pleasure ; and it sure must be
 Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
 When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

VIII.

TO MY BROTHERS.

SMALL, busy flames play through the fresh laid coals,
 And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep
 Like whispers of the household gods that keep
 A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls.
 And while, for rhymes, I search around the poles,
 Your eyes are fix'd, as in poetic sleep,
 Upon the lore so voluble and deep,
 That aye at fall of night our care condole.
 This is your birth-day Tom, and I rejoice
 That thus it passes smoothly, quietly.
 Many such eves of gently whisp'ring noise
 May we together pass, and calmly try
 What are this world's true joys,—ere the great voice,
 From its fair face, shall bid our spirits fly.

November 18, 1816.

VIII. In Tom Keats's copy-book this sonnet is headed "Written to his brother Tom on his Birthday", and dated "Nov. 18, 1816." In the last line the transcript reads 'place' for 'face'. The sonnet seems to have been originally written in pencil in the note-book referred to at page 39, immediately after the sonnet to George Keats; but the two quatrains, which fill one page, are all that I found of this sonnet among the Keats relics of Severn. The quatrains stand finally thus in the draft:—

Small flames are peeping through the fresh laid coals
 And their faint Crackling o'er our Silence creeps
 Like Whispers of the Household God that keeps
 A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls
 And while for Rhymes I search around the Poles
 Your Eyes are fix'd as in poetic sleep
 Upon the Pages Voluble and deep
 That aye at fall of Night our care condole.

There is a cancelled reading at line 2, unfinished—

With a faint Crackling head distract...

and another at line 5—

And while I am thinking of a Rhyme ;

and here 'searching' was substituted for 'thinking of', before the whole was cancelled in favour of the reading of the text.

IX.

KEEN, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there
 Among the bushes half leafless, and dry ;
 The stars look very cold about the sky,
 And I have many miles on foot to fare.
 Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
 Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
 Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
 Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair :
 For I am brimfull of the friendliness
 That in a little cottage I have found ;
 Of fair-hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
 And all his love for gentle Lycid drown'd ;
 Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
 And faithful Petrarch gloriously crown'd.

X.

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment ?

IX. Clarke records that this sonnet was written on the occasion of Keats's first becoming acquainted with Leigh Hunt at the Cottage in the Vale of Health, Hampstead.

X. In a transcript in the hand-writing of George Keats this sonnet is subscribed as "Written in the Fields—June 1816". The variations shown by this manuscript, no doubt correctly copied from the original, are,—in line 2, 'upon' for 'into'; in line 4 'bright' for 'blue'; in line 5 'heart's' is written correctly, though 'hearts' is wrongly printed in the 1817 volume; in line 6 'upon a' for 'into some'; in line 7 'some' for 'a'; in line 9 'Returning, thoughtful, homeward' for 'Returning home at evening'; line 11 is

Following the wafted Cloudlet's light career ;

and line 14 is

That droppeth through the Æther silently.

In Tom Keats's copy-book the only variation from the printed text of 1817 is in line 4, 'bright' for 'blue'. It is clear the sonnet was carefully revised for the 1817 volume; and it is curious that Keats did not find out his indebtedness to Milton for his "prosperous opening". Compare 'Paradise Lost', IX. 445,

As one who long in populous City pent...

Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

XI.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer rul'd as his demesne ;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

XI. Charles Cowden Clarke says, in the article in 'The Gentleman's Magazine' referred to at page 43, that this sonnet was sent to him by Keats so as to reach him at 10 o'clock one morning when they two had parted "at day-spring" after a night encounter with a copy of Chapman's Homer belonging to Mr. Alsager of 'The Times'. Mr. Locker-Lampson had an undated manuscript of the sonnet in Keats's writing, headed "On the first looking into Chapman's Homer"; while in Tom Keats's copy-book the heading is "Sonnet on looking into Chapman's Homer", and the date "1816." In that book, though not in the Locker-Lampson manuscript, line 5 opens with 'But' instead of 'Oft'. In the manuscript line 6 originally read 'Which low-brow'd Homer'; but 'deep' is substituted for 'low'; and for line 7 we read both in the manuscript and in the copy-book

Yet could I never judge what men could mean.

In line 11 the autograph manuscript reads 'wond'ring eyes' for 'eagle eyes'. The variation in line 7 is of value in connexion with one of the reminiscences of Clarke, who says the seventh line originally stood thus :

Yet could I never tell what men could mean

and that Keats substituted the reading of the text because he considered the first reading "bald, and too simply wondering". But he may have been actuated by another reason also, as thus: in an article headed "Young Poets" in 'The Examiner' for the 1st of December 1816, Hunt had spoken in high praise of a set of Keats's manuscript poems shown to him, and had printed this one as given in Tom Keats's copy-book, with the remark that it contained "one incorrect rhyme". The only disputable rhyme is that of 'mean' and 'demesne', and that is got rid of by the revision. "The rest of the composition", says Hunt, "with the exception of a little vagueness in calling the regions of poetry 'the realms of gold', we do not hesitate to pronounce excellent, especially the last six lines. The word 'swims' is complete; and the whole conclusion is equally powerful and quiet." He appears to have become reconciled to "the realms of gold" in later years, to judge from the close of that charming work 'Imagination and Fancy'. Speaking of this sonnet he says at page 345 (I quote the third edition, dated 1846),—" 'Stared' has been thought by some too violent, but it is

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

XII.

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

GIVE me a golden pen, and let me lean
 On heap'd up flowers, in regions clear, and far ;
 Bring me a tablet whiter than a star,
 Or hand of hymning angel, when 't is seen
 The silver strings of heavenly harp atween :
 And let there glide by many a pearly car,
 Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar,
 And half discover'd wings, and glances keen.

precisely the word required by the occasion. The Spaniard was too original and ardent a man either to look, or to affect to look, coldly superior to it. His 'eagle eyes' are from life, as may be seen by Titian's portrait of him." Of the last line, which ends the poetry of 'Imagination and Fancy', Hunt says "We leave the reader standing upon it, with all the illimitable world of thought and feeling before him, to which his imagination will have been brought, while journeying through these 'realms of gold.'"

The last four lines seem to be a reminiscence of Robertson's History of America, recorded by Clarke as among Keats's later school reading; but, as Tennyson pointed out to Francis Palgrave ('Golden Treasury', 1861, page 320) the reference should really be to Balboa. From Hunt's remark about the portrait it is clear that this was no mere slip of the pen: Cortez was the man whom Keats's imagination saw in the situation; and it is to be presumed that his memory betrayed him, for it seems unlikely that he met with the story elsewhere, told of Cortez. The passage of Robertson's History of America (Works, edition of 1817) is in Volume VIII, page 287.

"At length the Indians assured them, that from the top of the next mountain they should discover the ocean which was the object of their wishes. When, with infinite toil, they had climbed up the greater part of that steep ascent, Balboa commanded his men to halt, and advanced alone to the summit, that he might be the first who should enjoy a spectacle which he had so long desired. As soon as he beheld the South Sea stretching in endless prospect below him, he fell on his knees, and lifting up his hands to heaven, returned thanks to God, who had conducted him to a discovery so beneficial to his country, and so honourable to himself. His followers, observing his transports of joy, rushed forward to join in his wonder, exultation, and gratitude."

An account of this incident will also be found in Washington Irving's 'Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus'.

XII. This sonnet also belongs to the Cottage in the Vale of Health, as we are led to infer from Clarke's mention of it in connexion with No. IX and No. XV.

The while let music wander round my ears,
 And as it reaches each delicious ending,
 Let me write down a line of glorious tone,
 And full of many wonders of the spheres :
 For what a height my spirit is contending !
 'Tis not content so soon to be alone.

XIII.

ADDRESSED TO HAYDON.

HIGHMINDEDNESS, a jealousy for good,
 A loving-kindness for the great man's fame,
 Dwells here and there with people of no name,
 In noisome alley, and in pathless wood :
 And where we think the truth least understood,
 Oft may be found a "singleness of aim,"
 That ought to frighten into hooded shame
 A money-mong'ring, pitiable brood.
 How glorious this affection for the cause
 Of stedfast genius, toiling gallantly !
 What when a stout unbending champion awes
 Envy, and Malice to their native sty ?
 Unnumber'd souls breathe out a still applause,
 Proud to behold him in his country's eye.

XIV.

ADDRESSED TO THE SAME.

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourning ;
 He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
 Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
 Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing :
 He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
 The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake :
 And lo !—whose stedfastness would never take
 A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.

XIII. Benjamin Robert Haydon, historical painter, was born on the 26th of January 1786, and died by his own hand on the 22nd of June 1846. He had considerable influence with Keats in the early days of the period to which this sonnet belongs, and keenly appreciated the young poet's genius. This will be readily discerned by those who read the letters of the two friends in a subsequent volume of this edition of Keats's works.

XIV. This sonnet was not originally written with a short 13th line, but with the line
 Of mighty workings in some distant Mart ?
 Haydon suggested the hiatus; and Keats adopted it. In Tom Keats's copy-book the sonnet is headed simply "Sonnet" and is dated 1816 merely. There is no variation from the printed text. It is almost superfluous to identify the two men referred to in the first six lines—Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt.

And other spirits there are standing apart
 Upon the forehead of the age to come ;
 These, these will give the world another heart,
 And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
 Of mighty workings?—
 Listen awhile ye nations, and be dumb.

XV.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
 That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights ; for when tired out with fun
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

December 30, 1816.

Clarke records that this sonnet was written at Leigh Hunt's cottage, on a challenge from Hunt. It appeared with Hunt's sonnet in 'The Examiner' for the 21st of September 1817; but Keats's volume had already appeared in June of that year. Hunt's sonnet in this competition is as follows :

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When ev'n the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
 Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine ; both though small are strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both were sent on earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,—
 In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

30th December, 1816.

This, like his response to Keats's Dedication (page 5 of the present volume), is transcribed from Keats's copy of 'Foliage' (1818).

XVI.

TO KOSCIUSKO.

GOOD Kosciusko, thy great name alone
 Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling ;
 It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
 Of the wide spheres—an everlasting tone.
 And now it tells me, that in worlds unknown,
 The names of heroes, burst from clouds concealing,
 And changed to harmonies, for ever stealing
 Through cloudless blue, and round each silver throne.
 It tells me too, that on a happy day,
 When some good spirit walks upon the earth,
 Thy name with Alfred's, and the great of yore
 Gently commingling, gives tremendous birth
 To a loud hymn, that sounds far, far away
 To where the great God lives for evermore.

XVII.

HAPPY is England ! I could be content
 To see no other verdure than its own ;
 To feel no other breezes than are blown
 Through its tall woods with high romances blent :
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
 For skies Italian, and an inward groan
 To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
 And half forget what world or worldling meant.
 Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters ;
 Enough their simple loveliness for me,
 Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging :
 Yet do I often warmly burn to see
 Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
 And float with them about the summer waters.

XVI. This sonnet was published in 'The Examiner' for the 16th of February 1817. The punctuation differs slightly from that of the 1817 volume ; and in the eighth line we read 'around' for 'and round'. The date "Dec. 1816" and the initials "J. K." appear under the sonnet in 'The Examiner'. Keats left line 7 defective. Lord Houghton altered 'And' to 'Are' and made sense of it. I think the best revision would be to read 'change' for 'changed' ; but, in the absence of authority, Keats's own printed text is the safest.

SLEEP AND POETRY.

"As I lay in my bed slepe full unmete
 "Was unto me, but why that I ne might
 "Rest I ne wist, for there n'as erthly wight
 "[As I suppose] had more of hertis ese
 "Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor dise."

CHAUCER.

WHAT is more gentle than a wind in summer?
 What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
 That stays one moment in an open flower,
 And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?
 What is more tranquil than a musk-rose blowing 5
 In a green island, far from all men's knowing?
 More healthful than the leafiness of dales?
 More secret than a nest of nightingales?
 More serene than Cordelia's countenance?
 More full of visions than a high romance? 10
 What, but thee Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes!
 Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
 Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
 Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows!
 Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses! 15
 Most happy listener! when the morning blesses
 Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
 That glance so brightly at the new sun-rise.

But what is higher beyond thought than thee?
 Fresher than berries of a mountain tree? 20
 More strange, more beautiful, more smooth, more regal,
 Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-seen eagle?

Leigh Hunt says in 'The Examiner'—

"The best poem is certainly the last and longest, entitled 'Sleep and Poetry'. It is a striking specimen of the restlessness of the young poetical appetite, obtaining its food by the very desire of it, and glancing for fit subjects of creation 'from earth to heaven.' Nor do we like it the less for an impatient, and as it may be thought by some, irreverent assault upon the late French school of criticism and monotony, which has held poetry chained long enough to render it somewhat indignant when it has got free."

What is it? And to what shall I compare it?
 It has a glory, and nought else can share it :
 The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy, 25
 Chasing away all worldliness and folly ;
 Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder,
 Or the low rumblings earth's regions under ;
 And sometimes like a gentle whispering
 Of all the secrets of some wond'rous thing 30
 That breathes about us in the vacant air ;
 So that we look around with prying stare,
 Perhaps to see shapes of light, aerial limning,
 And catch soft floatings from a faint-heard hymning ;
 To see the laurel wreath, on high suspended, 35
 That is to crown our name when life is ended.
 Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,
 And from the heart up-springs, rejoice ! rejoice !
 Sounds which will reach the Framers of all things,
 And die away in ardent mutterings. 40

No one who once the glorious sun has seen,
 And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean
 For his great Maker's presence, but must know
 What 't is I mean, and feel his being glow :
 Therefore no insult will I give his spirit, 45
 By telling what he sees from native merit.

O Poesy ! for thee I hold my pen
 That am not yet a glorious denizen
 Of thy wide heaven—Should I rather kneel
 Upon some mountain-top until I feel 50
 A glowing splendour round about me hung,
 And echo back the voice of thine own tongue ?
 O Poesy ! for thee I grasp my pen
 That am not yet a glorious denizen
 Of thy wide heaven ; yet, to my ardent prayer, 55
 Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
 Smooth'd for intoxication by the breath
 Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
 Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
 The morning sun-beams to the great Apollo 60
 Like a fresh sacrifice ; or, if I can bear
 The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring to me the fair
 Visions of all places : a bowery nook
 Will be elysium—an eternal book
 Whence I may copy many a lovely saying 65
 About the leaves, and flowers—about the playing
 Of nymphs in woods, and fountains ; and the shade
 Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid ;

33. The original edition reads 'lymning'.

And many a verse from so strange influence
 That we must ever wonder how, and whence 70
 It came. Also imaginings will hover
 Round my fire-side, and haply there discover
 Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
 In happy silence, like the clear Meander
 Through its lone vales ; and where I found a spot 75
 Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,
 Or a green hill o'erspread with chequer'd dress
 Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
 Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
 All that was for our human senses fitted. 80
 Then the events of this wide world I'd seize
 Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease
 Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
 Wings to find out an immortality.

Stop and consider ! life is but a day ; 85
 A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
 From a tree's summit ; a poor Indian's sleep
 While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
 Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan ?
 Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown ; 90
 The reading of an ever-changing tale ;
 The light uplifting of a maiden's veil ;
 A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air ;
 A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
 Riding the springy branches of an elm. 95

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
 Myself in poesy ; so I may do the deed
 That my own soul has to itself decreed.
 Then will I pass the countries that I see
 In long perspective, and continually 100
 Taste their pure fountains. First the realm I'll pass
 Of Flora, and old Pan : sleep in the grass,
 Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,
 And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees ;
 Catch the white-handed nymphs in shady places, 105
 To woo sweet kisses from averted faces,—
 Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white
 Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
 As hard as lips can make it : till agreed,
 A lovely tale of human life we'll read. 110
 And one will teach a tame dove how it best
 May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest ;

74. In the original edition, 'meander' with a small m.

Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,
 Will set a green robe floating round her head,
 And still will dance with ever varied ease, 115
 Smiling upon the flowers and the trees :
 Another will entice me on, and on
 Through almond blossoms and rich cinnamon ;
 Till in the bosom of a leafy world
 We rest in silence, like two gems upcurl'd 120
 In the recesses of a pearly shell.

And can I ever bid these joys farewell?
 Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
 Where I may find the agonies, the strife 125
 Of human hearts : for lo ! I see afar,
 O'ersailing the blue cragginess, a car
 And steeds with streamy manes—the charioteer
 Looks out upon the winds with glorious fear :
 And now the numerous tramplings quiver lightly 130
 Along a huge cloud's ridge ; and now with sprightly
 Wheel downward come they into fresher skies,
 Tipt round with silver from the sun's bright eyes.
 Still downward with capacious whirl they glide ;
 And now I see them on a green-hill's side 135
 In breezy rest among the nodding stalks.
 The charioteer with wond'rous gesture talks
 To the trees and mountains ; and there soon appear
 Shapes of delight, of mystery, and fear,
 Passing along before a dusky space
 Made by some mighty oaks : as they would chase 140
 Some ever-fleeting music on they sweep.
 Lo ! how they murmur, laugh, and smile, and weep :
 Some with upholden hand and mouth severe ;
 Some with their faces muffled to the ear
 Between their arms ; some, clear in youthful bloom, 145
 Go glad and smilingly athwart the gloom ;
 Some looking back, and some with upward gaze ;
 Yes, thousands in a thousand different ways
 Flit onward—now a lovely wreath of girls
 Dancing their sleek hair into tangled curls ; 150
 And now broad wings. Most awfully intent
 The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
 And seems to listen : O that I might know
 All that he writes with such a hurrying glow.

The visions all are fled—the car is fled 155
 Into the light of heaven, and in their stead
 A sense of real things comes doubly strong,
 And, like a muddy stream, would bear along

My soul to nothingness : but I will strive
 Against all doubtings, and will keep alive 160
 The thought of that same chariot, and the strange
 Journey it went.

Is there so small a range
 In the present strength of manhood, that the high
 Imagination cannot freely fly
 As she was wont of old? prepare her steeds, 165
 Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
 Upon the clouds? Has she not shown us all?
 From the clear space of ether, to the small
 Breath of new buds unfolding? From the meaning
 Of Jove's large eye-brow, to the tender greening 170
 Of April meadows? Here her altar shone,
 E'en in this isle; and who could paragon
 The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
 Of harmony, to where it aye will poise
 Its mighty self of convoluting sound, 175
 Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,
 Eternally around a dizzy void?
 Ay, in those days the Muses were nigh cloy'd
 With honors; nor had any other care
 Than to sing out and sooth their wavy hair. 180

Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a schism
 Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
 Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
 Men were thought wise who could not understand
 His glories: with a puling infant's force 185
 They sway'd about upon a rocking horse,
 And thought it Pegasus. Ah dismal soul'd!
 The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
 Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
 Bar'd its eternal bosom, and the dew 190
 Of summer nights collected still to make
 The morning precious: beauty was awake!
 Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead

181. In Keats's edition 'schism' is misspelt 'scism.'

181-312. Leigh Hunt's admirable qualities as a critic were not often displayed to better advantage than in that part of his review of Keats's 'Poems' in 'The Examiner' which deals indirectly with this now historic passage from line 181 to line 312. The following summary of the situation treated by Keats furnishes the precise critical commentary wanted for the poet's polemics; and it takes just that view of Keats's own position that contemporary critics are now beginning to take as if it were a discovery of their own. Hunt's clearness of sight for a movement in which he was living and acting is truly remarkable. "It is no longer", he says, "a new observation, that poetry has of late years

To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
 To musty laws lined out with wretched rule 195
 And compass vile : so that ye taught a school
 Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
 Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
 Their verses tallied. Easy was the task :
 A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask 200
 Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race !
 That blasphem'd the bright Lyrist to his face,
 And did not know it,—no, they went about,
 Holding a poor, decrepid standard out
 Mark'd with most flimsy mottos, and in large 205
 The name of one Boileau !

O ye whose charge

It is to hover round our pleasant hills !
 Whose congregated majesty so fills
 My boundly reverence, that I cannot trace
 Your hallowed names, in this unholy place, 210
 So near those common folk ; did not their shames
 Affright you ? Did our old lamenting Thames
 Delight you ? Did ye never cluster round
 Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,
 And weep ? Or did ye wholly bid adieu 215
 To regions where no more the laurel grew ?
 Or did ye stay to give a welcoming
 To some lone spirits who could proudly sing
 Their youth away, and die ? 'T was even so :
 But let me think away those times of woe : 220
 Now 't is a fairer season ; ye have breathed
 Rich benedictions o'er us ; ye have wreathed
 Fresh garlands : for sweet music has been heard
 In many places ;—some has been upstirr'd

undergone a very great change, or rather, to speak properly, poetry has undergone no change, but something which was not poetry has made way for the return of something which is. The school which existed till lately since the restoration of Charles the 2d, was rather a school of wit and ethics in verse, than any thing else ; nor was the verse, with the exception of Dryden's, of the best order. The authors, it is true, are to be held in great honour. Great wit there certainly was, excellent satire, excellent sense, pithy sayings ; and Pope distilled as much real poetry as could be got from the drawing-room world in which the art then lived,—from the flowers and luxuries of artificial life,—into that exquisite little toilet-bottle of essence, the 'Rape of the Lock'. But there was little imagination, of a higher order, no intense feeling of nature, no sentiment, no real music or variety. Even the writers who gave evidences meanwhile of a truer poetical faculty, Gray, Thomson, Akenside, and Collins himself, were content with a great deal of second-hand workmanship, and with false styles made up of other languages and a certain kind of inverted cant. It has been thought that Cowper was the first poet who re-opened the true way to nature and a natural style ; but we hold

From out its crystal dwelling in a lake, 225
 By a swan's ebon bill ; from a thick brake,
 Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
 Bubbles a pipe ; fine sounds are floating wild
 About the earth : happy are ye and glad.

These things are doubtless : yet in truth we've had 230
 Strange thunders from the potency of song ;
 Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
 From majesty : but in clear truth the themes
 Are ugly cubs, the Poets Polyphemes
 Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless shower 235
 Of light is poesy ; 't is the supreme of power ;
 'T is might half slumb'ring on its own right arm.
 The very archings of her eye-lids charm
 A thousand willing agents to obey,
 And still she governs with the mildest sway : 240
 But strength alone though of the Muses born
 Is like a fallen angel : trees uptorn,
 Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and sepulchres
 Delight it ; for it feeds upon the burrs,
 And thorns of life ; forgetting the great end 245
 Of poesy, that it should be a friend
 To sooth the cares, and lift the thoughts of man.

Yet I rejoice : a myrtle fairer than
 E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
 Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds 250
 A silent space with ever sprouting green.
 All tenderest birds there find a pleasant screen,
 Creep through the shade with jaunty fluttering,
 Nibble the little cupped flowers and sing.
 Then let us clear away the choaking thorns 255
 From round its gentle stem ; let the young fawns,

this to be a mistake, arising merely from certain negations on the part of that amiable but by no means powerful writer. Cowper's style is for the most part as inverted and artificial as that of the others ; and we look upon him to have been by nature not so great a poet as Pope : but Pope, from certain infirmities on his part, was thrown into the society of the world, and thus had to get what he could out of an artificial sphere :—Cowper, from other and more distressing infirmities, (which by the way the wretched superstition that undertook to heal, only burnt in upon him) was confined to a still smaller though more natural sphere, and in truth did not much with it, though quite as much perhaps as was to be expected from an organization too sore almost to come in contact with any thing.

"It was the Lake Poets in our opinion (however grudgingly we say it, on some accounts) that were the first to revive a true taste for nature ; and like most Revolutionists, especially of the cast which they have since turned out to be, they went to an extreme, calculated rather at first to make the readers of poetry disgusted with originality and adhere with contempt and resentment to their magazine common-places. This had a bad effect also in the way of re-action ;

Yeaned in after times, when we are flown,
 Find a fresh sward beneath it, overgrown
 With simple flowers : let there nothing be
 More boisterous than a lover's bended knee ; 260
 Nought more ungentle than the placid look
 Of one who leans upon a closed book ;
 Nought more untranquil than the grassy slopes
 Between two hills. All hail delightful hopes !
 As she was wont, th' imagination 265
 Into most lovely labyrinths will be gone,
 And they shall be accounted poet kings
 Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.
 O may these joys be ripe before I die.

Will not some say that I presumptuously 270
 Have spoken? that from hastening disgrace
 'T were better far to hide my foolish face?
 That whining boyhood should with reverence bow
 Ere the dread thunderbolt could reach? How !
 If I do hide myself, it sure shall be 275
 In the very fane, the light of Poesy :
 If I do fall, at least I will be laid
 Beneath the silence of a poplar shade ;
 And over me the grass shall be smooth shaven ;
 And there shall be a kind memorial graven. 280
 But off Despondence ! miserable bane !
 They should not know thee, who athirst to gain
 A noble end, are thirsty every hour.
 What though I am not wealthy in the dower
 Of spanning wisdom ; though I do not know 285

and none of those writers have ever since been able to free themselves from certain stubborn affectations, which having been ignorantly confounded by others with the better part of them, have been retained by their self-love with a still less pardonable want of wisdom. The greater part indeed of the poetry of Mr. Southey, a weak man in all respects, is really made up of little else. Mr. Coleridge still trifles with his poetical as he has done with his metaphysical talent. Mr. Lamb, in our opinion, has a more real tact of humanity, a modester, Shakspearean wisdom, than any of them; and had he written more, might have delivered the school victoriously from all its defects. But it is Mr. Wordsworth who has advanced it the most, and who in spite of some morbidities as well as mistaken theories in other respects, has opened upon us a fund of thinking and imagination, that ranks him as the successor of the true and abundant poets of the older time. Poetry, like Plenty, should be represented with a cornucopia, but it should be a real one; not swelled out and insidiously *optimized* at the top, like Mr. Southey's stale strawberry baskets, but fine and full to the depth, like a heap from the vintage. Yet from the time of Milton till lately, scarcely a tree had been planted that could be called a poet's own. People got shoots from France, that ended in nothing but a little barren wood, from which they made flutes for young gentlemen and fan-sticks for ladies. The rich and enchanted ground of real poetry, fertile with all that English succulence could produce, bright with all

The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
 Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
 Of man : though no great minist'ring reason sorts
 Out the dark mysteries of human souls
 To clear conceiving : yet there ever rolls 290
 A vast idea before me, and I glean
 Therefrom my liberty ; thence too I've seen
 The end and aim of Poesy. 'T is clear
 As anything most true ; as that the year
 Is made of the four seasons—manifest 295
 As a large cross, some old cathedral's crest,
 Lifted to the white clouds. Therefore should I
 Be but the essence of deformity,
 A coward, did my very eye-lids wink
 At speaking out what I have dar'd to think. 300
 Ah ! rather let me like a madman run
 Over some precipice ; let the hot sun
 Melt my Dedalian wings, and drive me down
 Convuls'd and headlong ! Stay ! an inward frown
 Of conscience bids me be more calm awhile. 305
 An ocean dim, sprinkled with many an isle,
 Spreads awfully before me. How much toil !
 How many days ! what desperate turmoil !
 Ere I can have explored its widenesses.
 Ah, what a task ! upon my bended knees, 310
 I could unsay those—no, impossible !
 Impossible !

For sweet relief I 'll dwell
 On humbler thoughts, and let this strange assay

that Italian sunshine could lend, and haunted with exquisite humanities, had become invisible to mortal eyes like the garden of Eden :—

And from that time those Graces were not found.

These Graces, however, are re-appearing ; and one of the greatest evidences is the little volume before us ; for the work is not one of mere imitation, or a compilation of ingenious and promising things that merely announce better, and that after all might only help to keep up a bad system ; but here is a young poet giving himself up to his own impressions, and revelling in real poetry for its own sake. He has had his advantages, because others have cleared the way into those happy bowers ; but it shews the strength of his natural tendency, that he has not been turned aside by the lingering enticements of a former system, and by the self-love which interests others in enforcing them. We do not, of course, mean to say, that Mr. Keats has as much talent as he will have ten years hence, or that there are no imitations in his book, or that he does not make mistakes common to inexperience ;—the reverse is inevitable at his time of life. In proportion to our ideas, or impressions of the images of things, must be our acquaintance with the things themselves. But our author has all the sensitiveness of temperament requisite to receive these impressions ; and wherever he has turned hitherto he has felt them deeply."

Begun in gentleness die so away.
 E'en now all tumult from my bosom fades : 315
 I turn full hearted to the friendly aids
 That smooth the path of honour ; brotherhood,
 And friendliness the nurse of mutual good.
 The hearty grasp that sends a pleasant sonnet
 Into the brain ere one can think upon it ; 320
 The silence when some rhymes are coming out ;
 And when they're come, the very pleasant rout :
 The message certain to be done to-morrow.
 'T is perhaps as well that it should be to borrow
 Some precious book from out its snug retreat, 325
 To cluster round it when we next shall meet.
 Scarce can I scribble on ; for lovely airs
 Are fluttering round the room like doves in pairs ;
 Many delights of that glad day recalling,
 When first my senses caught their tender falling. 330
 And with these airs come forms of elegance
 Stooping their shoulders o'er a horse's prance,
 Careless, and grand—fingers soft and round
 Parting luxuriant curls ;—and the swift bound
 Of Bacchus from his chariot, when his eye 335
 Made Ariadne's cheek look blushing.
 Thus I remember all the pleasant flow
 Of words at opening a portfolio.

Things such as these are ever harbingers
 To trains of peaceful images : the stirs 340
 Of a swan's neck unseen among the rushes :
 A linnet starting all about the bushes :
 A butterfly, with golden wings broad parted,
 Nestling a rose, convuls'd as though it smarted
 With over pleasure—many, many more, 345
 Might I indulge at large in all my store
 Of luxuries : yet I must not forget
 Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet :
 For what there may be worthy in these rhymes
 I partly owe to him : and thus, the chimes 350
 Of friendly voices had just given place
 To as sweet a silence, when I 'gan retrace
 The pleasant day, upon a couch at ease.
 It was a poet's house who keeps the keys

354. Hunt's house: he says in 'The Examiner' that the poem "originated in sleeping in a room adorned with busts and pictures,"—"many a cast from Shout," as Shelley says in the 'Letter to Maria Gisborne.' In Hunt's Correspondence (Volume I, page 289) we read—"Keats's 'Sleep and Poetry' is a description of a parlour that was mine, no bigger than an old mansion's closet." Clarke says ('Gentleman's Magazine', February 1874)—"It was in the library at Hunt's cottage, where an extemporary bed had been made up for him on the sofa".

Of pleasure's temple. Round about were hung 355
 The glorious features of the bards who sung
 In other ages—cold and sacred busts
 Smiled at each other. Happy he who trusts
 To clear Futurity his darling fame !
 Then there were fauns and satyrs taking aim 360
 At swelling apples with a frisky leap
 And reaching fingers, 'mid a luscious heap
 Of vine-leaves. Then there rose to view a fane
 Of liny marble, and thereto a train
 Of nymphs approaching fairly o'er the sward : 365
 One, loveliest, holding her white hand toward
 The dazzling sun-rise : two sisters sweet
 Bending their graceful figures till they meet
 Over the trippings of a little child :
 And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild 370
 Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping.
 See, in another picture, nymphs are wiping
 Cherishingly Diana's timorous limbs ;—
 A fold of lawny mantle dabbling swims
 At the bath's edge, and keeps a gentle motion 375
 With the subsiding crystal : as when ocean
 Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er
 Its rocky marge, and balances once more
 The patient weeds ; that now unshent by foam
 Feel all about their undulating home. 380

Sappho's meek head was there half smiling down
 At nothing ; just as though the earnest frown
 Of over thinking had that moment gone
 From off her brow, and left her all alone.

Great Alfred's too, with anxious, pitying eyes, 385
 As if he always listened to the sighs
 Of the goaded world ; and Kosciusko's worn
 By horrid suffrance—mightily forlorn.

Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,
 Starts at the sight of Laura ; nor can wean 390
 His eyes from her sweet face. Most happy they !
 For over them was seen a free display
 Of out-spread wings, and from between them shone
 The face of Poesy : from off her throne
 She overlook'd things that I scarce could tell. 201
 The very sense of where I was might well
 Keep Sleep aloof : but more than that there came
 Thought after thought to nourish up the flame

Within my breast ; so that the morning light
 Surprised me even from a sleepless night ;
 And up I rose refresh'd, and glad, and gay,
 Resolving to begin that very day
 These lines ; and howsoever they be done,
 I leave them as a father does his son.

406

Hunt says in conclusion of lines 248-51 that they contain "an idea of as lovely and powerful a nature in embodying an abstraction, as we ever remember to have seen put into words :—

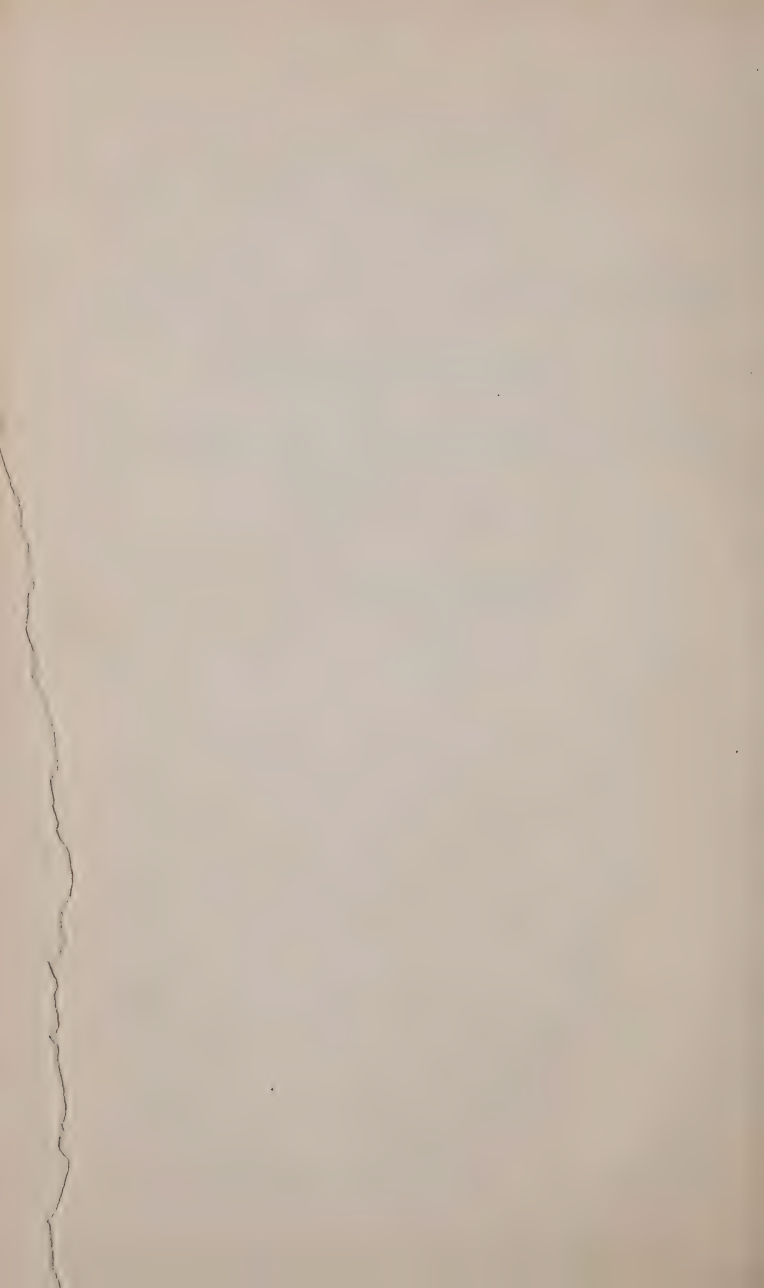
Yet I rejoice : a myrtle fairer than
 E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
 Lifts its sweet head into the air, *and feeds*
A silent space with ever sprouting green.

"Upon the whole, Mr. Keats's book cannot be better described than in a couplet written by Milton when he too was young, and in which he evidently alludes to himself. It is a little luxuriant heap of

Such sights as useful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream."

ENDYMION:

A Romance.



In Woodhouse's copy of 'Endymion' (see Preface) there is a note against the passage "so I will begin" &c., line 39, Book I, to the effect that the poem was begun in the spring of 1817 and finished in the winter of 1817-18; and in the title-page he has inserted *April* before 1818. The statement corresponds with Keats's own record of May 1817 (see Letters) that he was busying himself at Margate with the commencement of 'Endymion'. This reference cannot of course be to the same 'Endymion' ("I stood tip-toe upon a little hill") that he expected to finish in one more attack when he wrote to Clarke in December 1816. Probably the conception referred to by Lord Houghton (Aldine edition, page xvii) as "long germinating in his fancy" really took bodily form and substance, and that substance was wholly rejected, when Keats came within the radius of Haydon's heroic art propaganda, for the design on an ambitious scale which the next Spring was to see in print. Woodhouse records that at the end of the first draft is written "Burford Bridge, Nov. 28, 1817". His statement as to the month of issue scarcely does more than confirm the record of the series of documents bearing on this point published by Lord Houghton. Thus, the first book was in the publisher's hands by January 1818, and the last was copied out by the 14th of March; the original Preface, rejected upon the unfavourable verdict of Reynolds and others of Keats's friends, is dated the 19th of March; the Preface as published is dated the 10th of April, and went, it seems, in a letter to Reynolds of that date. The title-page originally devised was as follows:—

ENDYMION.

A ROMANCE.

By JOHN KEATS.

"The stretched metre of an antique song."

Shakspeare's Sonnets.

In favour of the simple dedication as printed in the book, the following had been rejected:—

INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY FEELING OF PRIDE AND REGRET
AND WITH "A BOWED MIND,"

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE MOST ENGLISH OF POETS EXCEPT SHAKSPEARE,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

The original preface referred to above reads as follows:—

ORIGINAL PREFACE REJECTED ON CONSIDERATION.

IN a great nation, the work of an individual is of so little importance; his pleadings and excuses are so uninteresting; his "way of life" such a nothing, that a Preface seems a sort of impertinent bow to strangers who care nothing about it.

A Preface, however, should be down in so many words; and such a one that by an eye-glance over the type the Reader may catch an idea of an Author's modesty, and non-opinion of himself—which I sincerely hope may be seen in the few lines I have to write, notwithstanding many proverbs of many ages old which men find a great pleasure in receiving as gospel.

About a twelvemonth since, I published a little book of verses; it was read by some dozen of my friends who lik'd it; and some dozen whom I was unacquainted with, who did not.

Now, when a dozen human beings are at words with another dozen, it becomes a matter of anxiety to side with one's friends—more especially when excited thereto by a great love of Poetry. I fought under disadvantages. Before I began I had no inward feel of being able to finish; and as I proceeded my steps were all uncertain. So this Poem must rather be considered as an endeavour than a thing accomplished; a poor prologue to what, if I live, I humbly hope to do. In duty to the Public I should have kept it back for a year or two, knowing it to be so faulty: but I really cannot do so,—by repetition my favourite passages sound vapid in my ears, and I would rather redeem myself with a new Poem should this one be found of any interest.

I have to apologize to the lovers of simplicity for touching the spell of loneliness that hung about Endymion; if any of my lines plead for me with such people I shall be proud.

It has been too much the fashion of late to consider men bigoted and addicted to every word that may chance to escape their lips; now I here declare that I have not any particular affection for any particular phrase, word, or letter in the whole affair. I have written to please myself, and in hopes to please others, and for a love of fame; if I neither please myself, nor others, nor get fame, of what consequence is Phraseology?

I would fain escape the bickerings that all Works not exactly in chime bring upon their begetters—but this is not fair to expect, there must be conversation of some sort and to object shows a man's consequence. In case of a London drizzle or a Scotch mist, the following quotation from Marston may perhaps 'stead me as an umbrella for an hour or so: "let it be the curtesy of my peruser rather to pity my self-hindering labours than to malice me."

One word more—for we cannot help seeing our own affairs in every point of view—should any one call my dedication to Chatterton affected I answer as followeth: "Were I dead, sir, I should like a Book dedicated to me."

TEIGNMOUTH,

March 19th, 1818.

On the 27th of April Keats wrote to Taylor apologizing for giving him "all the trouble" of 'Endymion', and adding, apparently in allusion to that poem, "The book pleased me much. It is very free from faults; and, although there are one or two words I should wish replaced, I see in many places an improvement greatly to the purpose". The measure of Keats's fluency in composition may be judged by observing the alterations recorded in Book I in the following pages. Of that Book there appears to have been but one manuscript, written on sheets of quarto foolscap paper, and considerably altered before going to press. The other three Books were written into a blank book and afterwards copied on quarto foolscap uniform with that used for Book I. Hence the printer's copy (the quarto manuscript) shows much more revision in Book I than elsewhere. The quarto manuscript remained in the Taylor family till 1897, when it was sold at auction by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge and was bought by a bookseller. With that manuscript I collated the printed text throughout before issuing the Library

edition, the precious holograph being courteously lent to me by Mr. Taylor; but the variations given in Books II, III, and IV from the draft, I took from Woodhouse's manuscript annotations, not having seen the holograph draft of these three books. The manuscript of the rejected Preface (first published by Lord Houghton in 1867 in the 'Life and Letters of John Keats') was formerly in the collection of Dr. John Webster, sometime M.P. for Aberdeen. It was attached to the rejected title-page and dedication, the whole consisting of six quarto leaves evidently detached from the Taylor manuscript, which, if I remember rightly, did not begin in Keats's autograph, but had at least one leaf in another hand. The rejected Preface, when I saw it in 1890, showed some cancellings; but I have mislaid any notes I may have taken of them; and, since I saw it, it has been sold by auction. The original edition of 'Endymion' is a handsome octavo volume, originally issued in thick drab boards labelled at the back, *Keats's Endymion. Lond. 1818*, and consisting of (1) fly-title 'Endymion: A Romance' with imprint at foot of verso, "*Printed by T. Miller, Noble street, Cheapside*", (2) title-page (with its motto adapted from Shakespeare's seventeenth Sonnet), worded thus—

ENDYMION:

A Poetic Romance.

BY JOHN KEATS.

"THE STRETCHED METRE OF AN ANTIQUE SONG."

LONDON:
 PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,
 93, FLEET STREET.
 1818.

(3) the following dedication—

INSCRIBED
 TO THE MEMORY
 OF
 THOMAS CHATTERTON.

(4) the Preface (pages vii to ix), (5) an erratum leaf with sometimes one and sometimes five errata printed on the recto, and (6) 207 pages of text including

the fly-titles to the four books. The head-line throughout is 'Endymion' in Roman small capitals, the number of the Book being indicated in smaller letters at the inner corners, and the pages in Arabic figures as usual at the outer corners. The full page consists of 22 lines; and the lines are numbered in tens in the margin; not every ten lines of verse, but every ten lines of print, so that when a fresh paragraph begins with a portion of a verse, that particular verse counts for two lines. In numbering the lines in fives I have of course counted by lines of verse.

The influence of Keats upon Thomas Hood's serious poetry is so important a fact in the history of English literature that the following sonnet comes fitly into this note:

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN KEATS'S "ENDYMION,"

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I saw pale Dian, sitting by the brink
 Of silver falls, the overflow of fountains
 From cloudy steeps; and I grew sad to think
 Endymion's foot was silent on those mountains
 And he but a hush'd name, that Silence keeps
 In dear remembrance,—lonely, and forlorn,
 Singing it to herself until she weeps
 Tears, that perchance still glisten in the morn:—
 And as I mused, in dull imaginings,
 There came a flash of garments, and I knew
 The awful Muse by her harmonious wings
 Charming the air to music as she flew—
 Anon there rose an echo through the vale
 Gave back Endymion in a dreamlike tale.

Hood's early poems are but the commencement of a long series of works of true literary art on which the impress of Keats's genius has passed.

H. B. F.

ENDYMION.

PREFACE.

KNOWING within myself the manner in which this Poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public.

What manner I mean, will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished. The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press ; nor should they if I thought a year's castigation would do them any good ;—it will not : the foundations are too sandy. It is just that this youngster should die away : a sad thought for me, if I had not some hope that while it is dwindling I may be plotting, and fitting myself for verses fit to live.

This may be speaking too presumptuously, and may deserve a punishment : but no feeling man will be forward to inflict it : he will leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object. This is not written with the least atom of purpose to forestall criticisms of course, but from the desire I have to conciliate men who are competent to look, and who do look with a zealous eye, to the honor of English literature.

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy ; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted : thence proceeds mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.

I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness : for I wish to try once more,¹ before I bid it farewell.

Teignmouth,
April 10, 1818.

¹ Woodhouse notes—"This alluded to his then intention of writing a poem on the fall of Hyperion. He commenced this poem : but, thanks to the critics who fell foul of *this* work, he discontinued it. The fragment was published in 1820."

ENDYMION.

BOOK I.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. 5
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways 10
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils 15
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills

1. The manuscript shows no variation in this renowned opening line ; but my friend the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson told me that his friend Mr. Henry Stephens of Finchley, who was a fellow student in medicine with Keats, and lived in the same rooms with him for a time, preserved the recollection of an earlier opening line. Keats is said to have written the line, presumably in some rough draft of his intended opening, thus—

A thing of beauty is a constant joy :

the tradition is that his friend, on hearing this, pronounced the opening line "a fine line, but wanting something," and that Keats pondered it over, and at length broke out with an inspired "I have it," and set down the household word that now stands at the head of the poem.

9. In the manuscript, 'ways' stands altered to 'days'.

13. Instead of line 13 there were originally three lines in the manuscript :

From our dark Spirits, and before us dances
Like glitter on the points of Arthur's Lances.

Of these bright powers are the Sun, and Moon...

But before the manuscript went to press Keats rejected the medieval allusion, and supplied the reading of the text.

15. In the manuscript,

 of these are daffodils
And the green world, &c.

That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That, whether they be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
 They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
 Will trace the story of Endymion.
 The very music of the name has gone
 Into my being, and each pleasant scene
 Is growing fresh before me as the green
 Of our own vallies : so I will begin
 Now while I cannot hear the city's din ;
 Now while the early budders are just new,
 And run in mazes of the youngest hue
 About old forests ; while the willow trails
 Its delicate amber ; and the dairy pails
 Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
 Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
 My little boat, for many quiet hours,
 With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
 Many and many a verse I hope to write,
 Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,

20. The manuscript reads—

Of these too are the grandeur of the dooms...

21. Compare Thomson's 'Seasons' (Winter, line 432) :

And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

24. In the manuscript,

Telling us we are on the heaven's brink.

29. In the manuscript,

And passion, poetry, glories infinite...

50. Keats originally wrote this word 'vermil' both here and in line 696 of this Book. Whether he adopted it from Spenser or some other writer I know not ; but in Spenser it is 'vermell' : see 'Faerie Queene,' Book II, Canto x, stanza 24.

Hide in deep herbage ; and ere yet the bees
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
 I must be near the middle of my story.
 O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
 See it half finish'd : but let Autumn bold, 55
 With universal tinge of sober gold,
 Be all about me when I make an end.
 And now at once, adventuresome, I send
 My herald thought into a wilderness :
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress 60
 My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
 Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

Upon the sides of Latmus was outspread
 A mighty forest ; for the moist earth fed
 So plenteously all weed-hidden roots 65
 Into o'er-hanging boughs, and precious fruits.
 And it had gloomy shades, sequestered deep,
 Where no man went ; and if from shepherd's keep
 A lamb stray'd far a-down those inmost glens,
 Never again saw he the happy pens 70
 Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
 Over the hills at every nightfall went.
 Among the shepherds, 'twas believed ever,
 That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever
 From the white flock, but pass'd unworried 75
 By angry wolf, or pard with prying head,
 Until it came to some unfooted plains
 Where fed the herds of Pan : aye great his gains
 Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many,
 Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny, 80
 And ivy banks ; all leading pleasantly
 To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
 Stems thronging all around between the swell
 Of turf and slanting branches : who could tell
 The freshness of the space of heaven above, 85

58. In the manuscript there is a comma after 'now' and none after 'adventuresome'.

71. The manuscript reads 'To which' for 'Whither'.

74. In the manuscript, 'fleecy' is altered to 'fleecing', which, in turn, is altered back to 'fleecy'.

78. In the manuscript,

aye great his gains

Who thus but one did lose.

The reading of the text is supplied, as an alternative, in pencil. In the first edition 'ay' is printed for 'aye'.

83. This line originally stood a foot short in the manuscript, thus—

Stems thronging round between the swell...

Edg'd round with dark tree tops ? through which a dove
 Would often beat its wings, and often too
 A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
 There stood a marble altar, with a tress 90
 Of flowers budded newly ; and the dew
 Had taken fairy phantasies to strew
 Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
 And so the dawned light in pomp receive.
 For 'twas the morn : Apollo's upward fire 95
 Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
 Of brightness so unsully'd, that therein
 A melancholy spirit well might win
 Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
 Into the winds : rain-scented eglantine 100
 Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun ;
 The lark was lost in him ; cold springs had run
 To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass ;
 Man's voice was on the mountains ; and the mass
 Of nature's lives and wonders puls'd tenfold, 105
 To feel this sun-rise and its glories old.

Now while the silent workings of the dawn
 Were busiest, into that self-same lawn
 All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
 A troop of little children garlanded ; 110
 Who gathering round the altar, seem'd to pry
 Earnestly round as wishing to espy
 Some folk of holiday : nor had they waited
 For many moments, ere their ears were sated
 With a faint breath of music, which ev'n then 115
 Fill'd out its voice, and di'd away again.
 Within a little space again it gave
 Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
 To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking
 Through copse-clad vallies,—ere their death, o'ertaking 120
 The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

And now, as deep into the wood as we
 Might mark a lynx's eye, there glimmered light

94. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'coming light' for 'dawned light'.

99. Cancelled manuscript reading 'pure' for 'fine'.

107. In the manuscript, originally, 'these silent workings', altered to 'the', but finally changed back again to 'these'.

116. In the manuscript the contraction for 'even' is clearly 'e'en', not 'ev'n' as in the printed text.

119. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'and' for 'in'.

Fair faces and a rush of garments white,
 Plainer and plainer showing, till at last 125
 Into the widest alley they all past,
 Making directly for the woodland altar.
 O kindly muse ! let not my weak tongue faulter
 In telling of this goodly company,
 Of their old piety, and of their glee : 130
 But let a portion of ethereal dew
 Fall on my head, and presently unmew
 My soul ; that I may dare, in wayfaring,
 To stammer where old Chaucer us'd to sing.

Leading the way, young damsels danced along, 135
 Bearing the burden of a shepherd song ;
 Each having a white wicker over brimm'd
 With April's tender younglings : next, well trimm'd,
 A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks 140
 As may be read of in Arcadian books ;
 Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
 When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
 Let his divinity o'erflowing die
 In music, through the vales of Thessaly :
 Some idly trail'd their sheep-hooks on the ground, 145
 And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
 With ebon-tipped flutes : close after these,

125. The manuscript has 'showing', Keats's usual orthography, the first edition 'shewing'.

128. In the manuscript Keats had cancelled the whole of this invocation, sacrificing with it the lovely line 127 ; but the passage was finally restored by means of a pencilled *Stet*.

132. The word 'unmew', in the sense of enfranchise, may probably be a relic of Shakespearean study. Compare 'Romeo and Juliet', Act III, Scene iv, line 11—

To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

135. This and the next two lines originally stood thus :

In front some pretty Damsels danced along,
 Bearing the Burden of a shepherd Song ;
 And each with handy wicker over brimmed...

and even then he had begun to write 'may day Song' instead of 'shepherd Song'. Then there is an intermediate reading for line 135, before that of the text is supplied—

And in the front young Damsels danced along,
 while two rejected marginal readings for line 137 are—

Each bringing a white wicker over brimmed.

and

Each brought a little wicker over brimmed.

144. The allusion is to the story of Apollo's nine years' sojourn on earth as the herdsman of Admetus, when banished from Olympus for killing the Cyclops who had forged the thunder-bolts wherewith Æsculapius had been slain.

Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
 A venerable priest full soberly,
 Begirt with ministring looks : alway his eye 150
 Stedfast upon the matted turf he kept,
 And after him his sacred vestments swept.
 From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,
 Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light ;
 And in his left he held a basket full 155
 Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull :
 Wild thyme, and valley-lillies whiter still
 Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
 His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath,
 Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth 160
 Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
 Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud
 Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd,
 Up-followed by a multitude that rear'd
 Their voices to the clouds, a fair wrought car, 165
 Easily rolling so as scarce to mar
 The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown :
 Who stood therein did seem of great renown
 Among the throng. His youth was fully blown,
 Showing like Ganymede to manhood grown ; 170
 And, for those simple times, his garments were
 A chieftain king's : beneath his breast, half bare,
 Was hung a silver bugle, and between
 His nervy knees there lay a boar-spear keen.
 A smile was on his countenance ; he seem'd, 175
 To common lookers on, like one who dream'd

150. 'Begirt with ministring looks' is certainly what Keats wrote ; and I presume there can be no doubt as to the meaning—surrounded by people whose looks showed their eagerness to do their ministering part.

153. This couplet originally stood thus—

From his right hand there swung a milk-white vase
 Of mingled wines, outsparkling like the Stars—

the less vigorous reading of the text being evidently supplied to get rid of the false rhyme. The bare idea of rhyming 'vase' and 'stars' shows that Keats no longer pronounced 'vase' as if it rhymed with 'pace', as at page 24 of this volume.

157. The motive of amending the rhyme was probably not the only one for the next erasure. Lines 157 and 158 were originally—

Wild thyme, and valley lillies white as Leda's
 Bosom, and choicest strips from mountain Cedars.

Then 'blossoms from the rill' has place in the manuscript before the final 'cresses from the rill' is supplied. 'Whiter than Leda's love' (Jupiter in the form of a swan) is an obviously better comparison than 'white as Leda's bosom'.

163. In the manuscript, 'o' the Ditty.'

168. In the manuscript, 'sat' is here cancelled in favour of 'stood'.

Of idleness in groves Elysian :

But there were some who feelingly could scan

A lurking trouble in his nether lip,

And see that oftentimes the reins would slip

180

Through his forgotten hands : then would they sigh,

And think of yellow leaves, of owlets' cry,

Of logs pil'd solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,

Why should our young Endymion pine away !

Soon the assembly, in a circle rang'd,

185

Stood silent round the shrine : each look was chang'd

To sudden veneration : women meek

Beckon'd their sons to silence ; while each cheek

Of virgin bloom pal'd gently for slight fear.

Endymion too, without a forest peer,

190

Stood, wan, and pale, and with an awed face,

Among his brothers of the mountain chace.

In midst of all, the venerable priest

Ey'd them with joy from greatest to the least,

And, after lifting up his aged hands,

195

Thus spake he : " Men of Latmos ! shepherd bands !

Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks :

Whether descended from beneath the rocks

That overtop your mountains ; whether come

From vallies where the pipe is never dumb ;

200

Or from your swelling downs, where sweet air stirs

Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze

Buds lavish gold ; or ye, whose precious charge

Nibble their fill at ocean's very marge,

Whose mellow reeds are touch'd with sounds forlorn

205

By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn :

Mothers and wives ! who day by day prepare

The scrip, with needments, for the mountain air ;

191. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'a bowed face' for 'an awed face'.

208. The writer in the 'Quarterly Review' whom Shelley apostrophized as

Thou noteless blot on a remembered name !

accused Keats of inventing (or as he put it 'spawning') certain words, among which was 'needments'. Had the "noteless blot's" reading extended far enough, he might have found this word in almost the same context in Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' (Book I, Canto vi, stanza 35) :

and eke behind,

His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

In Canto i of the same Book, stanza 6, the same word occurs in connexion with *bag* instead of *scrip* :

Behind her farre away a Dwarfie did lag,

That lazie seem'd in beeing euer last,

Or wearied with bearing of her bag

Of needments at his back.

Oddments and *needments* are not wholly obsolete even yet in some parts of England.

And all ye gentle girls who foster up
 Udderless lambs, and in a little cup 210
 Will put choice honey for a favoured youth :
 Yea, every one attend ! for in good truth
 Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.
 Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
 Night-swollen mushrooms? Are not our wide plains 215
 Speckled with countless fleeces? Have not rains
 Green'd over April's lap? No howling sad
 Sickens our fearful ewes ; and we have had
 Great bounty from Endymion our lord.
 The earth is glad : the merry lark has pour'd 220
 His early song against yon breezy sky,
 That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity."

Thus ending, on the shrine he heap'd a spire
 Of teeming sweets, enkindling sacred fire ;
 Anon he stain'd the thick and spongy sod 225
 With wine, in honor of the shepherd-god.
 Now while the earth was drinking it, and while
 Bay leaves were crackling in the fragrant pile,
 And gummy frankincense was sparkling bright
 'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazy light 230
 Spread greily eastward, thus a chorus sang :

" O THOU, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
 From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
 Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
 Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness ; 235
 Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress

232. It was the Hymn to Pan beginning here that the young poet when engaged in the composition of 'Endymion' was induced to recite in the presence of Wordsworth, on the 28th of December 1817, at Haydon's house. Leigh Hunt records that the elder poet pronounced it "a very pretty piece of Paganism," though his own magnificent sonnet,

The world is too much with us,

shows that he was not always in a mood to condemn the poetic-imaginative aspects of nature open to "a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn." Note the coincidence between the couplet in the text, lines 205-6, and the end of that sonnet :

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

In respect of this noble hymn to Pan it is worth while to save from the not unkindly though desperately inaccurate notice of Keats published in the 'Edinburgh Review' for August 1820 the appreciative remark that this is "a choral hymn addressed to the sylvan deity, which appears to us to be full of beauty ; and reminds us, in many places, of the finest strains of Sicilian or English poetry."

Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken ;
 And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
 The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
 In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds 240
 The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth ;
 Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
 Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
 By thy love's milky brow !
 By all the trembling mazes that she ran, 245
 Hear us, great Pan !

“O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
 Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
 What time thou wanderest at eventide
 Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side 250
 Of thine enmossed realms : O thou, to whom
 Broad leaved fig trees even now foredoom
 Their ripen'd fruitage ; yellow girted bees
 Their golden honeycombs ; our village leas
 Their fairest blossom'd beans and popped corn ; 255
 The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
 To sing for thee ; low creeping strawberries
 Their summer coolness ; pent up butterflies
 Their freckled wings ; yea, the fresh budding year
 All its completions—be quickly near, 260

246. Cancelled manuscript reading—

Listen great Pan !

The beautiful tale of Syrinx seems to have entered into Keats's soul, and not unnaturally. Compare this with the tender passage,

Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled
 Arcadian Pan,

and so on (page 11 of the present volume).

248. The verb to passion is another of the words which the “noteless blot” in the ‘Quarterly Review’ accused Keats of inventing. Spenser, as we have seen, was a sealed book to him ; so that it is not strange he ignored the passage in ‘The Faerie Queene’ (Book II, Canto ix, stanza 41),

Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
 So strangely passioned.

But Shakespeare seems to have been a sealed book too, at all events during those seasons in which he took the liberty accorded by Shelley of spilling the overflowing venom from his fangs : otherwise he might have discovered such passages as

Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
 For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight ;
 ‘Two Gentlemen of Verona’, Act IV, Scene iv, lines 172-3.
 And shall not myself . . . passion as they
 ‘Tempest’, Act V, Scene i, lines 22-4.
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth
 ‘Venus and Adonis’, line 1059.

By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine !

“Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service ; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit ; 265
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle’s maw ;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again ;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main, 270
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads’ cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping ;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown 275
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king !

“O Hearer to the loud clapping shears
While ever and anon to his shorn peers 280
A ram goes bleating : Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen : Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms :
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds, 285
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors :
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope, 290
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows !

“Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings ; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven, 295

263. In the manuscript and in the first edition we read ‘fawn’ for ‘faun’.

272. Cancelled manuscript reading—

To tumble them into fair Naiads Cells.

283. The manuscript reads ‘Huntsmen’, the first edition ‘hunter’ ; but it is most unlikely that Keats made this slight change in a wrong direction.

290. Of the various parentages assigned to Pan by the ancients Keats seems to have preferred that of the Homeric version.

293. The quotation marks here and at the close of the hymn are not in the first edition, nor in the manuscript ; but they are in the corrected copy.

Then leave the naked brain : be still the leaven,
 That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
 Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth :
 Be still a symbol of immensity ;
 A firmament reflected in a sea ; 300
 An element filling the space between ;
 An unknown—but no more : we humbly screen
 With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
 And giving out a shout most heaven rending,
 Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan, 305
 Upon thy Mount Lycean !”

Even while they brought the burden to a close,
 A shout from the whole multitude arose,
 That lingered in the air like dying rolls
 Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals 310
 Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.
 Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,
 Young companies nimbly began dancing
 To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.
 Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly 315
 To tunes forgotten—out of memory :
 Fair creatures ! whose young children’s children bred
 Thermopylæ its heroes—not yet dead,
 But in old marbles ever beautiful.
 High genitors, unconscious did they cull 320
 Time’s sweet first-fruits—they danc’d to weariness,
 And then in quiet circles did they press
 The hillock turf, and caught the latter end
 Of some strange history, potent to send
 A young mind from its bodily tenement. 325
 Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent
 On either side ; pitying the sad death
 Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
 Of Zephyr slew him,—Zephyr penitent,
 Who now, ere Phœbus mounts the firmament, 330
 Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.
 The archers too, upon a wider plain,
 Beside the feathery whizzing of the shaft,
 And the dull twanging bowstring, and the raft

307. The contraction ‘E’en’ is in the manuscript ; but the first edition reads ‘Even’.

313. The accentuation of the final syllable of ‘dancing’ is reminiscent of a rhythmical way of Spenser’s : compare ‘Faerie Queene’, Book II, Canto vii, stanza 23—

The hateful messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolor telling sad tidings.

319. Doubtless meant to refer specially to the Elgin marbles.

Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top, 335
 Call'd up a thousand thoughts to envelope
 Those who would watch. Perhaps, the trembling knee
 And frantic gape of lonely Niobe,
 Poor, lonely Niobe ! when her lovely young
 Were dead and gone, and her caressing tongue 340
 Lay a lost thing upon her paly lip,
 And very, very deadliness did nip
 Her motherly cheeks. Arous'd from this sad mood
 By one, who at a distance loud halloo'd,
 Uplifting his strong bow into the air, 345
 Many might after brighter visions stare :
 After the Argonauts, in blind amaze
 Tossing about on Neptune's restless ways,
 Until, from the horizon's vaulted side,
 There shot a golden splendour far and wide, 350
 Spangling those million poutings of the brine
 With quivering ore : 'twas even an awful shine
 From the exaltation of Apollo's bow ;
 A heavenly beacon in their dreary woe.
 Who thus were ripe for high contemplating, 355
 Might turn their steps towards the sober ring
 Where sat Endymion and the aged priest

335. The manuscript gives no help to this somewhat ailing line. It stands there precisely as in Keats's printed text. It seems more likely that he meant the heavy monosyllable 'Branch' to do duty for a whole foot or time-beat than that he accidentally let drop the second syllable of 'downward' for example.

339. This line is punctuated as in Keats's edition : the manuscript gives no stops whatever in it.

347. The reference here is to the passage from the second Book of the 'Argonautica' of Apollonius Rhodius, beginning at verse 674 (τοῖσι δὲ Ἀητοῦς υἱὸς, κ.τ.λ.), which Shelley had in mind when (Prose Works, Volume III, page 56) he alluded to the Apollo "so finely described by Apollonius Rhodius when the dazzling radiance of his beautiful limbs suddenly shone over the dark Euxine."

Right glorious before their wondering sight
 Appeared the child of Leto, travelling swift
 From Libya northwards to the boundless realms
 Of men that dwell beyond the northern wind.
 The bright curls clustered round about his cheeks
 Like streaming gold : he bore a silver bow
 In his left hand, and o'er his shoulder slung
 A quiver : and beneath his feet divine
 The island trembled, and great waves came up
 Out of the sea and broke upon the shore.

The passage was kindly rendered for me as above by the late Mr. R. C. Day, who thus saved me the necessity of giving it in prose or in the stiff and not very accurate rendering of Green or one of the still poorer translators of Apollonius Rhodius.

352. In Keats's edition 'even' is here printed in full ; but in the manuscript it is contracted to 'e'en'.

'Mong shepherds gone in eld, whose looks increas'd
 The silvery setting of their mortal star.
 There they discours'd upon the fragile bar 360
 That keeps us from our homes ethereal ;
 And what our duties there : to nightly call
 Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather ;
 To summon all the downiest clouds together
 For the sun's purple couch ; to emulate 365
 In ministring the potent rule of fate
 With speed of fire-tail'd exhalations ;
 To tint her pallid cheek with bloom, who cons
 Sweet poesy by moonlight : besides these,
 A world of other unguess'd offices. 370
 Anon they wander'd, by divine converse,
 Into Elysium ; vieing to rehearse
 Each one his own anticipated bliss.
 One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
 His quick gone love, among fair blossom'd boughs, 375
 Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
 Her lips with music for the welcoming.
 Another wish'd, mid that eternal spring,
 To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails,
 Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales : 380
 Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
 And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind ;
 And, ever after, through those regions be
 His messenger, his little Mercury.
 Some were athirst in soul to see again 385
 Their fellow huntsmen o'er the wide champaign
 In times long past ; to sit with them, and talk
 Of all the chances in their earthly walk ;
 Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
 Of happiness, to when upon the moors, 390
 Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
 And shar'd their famish'd scrips. Thus all out-told
 Their fond imaginations,—saving him
 Whose eyelids curtain'd up their jewels dim,
 Endymion : yet hourly had 'he striven 395
 To hide the cankering venom, that had riven
 His fainting recollections. Now indeed
 His senses had swoon'd off : he did not heed
 The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
 Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe, 400

368. In the manuscript, 'pretty cheek', with 'pallid' and 'waning' as marginal alternatives.

386. In the manuscript, 'campaign'.

389. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'present' for 'plenteous'.

Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
 Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms :
 But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,
 Like one who on the earth had never slept.
 Aye, even as dead-still as a marble man,
 Frozen in that old tale Arabian.

405

Who whispers him so pantingly and close?
 Peona, his sweet sister : of all those,
 His friends, the dearest. Hushing signs she made,
 And breath'd a sister's sorrow to persuade
 A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
 Her eloquence did breathe away the curse :
 She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse
 Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
 Along a path between two little streams,—
 Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,
 From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow
 From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small ;
 Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
 With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush,
 Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush
 With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
 A little shallop, floating there hard by,
 Pointed its beak over the fringed bank ;
 And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,

410

415

420

425

405-6. There are several episodes in 'The Thousand and One Nights' that might possibly be cited in connexion with this couplet; but I consider the allusion to be to the tale generally associated with the name of Zobeide, its narrator,—that is to say the Eldest Lady's Story in 'The Porter and the Three Ladies of Baghdad.'

In line 406 the manuscript shows a cancelled reading, 'Sitting' for 'Frozen'; and immediately after this line the following passage is obliterated in favour of what now stands as lines 407 to 412 :

Now happily, there sitting on the grass
 Was fair Peona, a most tender Lass,
 And his sweet sister ; who, uprising, went
 With stifled sobs, and o'er his shoulder leant.
 Putting her trembling hand against his cheek
 She said : ' My dear Endymion, let us seek
 A pleasant bower where thou may'st rest apart,
 And ease in slumber thine afflicted heart :
 Come my own dearest brother : these our friends
 Will joy in thinking thou dost sleep where bends
 Our freshening River through yon birchen grove :
 Do come now !' Could he gainsay her who strove,
 So soothingly, to breathe away a Curse?

Sweet and tender as this passage is, no one will doubt the excellence of the self-criticism which led to the substitution of the six exquisite lines now standing in place of it; but it was a sad miscarriage of fine intention that, in making the change, the poet left line 411 rhymeless.

And dipt again, with the young couple's weight,—
 Peona guiding, through the water straight,
 Towards a bowery island opposite ;
 Which gaining presently, she steered light
 Into a shady, fresh, and ripply cove, 430
 Where nested was an harbour, overwove
 By many a summer's silent fingering ;
 To whose cool bosom she was us'd to bring
 Her playmates, with their needle broidery,
 And minstrel memories of times gone by. 435

So she was gently glad to see him laid
 Under her favourite bower's quiet shade,
 On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
 Dry'd carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
 When last the sun his autumn tresses shook, 440
 And the tann'd harvesters rich armfuls took.
 Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest :
 But, ere it crept upon him, he had prest
 Poena's busy hand against his lips,
 And still, a sleeping, held her finger-tips 445
 In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
 A patient watch over the stream that creeps
 Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
 Held her in peace : so that a whispering blade
 Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling 450

432. In the manuscript, 'With' is here struck out in favour of 'By'.

440. Keats has here sacrificed, no doubt properly, a very pretty picture, consisting of eleven lines struck out of the manuscript. The whole passage originally stood thus :

On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
 Dry'd carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
 When last the Harvesters rich armfuls took,
 She tied a little bucket to a Crook,
 Ran some swift paces to a dark wells side,
 And in a sighing-time return'd, supplied
 With spar cold water ; in which she did squeeze
 A snowy napkin, and upon her knees
 Began to cherish her poor Brother's face ;
 Damping refreshfully his forehead's space,
 His eyes, his Lips : then in a cupped shell
 She brought him ruby wine ; then let him smell,
 Time after time, a precious amulet,
 Which seldom took she from its cabinet.
 Thus was he quieted to slumbrous rest :

In supplying the couplet that now stands for this cancelled passage, Keats altered the initial 'And' of line 441 to 'While,' and back again to 'And'.

450-l. The manuscript corresponds with the printed text in regard to this couplet ; but the 'or' in line 451 was an afterthought. Perhaps Keats meant to remedy in the same way line 450, and read 'or a bee bustling' ; but the rough-

Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth ! O unconfin'd 455
Restraint ! imprisoned liberty ! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottos, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight ; aye, to all the mazy world 460
Of silvery enchantment !—who, upfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives ?—Thus, in the bower,
Endymion was calm'd to life again.
Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain, 465
He said : “ I feel this thine endearing love
All through my bosom : thou art as a dove
Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
About me ; and the pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May, 470
As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes,—the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection. Can I want
Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears ?
Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears 475
That, any longer, I will pass my days
Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise
My voice upon the mountain-heights ; once more

ness of metre may have been intentional. The licence of framing a couplet so that a rhyming dissyllable must be accentuated on the second syllable in one line and on the first in the other should have been intolerable to his exquisite and cultivated ear ; but this was of course no innovation of his : he must have met with it over and over again in his studies of earlier English poets.

454. The manuscript reads ‘o’ the mind’ for ‘of the mind’.

466. This line is the remnant of five which originally stood for it in the manuscript :

A cheerfuller resignation, and a smile
For his fair Sister flowing like the Nile
Through all the channels of her piety,
He said : ‘ Dear Maid, may I this moment die,
If I feel not this thine endearing Love...

470. In the manuscript, line 469 was originally followed by the three lines—

From woodbine hedges such a morning feel,
As do those brighter drops, that twinkling steal
Through those pressed lashes, from the blossom'd plant...

which Keats rejected for the three lines in the text. In line 472 he had altered ‘those’ to ‘thy’ in pencil ; and it is at least probable that the adoption of ‘those’ in the printed text was an oversight.

Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar :
 Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll 480
 Around the breathed boar : again I'll poll
 The fair-grown yew tree, for a chosen bow :
 And, when the pleasant sun is getting low,
 Again I'll linger in a sloping mead
 To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed 485
 Our idle sheep. So be thou cheered sweet,
 And, if thy lute is here, softly intreat
 My soul to keep in its resolved course."

Hereat Peona, in their silver source,
 Shut her pure sorrow drops with glad exclaim, 490
 And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
 A lively prelude, fashioning the way
 In which her voice should wander. 'Twas a lay
 More subtle cadenced, more forest wild
 Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child ; 495
 And nothing since has floated in the air
 So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
 Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand ;
 For still, with Delphic emphasis, she spann'd
 The quick invisible strings, even though she saw 500
 Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
 Before the deep intoxication.
 But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon
 Her self-possession—swung the lute aside,

480. Compare Thomson's 'Seasons', Winter, lines 816-17 :—

the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new fallen snow.

494-5. This couplet is marginally substituted in the manuscript for the following six lines :

More forest-wild, more subtle-cadenced
 Than can be told by mortal : even wed
 The fainting tenors of a thousand shells
 To a million whisperings of Lilly bells ;
 And mingle too the Nightingale's complain
 Caught in its hundredth echo ; 'twould be vain :...

Strikingly characteristic as this is of the ruling mood of Keats, one cannot regret the liberality of rejection which threw it aside for the incomparable reference to Pan's mother in the couplet of the text.

496. In the manuscript, this line begins with 'For,' 'And' being jotted as a suggestion in the margin.

502. The use of this word 'intoxication' as a full five-syllable word accented on the final syllable, and a similar use of many words terminating in *ion*, has been a topic of frequent censure with Keats's critics ; but this was merely another Elizabethan licence reproduced. Here is one of many instances from Shakespeare ('Romeo and Juliet,' Act III, Scene v, line 29) :

Some say the lark makes sweet division,

And earnestly said : " Brother, 'tis vain to hide 505
 That thou dost know of things mysterious,
 Immortal, starry ; such alone could thus
 Weigh down thy nature. Hast thou sinn'd in aught
 Offensive to the heavenly powers ? Caught
 A Paphian dove upon a message sent ? 510
 Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd bent
 Sacred to Dian ? Haply, thou hast seen
 Her naked limbs among the alders green ;
 And that, alas ! is death. No, I can trace
 Something more high perplexing in thy face ! " 515

Endymion look'd at her, and press'd her hand,
 And said, " Art thou so pale, who wast so bland
 And merry in our meadows ? How is this ?
 Tell me thine ailment : tell me all amiss ! —
 Ah ! thou hast been unhappy at the change 520
 Wrought suddenly in me. What indeed more strange ?
 Or more complete to overwhelm surmise ?

and here is one from Spenser ('*Faerie Queene*', Book III, Canto viii, stanza 1) :

Lo oft as I this history record
 My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
 To think how causelesse, of her owne accord,
 This gentle damzell whom I write upon,
 Should plunged be in such affliction...

Spenser, indeed, availed himself so often and so unsparingly of this facile way of rhyming and scanning that it may well have happened that Keats's ardent admiration for the elder poet led him to think even this a beauty to be imitated.

513. Cancelled manuscript, reading 'on flags and rushes' for 'among the alders'.

514. Compare '*Romeo and Juliet*,' Act II, Scene ii, line 64 :

And the place death, considering who thou art.

515. This speech of Peona's was originally much longer : the manuscript shows the following lines, struck out for the reading of the text :

And I do pray thee by thy utmost aim
 To tell me all. No little fault or blame
 Canst thou lay on me for a teasing Girl ;
 Ever as an unfathomable pearl
 Has been thy secrecy to me : but now
 I needs must hunger after it, and vow
 To be its jealous Guardian for aye.

Uttering these words she got nigh and more nigh,
 And put at last her arms about his neck :
 Nor was there any , ungentle check,
 Nor any frown, or stir dissatisfied,
 But smooth compliance, and a tender slide
 Of arm in arm, and what is written next.

'Doubtless, Peona, thou hast been perplex'd,
 And pained oft in thinking of the change...

Ambition is no sluggard : 'tis no prize,
 That toiling years would put within my grasp,
 That I have sigh'd for : with so deadly gasp 525
 No man e'er panted for a mortal love.
 So all have set my heavier grief above
 These things which happen. Rightly have they done :
 I, who still saw the horizontal sun
 Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world, 530
 Out-facing Lucifer, and then had hurl'd
 My spear aloft, as signal for the chace—
 I, who, for very sport of heart, would race
 With my own steed from Araby ; pluck down
 A vulture from his towery perching ; frown 535
 A lion into growling, loth retire—
 To lose, at once, all my toil breeding fire,
 And sink thus low ! but I will ease my breast
 Of secret grief, here in this bowery nest.

"This river does not see the naked sky, 540
 Till it begins to progress silverly
 Around the western border of the wood,
 Whence, from a certain spot, its winding flood
 Seems at the distance like a crescent moon :
 And in that nook, the very pride of June, 545

530. In the manuscript we read 'o' the world' for 'of the world'. Compare Thomson, 'Winter', lines 780-1,

the horizontal sun,
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon.

531. The last of the stars to disappear before the rising sun. Ovid says ('Metamorphoses', Book II, verses 114-15),

Diffugiunt stellæ ; quarum agmina cogit
 Lucifer, et cœli statione novissimus exit.

536. In the manuscript, 'grumbling' is cancelled for 'growling'.

539. This couplet is substituted in the manuscript for the erased couplet—

And come to such a Ghost as I am now !
 But listen, Sister, I will tell the how.

Probably 'the' was meant for 'thee' ; but perhaps not.

545. Instead of this and the following line, the manuscript originally had six lines—

And in this spot the most endowing boon
 Of balmy air, sweet blooms, and coverts fresh
 Has been outshed ; yes, all that could enmesh
 Our human senses—make us fealty sware
 To gadding Flora. In this grateful lair
 Have I been used to pass my weary eaves ;

and before these lines were cancelled, 'this' was altered to 'that' in the first of them : the second and third Keats worked upon in pencil, transposing and erasing ; but the intention is not now to be made out : 'sware' in the fourth stands presumably for 'swear' : in the fifth 'gadding Flora' is struck through in pencil, while 'In' is changed to 'To' and back again to 'In'.

Had I been us'd to pass my weary eyes ;
 The rather for the sun unwilling leaves
 So dear a picture of his sovereign power,
 And I could witness his most kingly hour,
 When he doth tighten up the golden reins, 550
 And paces leisurely down amber plains
 His snorting four. Now when his chariot last
 Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,
 There blossom'd suddenly a magic bed
 Of sacred ditamy, and poppies red : 555
 At which I wondered greatly, knowing well
 That but one night had wrought this flowery spell ;
 And, sitting down close by, began to muse
 What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I, Morpheus,
 In passing here, his owlet pinions shook ; 560
 Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook
 Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,
 Had dipt his rod in it : such garland wealth
 Came not by common growth. Thus on I thought,
 Until my head was dizzy and distraught. 565
 Moreover, through the dancing poppies stole
 A breeze, most softly lulling to my soul ;
 And shaping visions all about my sight
 Of colours, wings, and bursts of spangly light ;
 The which became more strange, and strange, and dim, 570
 And then were gulph'd in a tumultuous swim :
 And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell
 The enchantment that afterwards befel ?
 Yet it was but a dream : yet such a dream
 That never tongue, although it overteem 575
 With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
 Could figure out and to conception bring
 All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
 Watching the zenith, where the milky way

550. In the first edition, 'lighten' for 'tighten'.

555. In the manuscript and in the first edition we read 'ditamy'. I have not succeeded in finding the orthography elsewhere; but I see no reason for doubting that Keats met with it somewhere and preferred it to *dittany*. In Philemon Holland's Pliny, where it might have been expected to occur, I can find no more English equivalent for *dictamnus* than *dictamne*; but it is worth noting that three modern languages drop the *n* and not the *m*—thus, Italian *dittamo*, Spanish *dictamo*, and French *dictame*; and in times when spelling was more or less optional some classical English writer may well have done the same.

561. This line first stood in the manuscript thus—

Or it may be that, ere still Night uptook...

573. This line is given as in the manuscript and in Keats's edition. I suppose we are to accentuate 'enchantment' on the first syllable.

Among the stars in virgin splendour pours ; 580
 And travelling my eye, until the doors
 Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
 I became loth and fearful to alight
 From such high soaring by a downward glance :
 So kept me stedfast in that airy trance, 585
 Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
 When, presently, the stars began to glide,
 And faint away, before my eager view :
 At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
 And dropt my vision to the horizon's verge ; 590
 And lo ! from opening clouds, I saw emerge
 The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
 A shell for Neptune's goblet : she did soar
 So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
 Commingling with her argent spheres did roll 595
 Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
 At last into a dark and vapoury tent—
 Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
 Of planets all were in the blue again.
 To commune with those orbs, once more I rais'd 600
 My sight right upward : but it was quite daz'd
 By a bright something, sailing down apace,
 Making me quickly veil my eyes and face :
 Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
 Who from Olympus watch our destinies ! 605
 Whence that completed form of all completeness ?
 Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness ?
 Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
 Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair ?
 Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun ; 610
 Not—thy soft hand, fair sister ! let me shun
 Such follying before thee—yet she had,
 Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad ;
 And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
 Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded, 615
 Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orb'd brow ;
 The which were blended in, I know not how,
 With such a paradise of lips and eyes,

582. Cancelled manuscript reading 'seemed' for 'appear'd'.

596. Compare Thomson's 'Seasons,' 'Spring,' line 332,

From clear to cloudy tossed.

599. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'were all,' for 'all were'.

600-1. This couplet stood thus in the manuscript originally—

And to commune with them once more I rais'd

My eyes right upward : but they were quite dazed...

but it is altered to correspond with the printed text.

Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
 That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings 620
 And plays about its fancy, till the stings
 Of human neighbourhood envenom all.
 Unto what awful power shall I call ?
 To what high fane ?—Ah ! see her hovering feet,
 More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet 625
 Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
 From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows
 Her scarf into a fluttering pavillion ;
 'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
 Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed, 630
 Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
 Handfuls of daisies."—"Endymion, how strange !
 Dream within dream !"—"She took an airy range,
 And then, towards me, like a very maid,
 Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid, 635
 And press'd me by the hand : Ah ! 'twas too much ;
 Methought I fainted at the charmed touch,
 Yet held my recollection, even as one
 Who dives three fathoms where the waters run
 Gurgling in beds of coral : for anon, 640
 I felt upmounted in that region
 Where falling stars dart their artillery forth,
 And eagles struggle with the buffeting north
 That ballances the heavy meteor-stone ;—
 Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone, 645
 But lapp'd and lull'd along the dangerous sky.
 Soon, as it seem'd, we left our journeying high,
 And straightway into frightful eddies swoop'd ;
 Such as aye muster where grey time has scoop'd
 Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's side : 650

621. In the manuscript, 'fawns' is here struck out and 'plays' inserted.

624. This transition into the present and seeming-actual as Endymion relates the vision that seems to him such a desperate reality may perhaps be selected as one of the things of highest imaginative value in the poem.

630. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'wast' for 'wert'.

632. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'bud-stars' for 'daisies'.

638. In this instance the contracted form 'e'en' was deliberately altered to 'even' in the manuscript. It is 'even' in the first edition.

641. See note to verse 502.

646. This line stood differently in the manuscript at first, and was followed by two others, now struck out,—thus :

But lapp'd and lull'd in safe deliriousness ;
 Sleepy with deep foretasting, that did bless
 My Soul from Madness, 'twas such certainty.

648. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'fearful' for 'frightful'.

649. The manuscript reads 'aye', the first edition 'ay'.

There hollow sounds arous'd me, and I sigh'd
 To faint once more by looking on my bliss—
 I was distracted ; madly did I kiss
 The wooing arms which held me, and did give
 My eyes at once to death : but 'twas to live, 655
 To take in draughts of life from the gold fount
 Of kind and passionate looks ; to count, and count
 The moments, by some greedy help that seem'd
 A second self, that each might be redeem'd
 And plunder'd of its load of blessedness. 660
 Ah, desperate mortal ! I e'en dar'd to press
 Her very cheek against my crowned lip,
 And, at that moment, felt my body dip
 Into a warmer air : a moment more,
 Our feet were soft in flowers. There was store 665
 Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
 A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
 Loiter'd around us ; then of honey cells,
 Made delicate from all white-flower bells ;
 And once, above the edges of our nest, 670
 An arch face peep'd,—an Oread as I guess'd.

651. In this line the more violent expression 'died' is judiciously superseded by 'sigh'd'.

661. In the manuscript, 'e'en', not 'ev'n' as in the first edition. The manuscript should rule here, because the presence of the *v* upsets the rhythm.

662. In the manuscript, 'cheeks,' with the *s* struck out.

665. After 'flowers' in this line occurs the following cancelled passage in the manuscript :—

Hurry o'er
 O sacrilegious tongue the—best be dumb ;
 For should one little accent from thee come
 On such a daring theme, all other sounds
 Would sicken at it, as would beaten hounds
 Scare the elysian Nightingales.

Between these obliterated lines is a chaos of rubbed-out pencillings, of which the sense is so far recoverable that we can safely call them trial lines, and not a continuous passage. Two fresh starts are made in place of 'Hurry o'er', namely, 'Sounds past o'er' and 'Standing o'er'. Then there is the whole line

Mingling the whispering of Lily Bells...

and then

Came little faintest

'Past' being substituted for 'Came' in the margin : then comes again the variant
 Mingled with whisperings of Lily Bells...

Finally in supplying marginally the reading of the text, 'There were stores' was altered to 'There was store'. The use of 'alp' in the singular as a common noun, though unusual, is not peculiar to Keats. Milton has it in 'Paradise Lost', Book II, line 620—

O'er many a fiery many a frozen Alp ;

and in 'Samson Agonistes', line 628—

Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.

"Why did I dream that sleep o'er-power'd me
 In midst of all this heaven? Why not see,
 Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
 And stare them from me? But no, like a spark 675
 That needs must die, although its little beam
 Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream
 Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep.
 And so it was, until a gentle creep,
 A careful moving caught my waking ears, 680
 And up I started: Ah! my sighs, my tears,
 My clenched hands;—for lo! the poppies hung
 Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sung
 A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
 Had chidden herald Hesperus away, 685
 With leaden looks: the solitary breeze
 Bluster'd, and slept, and its wild self did tease
 With wayward melancholy; and I thought,
 Mark me, Peona! that sometimes it brought
 Faint fare-thee-wells, and sigh-shrilled adieus!— 690
 Away I wander'd—all the pleasant hues
 Of heaven and earth had faded: deepest shades
 Were deepest dungeons; heaths and sunny glades
 Were full of pestilent light; our taintless rills
 Seem'd sooty, and o'er-spread with upturn'd gills 695
 Of dying fish; the vermeil rose had blown
 In frightful scarlet, and its thorns out-grown
 Like spiked aloe. If an innocent bird
 Before my heedless footsteps stirr'd, and stirr'd
 In little journeys, I beheld in it 700
 A disguis'd demon, missioned to knit
 My soul with under darkness; to entice
 My stumblings down some monstrous precipice:
 Therefore I eager followed, and did curse
 The disappointment. Time, that aged nurse, 705
 Rock'd me to patience. Now, thank gentle heaven!
 These things, with all their comfortings, are given
 To my down-sunken hours, and with thee,
 Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea
 Of weary life."

Thus ended he, and both 710
 Sat silent: for the maid was very loth
 To answer; feeling well that breathed words
 Would all be lost, unheard, and vain as swords
 Against the enchased crocodile, or leaps
 Of grasshoppers against the sun. She weeps, 715
 And wonders; struggles to devise some blame;
 To put on such a look as would say, *Shame*

On this poor weakness! but, for all her strife,
 She could as soon have crush'd away the life
 From a sick dove. At length, to break the pause, 720
 She said with trembling chance: "Is this the cause?
 This all? Yet it is strange, and sad, alas!
 That one who through this middle earth should pass
 Most like a sojourning demi-god, and leave
 His name upon the harp-string, should achieve 725
 No higher bard than simple maidenhood,
 Singing alone, and fearfully,—how the blood
 Left his young cheek; and how he us'd to stray
 He knew not where; and how he would say, *nay*,
 If any said 'twas love: and yet 'twas love; 730
 What could it be but love? How a ring-dove
 Let fall a sprig of yew tree in his path;
 And how he di'd: and then, that love doth scathe,
 The gentle heart, as northern blasts do roses;
 And then the ballad of his sad life closes 735
 With sighs, and an alas!—Endymion!
 Be rather in the trumpet's mouth,—anon
 Among the winds at large—that all may hearken!
 Although, before the crystal heavens darken,
 I watch and dote upon the silver lakes 740
 Pictur'd in western cloudiness, that takes
 The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
 Islands, and creeks, and amber-fretted strands
 With horses prancing o'er them, palaces
 And towers of amethyst,—would I so tease 745
 My pleasant days, because I could not mount
 Into those regions? The Morphean fount
 Of that fine element that visions, dreams,
 And fitful whims of sleep are made of, streams

719. Compare Thomson's 'Seasons', 'Winter', line 374—

And crushed out lives, by secret barbarous ways.

722. There is a rejected passage here in the manuscript, which stands thus:—

This all? Yet it is wonderful—exceeding—
 And yet a shallow dream, for ever breeding
 Tempestuous Weather in that very Soul
 That should be twice content, twice smooth, twice whole,
 As is a double Peach. 'Tis sad Alas!

In altering this for the reading of the text Keats left the line thus, short by a foot,
 This all? Yet it is sad Alas!

The words 'strange and' seem to have been put in in proof.

727. The adjective 'young' before 'blood' is struck out in the manuscript.

739. 'What though' is here altered in the manuscript to 'Although'.

741. In the manuscript, 'Pight among' was the first reading here, then 'Pight amid', and finally 'Pictur'd in'.

747. 'That' is altered to 'The' in the manuscript before 'Morphean'.

Into its airy channels with so subtle, 750
 So thin a breathing, not the spider's shuttle,
 Circled a million times within the space
 Of a swallow's nest-door, could delay a trace,
 A tinting of its quality : how light 754
 Must dreams themselves be ; seeing they're more slight
 Than the mere nothing that engenders them !
 Then wherefore sully the entrusted gem
 Of high and noble life with thoughts so sick ?
 Why pierce high-fronted honour to the quick
 For nothing but a dream ? " Hereat the youth 760
 Look'd up : a conflicting of shame and ruth
 Was in his plaited brow : yet, his eyelids
 Widened a little, as when Zephyr bids
 A little breeze to creep between the fans
 Of careless butterflies : amid his pains 765
 He seem'd to taste a drop of manna-dew,
 Full palatable ; and a colour grew
 Upon his cheek, while thus he lifeful spake.

" Peona ! ever have I long'd to slake
 My thirst for the world's praises : nothing base, 770
 No merely slumberous phantasm, could unlace
 The stubborn canvas for my voyage prepar'd—
 Though now 'tis tatter'd ; leaving my bark bar'd
 And sullenly drifting : yet my higher hope
 Is of too wide, too rainbow-large a scope, 775
 To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.

756. In the manuscript, 'nothingness engendring' for 'nothing that engenders'.

761. Apparently 'conflicting' is meant to be accented on the first syllable in this place.

762. In the manuscript 'pleated' for 'plaited'.

764. The word 'breeze' does not occur here in the manuscript, which gives 'Breath', that word being written over 'Puff', struck out. The expression 'fans', though a little whimsical, is a rich and happy designation of the wings of butterflies.

770. Lord Tennyson owed to a mere accident this precedent for the term he applied to the coinage of his predecessor Wordsworth—

Of him who uttered nothing base.

In the manuscript the finals of this couplet were originally 'mean' and 'unseam'; and Keats discovered that those words did not rhyme, before parting with the manuscript.

776. The original lines in the manuscript at this point are—

To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.
 Wherein lies happiness ? In that which beck
 Our ready minds to blending pleasureable :
 And that delight is the most treasureable
 That makes the richest Alchymy. Behold
 The clear Religion of Heaven ! Fold
 A Rose leaf &c.

Wherein lies happiness? In that which beck
 Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
 A fellowship with essence; till we shine,
 Full alchemiz'd, and free of space. Behold 780
 The clear religion of heaven! Fold
 A rose leaf round thy finger's taperness,
 And soothe thy lips: hist, when the airy stress
 Of music's kiss impregnates the free winds,
 And with a sympathetic touch unbinds 785
 Æolian magic from their lucid wombs:
 Then old songs waken from enclouded tombs;
 Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;
 Ghosts of melodious prophecyings rave
 Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot; 790
 Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit,
 Where long ago a giant battle was;
 And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
 In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
 Feel we these things?—that moment have we stept 795
 Into a sort of oneness, and our state
 Is like a floating spirit's. But there are
 Richer entanglements, enthrallments far
 More self-destroying, leading, by degrees,
 To the chief intensity: the crown of these 800
 Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
 Upon the forehead of humanity.
 All its more ponderous and bulky worth
 Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth

This appears to have been next altered to

To fret at sight of this world's losses. For behold
 Wherein lies happiness Peona, Fold
 A Rose leaf &c.

But the words 'at sight' are separately cancelled, as if that line had been set to rights before the whole passage was struck out, and the six lines of the printed text supplied in the margin. The reading of the text was supplied in a letter from Keats to Taylor bearing the postmark "Hampstead, 30 Jan. 1818"; but in that letter line 781 reads

The clear religion of Heaven—Peona! fold...

As to the pronunciation of 'religion' as four full syllables, see note to line 502.

785. Cancelled line in the manuscript—

And, sympathetically, unconfines

struck out doubtless on account of the false rhyme.

788. 'Eolian' in the first edition.

790. In the manuscript, 'trod' is substituted for 'touch'd'. The first edition has 'were' in place of 'where'; but it is 'where' in the manuscript.

794. In the manuscript, 'spot' is struck out in favour of 'place'.

796. Unhappily the manuscript gives no trace of the line which may well have disappeared in transcription and left this one rhymeless.

A steady splendour ; but at the tip-top, 805
 There hangs by unseen film, an orb'd drop
 Of light, and that is love : its influence,
 Thrown in our eyes, genders a novel sense,
 At which we start and fret ; till in the end,
 Melting into its radiance, we blend, 810
 Mingle, and so become a part of it,—
 Nor with aught else can our souls interknit
 So wingedly : when we combine therewith,
 Life's self is nourish'd by its proper pith,
 And we are nurtured like a pelican brood. 815
 Aye, so delicious is the unsating food,
 That men, who might have tower'd in the van
 Of all the congregated world, to fan
 And winnow from the coming step of time
 All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime 820
 Left by men-slugs and human serpentry,
 Have been content to let occasion die,
 Whilst they did sleep in love's elysium.
 And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,
 Than speak against this ardent listlessness : 825
 For I have ever thought that it might bless
 The world with benefits unknowingly ;
 As does the nightingale, upperched high,
 And cloister'd among cool and bunched leaves—
 She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives 830
 How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
 Just so may love, although 'tis understood
 The mere commingling of passionate breath,
 Produce more than our searching witnesseth :
 What I know not : but who, of men, can tell 835
 That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
 To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
 The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
 The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
 The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones, 840
 Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet
 If human souls did never kiss and greet ?

“ Now, if this earthly love has power to make
 Men's being mortal, immortal ; to shake
 Ambition from their memories, and brim 845

813. In the manuscript, 'amalgamate' originally stood in the place of 'combine'.

823. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'Whiles' for 'Whilst'.

844. 'Man's' instead of 'Men's' in the manuscript, but there is an 'e' pencilled over the 'a' as if for consideration.

Their measure of content : what merest whim,
 Seems all this poor endeavour after fame,
 To one, who keeps within his steadfast aim
 A love immortal, an immortal too.
 Look not so wilder'd ; for these things are true, 850
 And never can be born of atomies
 That buzz about our slumbers, like brain-flies,
 Leaving us fancy-sick. No, no, I'm sure,
 My restless spirit never could endure
 To brood so long upon one luxury, 855
 Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
 A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.
 My sayings will the less obscured seem,
 When I have told thee how my waking sight
 Has made me scruple whether that same night 860
 Was pass'd in dreaming. Harken, sweet Peona !
 Beyond the matron-temple of Latona,
 Which we should see but for these darkening boughs,
 Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows
 Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart 865
 And meet so nearly, that with wings outtaught,
 And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide
 Past them, but he must brush on every side.
 Some moulder'd steps lead into this cool cell,
 Far as the slabbed margin of a well, 870
 Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
 Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.
 Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
 Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet
 Edges them round, and they have golden pits : 875
 'Twas there I got them, from the gaps and slits
 In a mossy stone, that sometimes was my seat,

847. This line originally began with 'Shews',—altered in the manuscript to 'Seems'.

849. In the manuscript thus—

A Love immortal, and immortal too.

The 'im' of the first 'immortal' is underlined in pencil and the word 'both' pencilled over ; but it is not clear whether the writing is Keats's. In his edition we have 'an' for 'and', which appears to be the right reading, though from the bewilderment of Peona we may presume that Keats saw his meaning was not very clear. The argument seems to be, if a mere earthly love has power to remove ambition, how much more unworthy an object must fame seem to him who cherishes an undying love for an immortal being.

862. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'Behind the little Temple'.

867. The word 'spreaded,' notwithstanding the objections of 'The Quarterly Review,' was used again in 'Hyperion,' Book I,

And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
 Rose one by one, till all outspreaded were ;...

When all above was faint with mid-day heat.
 And there in strife no burning thoughts to heed,
 I'd bubble up the water through a reed ; 880
 So reaching back to boy-hood : make me ships
 Of moulted feathers, touchwood, alder chips,
 With leaves stuck in them ; and the Neptune be
 Of their petty ocean. Oftener, heavily,
 When love-lorn hours had left me less a child, 885
 I sat contemplating the figures wild
 Of o'er-head clouds melting the mirror through.
 Upon a day, while thus I watch'd, by flew
 A cloudy Cupid, with his bow and quiver ;
 So plainly character'd, no breeze would shiver 890
 The happy chance : so happy, I was fain
 To follow it upon the open plain,
 And, therefore, was just going ; when, behold !
 A wonder, fair as any I have told—
 The same bright face I tasted in my sleep, 895
 Smiling in the clear well. My heart did leap

896. This and the following line take the place of twenty which originally stood in the manuscript. They are as follows :

In the green opening smiling. Gods that keep,
 Mercifully, a little strength of heart
 Unkill'd in us by raving, pang and smart ;
 And do preserve it like a lilly root,
 That, in another spring, it may outshoot
 From its wintry prison ; let this hour go
 Drawling along its heavy weight of woe
 And leave me living ! 'Tis not more than need—
 Your veriest help. Ah ! how long did I feed
 On that crystalline life of Portraiture !
 How hover'd breathless at the tender lure !
 How many times dimpled the watery glass
 With maddest kisses ; and, till they did pass
 And leave the liquid smooth again, how mad !
 O 'twas as if the absolute sisters had
 My Life into the compass of a Nut
 Or all my breathing and shut
 To a scanty straw. To look above I fear'd
 Lest my hot eyeballs might be burnt and sear'd
 By a blank naught. It moved as if to flee—

The first few words of this passage were, intermediately, altered to 'Deep in the clear water smiling' ; and before the two lines of the printed text appear in the margin we have the trial line

Was there } reflected. How my heart did leap...
 I saw }

and Keats first wrote 'Down' instead of 'Through' as the initial word of line 897. The only line in the cancelled twenty of which there are two readings is

How hover'd breathless at the tender lure !

which is altered to

How long I hover'd round the tender lure !

Through the cool depth.—It mov'd as if to flee—
 I started up, when lo ! refreshfully,
 There came upon my face in plenteous showers
 Dew-drops, and dewy buds, and leaves, and flowers, 900
 Wrapping all objects from my smothered sight,
 Bathing my spirit in a new delight.
 Aye, such a breathless honey-feel of bliss
 Alone preserv'd me from the drear abyss
 Of death, for the fair form had gone again. 905
 Pleasure is oft a visitant ; but pain
 Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth
 On the deer's tender haunches : late, and loth,
 'Tis scar'd away by slow returning pleasure.
 How sickening, how dark the dreadful leisure 910
 Of weary days, made deeper exquisite,
 By a fore-knowledge of unslumbrous night !
 Like sorrow came upon me, heavier still,
 Than when I wander'd from the poppy hill :
 And a whole age of lingering moments crept 915
 Sluggishly by, ere more contentment swept
 Away at once the deadly yellow spleen.
 Yes, thrice have I this fair enchantment seen ;
 Once more been tortured with renewed life.
 When last the wintry gusts gave over strife 920
 With the conquering sun of spring, and left the skies
 Warm and serene, but yet with moistened eyes
 In pity of the shatter'd infant buds,—
 That time thou didst adorn, with amber studs,
 My hunting cap, because I laugh'd and smil'd, 925
 Chatted with thee, and many days exil'd
 All torment from my breast ;—'twas even then,
 Straying about, yet, coop'd up in the den
 Of helpless discontent,—hurling my lance
 From place to place, and following at chance, 930
 At last, by hap, through some young trees it struck,
 And, plashing among bedded pebbles, stuck
 In the middle of a brook,—whose silver ramble
 Down twenty little falls, through reeds and bramble,
 Tracing along, it brought me to a cave, 935
 Whence it ran brightly forth, and white did lave
 The nether sides of mossy stones and rock,—
 'Mong which it gurgled blythe adieus, to mock
 Its own sweet grief at parting. Overhead,

915. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'pass'd' for 'crept'.

926. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'beguil'd' for 'exil'd'.

933. In the manuscript, the words 'In the' are here contracted to 'I th'.

Hung a lush screen of drooping weeds, and spread 940
 Thick, as to curtain up some wood-nymph's home.
 "Ah! impious mortal, whither do I roam?"
 Said I, low voic'd: "Ah, whither! 'Tis the grot
 "Of Proserpine, when Hell, obscure and hot,
 "Doth her resign; and where her tender hands 945
 "She dabbles, on the cool and sluicy sands:
 "Or 'tis the cell of Echo, where she sits,
 "And babbles thorough silence, till her wits
 "Are gone in tender madness, and anon,
 "Faints into sleep, with many a dying tone 950
 "Of sadness. O that she would take my vows,
 "And breathe them sighingly among the boughs,
 "To sue her gentle ears for whose fair head,
 "Daily, I pluck sweet flowerets from their bed,
 "And weave them dyingly—send honey-whispers 955
 "Round every leaf, that all those gentle lispers
 "May sigh my love unto her pitying!
 "O charitable Echo! hear, and sing
 "This ditty to her!—tell her"—so I stay'd
 My foolish tongue, and listening, half afraid, 960
 Stood stupefied with my own empty folly,
 And blushing for the freaks of melancholy.
 Salt tears were coming, when I heard my name
 Most fondly lipp'd, and then these accents came:
 "Endymion! the cave is secreter 965
 "Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
 "No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise
 "Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling cloy
 "And trembles through my labyrinthine hair."
 At that oppress'd I hurried in.—Ah! where 970
 Are those swift moments? Whither are they fled?

940. The misprint of the first edition, 'scene' for 'screen' is corrected in the copy in my possession. The printer was not much to blame, for in the manuscript the word is 'screne', an orthography, by the bye, which the manuscript again shows in Book III, line 425.

958. In Keats's edition, 'echo', with a small e.

960. In the manuscript, 'listening' is contracted to 'list'ning'.

964. There is a cancelled passage here in the manuscript after 'Most fondly lipp'd,' thus—

I kept me still—it came
 Again in passionatest syllables,
 And thus again that voice's tender swells:
 and there is another rejected reading of one line—

Again in passionate syllables: saying:...

969. In the manuscript 'labyrinthian' for 'labyrinthine'.

970. The words 'At that oppress'd I hurried in' are struck out of the manuscript, though restored by a *Stet*, and in the margin we have 'Since then I never' and 'I never saw her Beauty more', both cancelled.

I'll smile no more, Peona ; nor will wed
Sorrow the way to death ; but patiently
Bear up against it : so farewell, sad sigh ;
And come instead demurest meditation,
To occupy me wholly, and to fashion
My pilgrimage for the world's dusky brink.
No more will I count over, link by link,
My chain of grief : no longer strive to find
A half-forgetfulness in mountain wind
Blustering about my ears : aye, thou shalt see,
Dearest of sisters, what my life shall be ;
What a calm round of hours shall make my days.
There is a paly flame of hope that plays
Where'er I look : but yet, I'll say 'tis naught—
And here I bid it die. Have not I caught,
Already, a more healthy countenance ?
By this the sun is setting ; we may chance
Meet some of our near-dwellers with my car."

This said, he rose, faint-smiling like a star
Through autumn mists, and took Peona's hand :
They stept into the boat, and launch'd from land.

990. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'At this' for 'This said'.

ENDYMION.

BOOK II.

O SOVEREIGN power of love ! O grief ! O balm !
 All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
 And shadowy, through the mist of passed years :
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
 Have become indolent ; but touching thine, 5
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
 One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
 The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their blaze,
 Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
 Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly fades 10
 Into some backward corner of the brain ;
 Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
 The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
 Hence, pageant history ! hence, gilded cheat !

1. From this point the various readings are from two separate manuscripts, as explained in the note at page 66 of this volume. It is to be understood that, when the word *manuscript* alone is used, the reading is from the finished copy sent to the press, and that the term *draft* refers to the holograph of the last three Books which was written into a blank book before being fairly transcribed for the printer.

5. The draft reads 'but O ! for thine' instead of 'but touching thine'.

7. In the draft, 'sends' for 'brings'. Compare this line with the following from Shakespeare—

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber
 ('Julius Cæsar,' Act II, Scene 1, line 230)

A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :
 ('Venus and Adonis,' line 16) ;

and with the memorable line in Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan,'

For he on honey-dew hath fed.

8. The draft reads 'crashing' for 'smothering' ; and in the next line 'far-reaching spears, clear blades'.

13-14. In the draft this couplet was written—

The close of Troilus and Cressida.
 Hence pageant history ! away proud star.

In the final manuscript there is a cancelled reading of line 14,

Away pageant History ! away proud dull feat.

Swart planet in the universe of deeds ! 15
 Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
 Along the pebbled shore of memory !
 Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be
 Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnifi'd
 To goodly vessels ; many a sail of pride, 20
 And golden keel'd, is left unlaunch'd and dry.
 But wherefore this ? What care, though owl did fly
 About the great Athenian admiral's mast ?
 What care, though striding Alexander past
 The Indus with his Macedonian numbers ? 25
 Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumbers
 The gluttied Cyclops, what care ?—Juliet leaning
 Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—weaning
 Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
 Doth more avail than these : the silver flow 30
 Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
 Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
 Are things to brood on with more ardency
 Than the death-day of empires. Fearfully
 Must such conviction come upon his head, 35
 Who, thus far, discontent, has dar'd to tread,
 Without one muse's smile, or kind behest,
 The path of love and poesy. But rest,

A doubt appears to have been entertained as to the precise value of 'close' in this couplet; for Woodhouse, who, be it observed, dates his interleaved copy "Nov. 24, 1818," records that he has "learned that the author meant *embrace*." He says "This allusion I apprehend is to Chaucer's, and not to Shakespeare's work under this title." But I incline to think the reference more likely to be to Shakespeare's, albeit both were among Keats's reading.

19. The rejected reading 'misty' for 'vaporous' has place in the draft; and the finished manuscript reads 'vap'rous', contracted.

27-30. In the draft the following lines are cancelled for the reading of the text :

Juliet leans

Amid her window flowers, sighs,—and as she weans
 Her maiden thoughts from their young firstling snow,
 What sorrows from the melting whiteness grow.

And there is another cancelled reading of line 29,

Tenderly from their first young snow her maiden breast.

31. The reference is of course not to the story of Hero and Leander but to the tears of Hero in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' shed when she was falsely accused; and Imogen must, equally of course, be Shakespeare's heroine in 'Cymbeline,' though she is not the only Imogen of fiction who has swooned. For Pastorella see 'Faerie Queene,' Book VI, Canto ii, stanza 1 et seq.

34. The original reading in the draft is—

Than the death of Empires. How fearfully...

36. Rejected reading from the draft, 'halt and lame' for 'discontent'.

38. The draft affords here a curious comment on the precise value of the word 'rest' as employed on this occasion. What was originally written was 'To rest

In chaffing restlessness, is yet more drear
 Than to be crush'd, in striving to uprear 40
 Love's standard on the battlements of song.
 So once more days and nights aid me along,
 Like legion'd soldiers.

Brain-sick shepherd prince,
 What promise hast thou faithful guarded since
 The day of sacrifice? Or, have new sorrows 45
 Come with the constant dawn upon thy morrows?
 Alas! 'tis his old grief. For many days,
 Has he been wandering in uncertain ways:
 Through wilderness, and woods of mossed oaks;
 Counting his woe-worn minutes, by the strokes 50
 Of the lone woodcutter; and listening still,
 Hour after hour, to each lush-leav'd rill.
 Now he is sitting by a shady spring,
 And elbow-deep with feverous fingering
 Stems the upbursting cold: a wild rose tree 55
 Pavillions him in bloom, and he doth see
 A bud which snares his fancy: lo! but now
 He plucks it, dips its stalk in the water: how!
 It swells, it buds, it flowers beneath his sight;
 And, in the middle, there is softly pight 60

In chaffing discontent'. Though the verb *to rest* is a common equivalent for *to remain*, the noun *rest* has usually a sense of recuperation after labour; but its meaning here is probably, considering how it came here, merely inactivity, without the recuperative *arrière pensée*. The final manuscript and the printed book both perpetuate the word 'chaffing' for 'chafing'. Spenser spells the word with two *f*'s, but with a *u* also, thus ('Faerie Queene,' Book VI, Canto ii, stanza 21):

After long search and chauff he turned backe.

43. In the draft 'sturdy' was originally written in the place of 'legion'd'; and in the finished manuscript is the cancelled reading 'Fainting' for 'Brain-sick'.

44. See the promises recorded in lines 477 *et seq.* and 978 *et seq.* of Book I.

49. The words 'brittle mossed oaks' occur in the draft for 'woods of mossed oaks'.

51. Cancelled reading in the draft 'distant', and in the manuscript 'lonely' for 'lone'.

52. This line is precisely according to the manuscript and the first edition; the word 'hour' is clearly to be scanned first as one syllable and then as two.

53. 'E'en now he's' occurs in the draft in place of 'Now he is'.

56. The draft gives the reading 'Bends lightly over him' for 'Pavillions him in bloom'.

57. In the draft, 'takes' for 'snares'.

58. In the manuscript, 'in' was originally contracted to 'i'; but 'in' is inserted as a correction.

59. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'blooms' for 'flowers'.

60. The original reading of the draft was 'in its middle'. The word 'pight' (for *pitched*), occurs in 'Troilus and Cressida' (V, 10), 'Lear' (II, 1), and Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' Book III, Canto vii, stanza 41,—

Or on the marble Pillour that is pight
 Upon the top of Mount Olympus hight,...

A golden butterfly ; upon whose wings
There must be surely character'd strange things,
For with wide eye he wonders, and smiles oft.

Lightly this little herald flew aloft,
Follow'd by glad Endymion's clasped hands : 65
Onward it flies. From languor's sullen bands
His limbs are loos'd, and eager, on he hies
Dazzled to trace it in the sunny skies.
It seem'd he flew, the way so easy was ;
And like a new-born spirit did he pass 70
Through the green evening quiet in the sun,
O'er many a heath, through many a woodland dun,
Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer time away. One track unseams
A wooded cleft, and, far away, the blue 75
Of ocean fades upon him ; then, anew,
He sinks adown a solitary glen,
Where there was never sound of mortal men,
Saving, perhaps, some snow-light cadences
Melting to silence, when upon the breeze 80
Some holy bark let forth an anthem sweet,
To cheer itself to Delphi. Still his feet
Went swift beneath the merry-winged guide,
Until it reach'd a splashing fountain's side
That, near a cavern's mouth, for ever pour'd 85
Unto the temperate air : then high it soar'd,
And, downward, suddenly began to dip,
As if, athirst with so much toil, 'twould sip
The crystal spout-head : so it did, with touch
Most delicate, as though afraid to smutch 90
Even with mealy gold the waters clear.
But, at that very touch, to disappear

67-68. The draft gives two rejected readings of this couplet—

His limbs are loos'd, and eagerly he paces
With nimble feet beneath its airy traces—

and

His limbs are loos'd, and eagerly he traces
With nimble footsteps all its airy paces.

69. The draft reads 'path' for 'way'.

75. The original reading of the draft is 'Thro' woody cleft'.

80. The draft has 'Thawing' in place of 'Melting'.

83. This line was written in the draft—

Went swift beneath the flutter-loving guide...

The expression 'flutter-loving' was struck out ; but nothing was substituted till the reading of the text was supplied in the finished manuscript, in which, in the next line, 'he' was originally where 'it' now stands.

86. The draft reads 'whereat it soar'd', and begins the next line with 'Then' instead of 'And'.

So fairy-quick, was strange ! Bewildered,
 Endymion sought around, and shook each bed
 Of covert flowers in vain ; and then he flung 95
 Himself along the grass. What gentle tongue,
 What whisperer disturb'd his gloomy rest ?
 It was a nymph uprisen to the breast
 In the fountain's pebbly margin, and she stood
 'Mong lillies, like the youngest of the brood. 100
 To him her dripping hand she softly kist,
 And anxiously began to plait and twist
 Her ringlets round her fingers, saying : " Youth !
 Too long, alas, hast thou starv'd on the ruth,
 The bitterness of love : too long indeed, 105
 Seeing thou art so gentle. Could I weed
 Thy soul of care, by heavens, I would offer
 All the bright riches of my crystal coffer
 To Amphitrite ; all my clear-ey'd fish,
 Golden, or rainbow-sided, or purplish, 110
 Vermilion-tail'd, or finn'd with silvery gauze ;
 Yea, or my veined pebble-floor, that draws
 A virgin light to the deep ; my grotto-sands
 Tawny and gold, ooz'd slowly from far lands
 By my diligent springs ; my level lillies, shells, 115
 My charming rod, my potent river spells ;
 Yes, every thing, even to the pearly cup
 Meander gave me,—for I bubbled up
 To fainting creatures in a desert wild.
 But woe is me, I am but as a child 120
 To gladden thee ; and all I dare to say,
 Is, that I pity thee ; that on this day

94. At this point the draft has the rejected reading—

Endymion all around the welkin sped
 His anxious sight,

and a further variation is 'Endymion pry'd around'.

96-97. In the draft these two lines were written—

His sullen limbs upon the grass—what tongue,
 What airy whisperer spoilt his angry rest?

99. Here is a further instance of the contracted 'I' being altered to 'In' in the finished manuscript. In the draft 'basin' occurs in the place of 'margin'.

102. In the draft is the variation

And carelessly began to twine and twist
 Her ringlets 'bout her fingers...

104. This line originally began with the words 'Long hast thou tasted', and the next line with 'The bitter ruth of love'.

116. Variation in the draft, 'water' for 'river'.

117. In the manuscript, 'e'en' for 'even'.

121. The draft reads 'all that I may say'.

I've been thy guide ; that thou must wander far
 In other regions, past the scanty bar
 To mortal steps, before thou can'st be ta'en 125
 From every wasting sigh, from every pain,
 Into the gentle bosom of thy love.
 Why it is thus, one knows in heaven above :
 But, a poor Naiad, I guess not. Farewell !
 I have a ditty for my hollow cell." 130

Hereat, she vanished from Endymion's gaze,
 Who brooded o'er the water in amaze :
 The dashing fount pour'd on, and where its pool
 Lay, half asleep, in grass and rushes cool,
 Quick waterflies and gnats were sporting still, 135
 And fish were dimpling, as if good nor ill
 Had fallen out that hour. The wanderer,
 Holding his forehead, to keep off the burr
 Of smothering fancies, patiently sat down ;
 And, while beneath the evening's sleepy frown 140
 Glow-worms began to trim their starry lamps,
 Thus breath'd he to himself : " Whoso encamps
 To take a fancied city of delight,
 O what a wretch is he ! and when 'tis his,
 After long toil and travelling, to miss 145
 The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile :
 Yet, for him there's refreshment even in toil ;

128. The reading 'some know' for 'one knows' occurs in the draft, where the next two lines were first written—

But, a poor Naiad, I guess not nor tell
 Farewell I must away to my hollow cell—

and then as in the text, but with 'I've a new ditty' for 'I have a ditty'.

131-4. These two couplets originally stood in the draft thus—

Hereat, she vanish'd from the listener's gaze,
 Whose soul kept o'er the water in amaze ;
 The dashing fall pour'd on, and where the pool
 Crept smoothly by fresh grass and rushes cool, . . .

139. Rejected reading from the draft, 'drowning' for 'smothering'.

140. Cancelled readings, from the draft 'gentle', and from the manuscript 'mild', for 'sleepy'.

143. The manner in which the rhyme to this line was lost appears from the draft, where the passage originally stood thus :

Whoso encamps

His soul to take a city of delight

O what a wretch is he : 'tis in his sight...

Then 'tis in his sight' was struck out in favour of 'and when 'tis his'; but nothing was done, in transcribing for the press, to remedy the defect thus produced.

145. The original reading in the draft was 'After long siege and travelling'; but the finished manuscript reads 'toil' and 'travelling' as in the text.

147. The draft reads 'e'en' for 'even'.

Another city doth he set about,
 Free from the smallest pebble-bead of doubt
 That he will seize on trickling honey-combs : 150
 Alas, he finds them dry ; and then he foams,
 And onward to another city speeds.
 But this is human life : the war, the deeds,
 The disappointment, the anxiety,
 Imagination's struggles, far and nigh, 155
 All human ; bearing in themselves this good,
 That they are still the air, the subtle food,
 To make us feel existence, and to show
 How quiet death is. Where soil is men grow,
 Whether to weeds or flowers ; but for me, 160
 There is no depth to strike in : I can see
 Nought earthly worth my compassing ; so stand
 Upon a misty, jutting head of land—
 Alone? No, no ; and by the Orphean lute,
 When mad Eurydice is listening to't ; 165
 I'd rather stand upon this misty peak,
 With not a thing to sigh for, or to seek,
 But the soft shadow of my thrice-seen love,
 Than be—I care not what. O meekest dove
 Of heaven ! O Cynthia, ten-times bright and fair ! 170
 From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
 Glance but one little beam of temper'd light
 Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
 And tyranny of love be somewhat scar'd !
 Yet do not so, sweet queen ; one torment spar'd, 175
 Would give a pang to jealous misery,
 Worse than the torment's self : but rather tie
 Large wings upon my shoulders, and point out

149. In the first edition, 'pebble-head' ; but in the manuscript, 'pebble-bead', which reading is restored in the corrected copy in my possession. The draft reads 'Without' for 'Free from', and in the next line 'there he'll' for 'he will'.

153. In the draft, 'acts' for 'war'.

155. 'Imaginings and searchings', in the draft.

158. In the first edition, 'shew'.

159. 'Here is soil to grow' was originally written in the draft.

164. In the draft, 'Alone? No, heavens!'

166. Originally written 'I'd rather bide', in the draft.

167. The original version of this line in the draft is—

With nought to long for, sigh for, or to seek.

168. For the three occasions on which Endymion had seen Diana, refer to the account given to Peona ; beginning with line 540, Book I,—to the passage about the well, line 896, Book I,—and to the passage in which he hurried into the grotto, line 971, Book I.

169. The original reading of the draft was 'I know not' in place of 'I care not'.

My love's far dwelling. Though the playful rout
 Of Cupids shun thee, too divine art thou, 180
 Too keen in beauty, for thy silver prow
 Not to have dipp'd in love's most gentle stream.
 O be propitious, nor severely deem
 My madness impious ; for, by all the stars
 That tend thy bidding, I do think the bars 185
 That kept my spirit in are burst—that I
 Am sailing with thee through the dizzy sky !
 How beautiful thou art ! The world how deep !
 How tremulous-dazzlingly the wheels sweep
 Around their axle ! Then these gleaming reins, 190
 How lithe ! When this thy chariot attains
 Its airy goal, haply some bower veils
 Those twilight eyes ? Those eyes !—my spirit fails—
 Dear goddess, help ! or the wide-gaping air
 Will gulph me—help !”—At this with madden'd stare, 195
 And lifted hands, and trembling lips he stood ;
 Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
 Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.
 And, but from the deep cavern there was borne
 A voice, he had been froze to senseless stone ; 200
 Nor sigh of his, nor plaint, nor passion'd moan
 Had more been heard. Thus swell'd it forth : “ Descend,
 Young mountaineer ! descend where alleys bend
 Into the sparry hollows of the world !
 Oft hast thou seen bolts of the thunder hurl'd 205
 As from thy threshold ; day by day hast been

181. The word 'sharp' occurs in the draft in place of 'keen'.

189. In the draft this line has three tentative openings,—‘How silently and tremulous’, ‘How bright and tremulous’, ‘How tremulous and dazzling’.

191. The draft yields the rejected reading, ‘When this thy silent chariot gains’; and in the next two lines

haply thou veilst thine eyes

In some fresh bower.

In supplying the reading of the text Keats first wrote ‘Those liquid eyes’.

196. The draft reads ‘Oh’ for ‘help!’—and in the next line but one ‘wondering at’ for ‘mountain'd o'er’.

198. Here the draft yields the reading—

Or blind Orion waiting for the dawn—

another evidence of Keats's determination to get rid of the false rhymes where observed. The next line was originally written—

And, but from the *hollow* cavern there was *born*—

and I am not sure that ‘born’ is not the word intended, though ‘borne’, the reading of the first edition, must have the preference.

201. The original reading of the draft is

Nor sigh of his, nor wild complaint nor moan.

204. This line originally began in the draft with the word ‘Spiral’.

A little lower than the chilly sheen
 Of icy pinnacles, and dipp'dst thine arms
 Into the deadening ether that still charms
 Their marble being : now, as deep profound 210
 As those are high, descend ! He ne'er is crown'd
 With immortality, who fears to follow
 Where airy voices lead : so through the hollow,
 The silent mysteries of earth, descend !"

He heard but the last words, nor could contend 215
 One moment in reflection : for he fled
 Into the fearful deep, to hide his head
 From the clear moon, the trees, and coming madness.

'Twas far too strange, and wonderful for sadness ;
 Sharpening, by degrees, his appetite 220
 To dive into the deepest. Dark, nor light,
 The region ; nor bright, nor sombre wholly,
 But mingled up ; a gleaming melancholy ;
 A dusky empire and its diadems ;
 One faint eternal eventide of gems. 225
 Aye, millions sparkled on a vein of gold,
 Along whose track the prince quick footsteps told,
 With all its lines abrupt and angular :
 Out-shooting sometimes, like a meteor-star,
 Through a vast antre ; then the metal woof, 230
 Like Vulcan's rainbow, with some monstrous roof
 Curves hugely : now, far in the deep abyss,
 It seems an angry lightning, and doth hiss
 Fancy into belief : anon it leads

208. The draft has the reading 'and couldst dip thy palms... '.

210. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'far' for 'deep'.

211. In the draft

As those were high, descend ! He ne'er was crown'd...

214. The draft reads 'fearful' for 'silent'.

215. In the manuscript, 'But the last words he heard' ; but the reading of the text is clearly a revision.

218. The draft reads 'night' for 'moon', and in the next line but one 'Upwinding' for 'Sharpening'.

227-30. In the draft this passage was written as follows :

Whose track the venturous Latmian follows bold
 Thro' all its lines abrupt and angular :
 And sometimes like a shooting meteor star
 Past a vast antre's gloom.

The reading of the text is in the finished manuscript, where, however, line 230 was first written—

Past a large Antre ; then the metal woof,...

231. The draft reads 'o'er' for 'with', and in the next line 'a' for 'the'.

Through winding passages, where sameness breeds 235
 Vexing conceptions of some sudden change ;
 Whether to silver grots, or giant range
 Of sapphire columns, or fantastic bridge
 Athwart a flood of crystal. On a ridge
 Now fareth he, that o'er the vast beneath 240
 Towers like an ocean-cliff, and whence he seeth
 A hundred waterfalls, whose voices come
 But as the murmuring surge. Chilly and numb
 His bosom grew, when first he, far away
 Descry'd an orb'd diamond, set to fray 245
 Old darkness from his throne : 'twas like the sun
 Uprisen o'er chaos : and with such a stun
 Came the amazement, that, absorb'd in it,
 He saw not fiercer wonders—past the wit
 Of any spirit to tell, but one of those 250
 Who, when this planet's sphering time doth close,
 Will be its high remembrancers : who they ?
 The mighty ones who have made eternal day
 For Greece and England. While astonishment
 With deep-drawn sighs was quieting, he went 255
 Into a marble gallery, passing through
 A mimic temple, so complete and true
 In sacred custom, that he well nigh fear'd
 To search it inwards ; whence far off appear'd,
 Through a long pillar'd vista, a fair shrine, 260
 And just beyond, on light tiptoe divine,
 A quiver'd Dian. Stepping awfully,
 The youth approach'd ; oft turning his veil'd eye
 Down sidelong aisles, and into niches old.
 And when, more near against the marble cold 265

236. In the draft this line begins with 'Dizzy' instead of 'Vexing'.

240. The draft supplies two rejected readings, 'Sometimes he fares' and 'Sometimes he went'.

243. The draft reads 'a' in place of 'the'.

248. In the draft we read 'this' for 'the'.

253-4. Originally written in the draft—

The mighty ones who've shone athwart the day
 Of Greece and England.

256-7. Cancelled reading from the draft—

Into a marble gallery that near the roof
 Of a fair mimic Temple...

261-3. Cancelled reading from the draft—

Thro' a long vist' of columns a fair shrine
 And just beyond lightly diminished
 A Dian quiver'd tiptoe, crescented—.

264. The draft reads 'sideway aisles'.

He had touch'd his forehead, he began to thread
 All courts and passages, where silence dead
 Rous'd by his whispering footsteps murmured faint :
 And long he travers'd to and fro, to acquaint
 Himself with every mystery, and awe ; 270
 Till, weary, he sat down before the maw
 Of a wide outlet, fathomless and dim,
 To wild uncertainty and shadows grim.
 There, when new wonders ceas'd to float before,
 And thoughts of self came on, how crude and sore 275
 The journey homeward to habitual self !
 A mad-pursuing of the fog-born elf,
 Whose flitting lantern, through rude nettle-briar,
 Cheats us into a swamp, into a fire,
 Into the bosom of a hated thing. 280

What misery most drowningly doth sing
 In lone Endymion's ear, now he has raught
 The goal of consciousness? Ah, 'tis the thought,
 The deadly feel of solitude : for lo !
 He cannot see the heavens, nor the flow 285
 Of rivers, nor hill-flowers running wild
 In pink and purple chequer, nor, up-pil'd,
 The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,
 Like herded elephants ; nor felt, nor prest
 Cool grass, nor tasted the fresh slumberous air ; 290

266. In the manuscript 'tread' stands here altered to 'thread'.

267. The draft reads 'The' for 'All'.

269. The words 'to acquaint' in the manuscript are contracted to 't'acquaint'.

270-2. In the draft,

Himself with every mystery, until
 His weary legs he rested on the sill
 Of some remotest chamber, outlet dim...

277. The draft reads 'That' for 'A'.

278. The original reading of the draft at this point is—

Whose flitting Lantern, through rude nettle-beds,
 Cheats us into a bog,—cuttings and shreds
 Of old Vexations plaited to a rope
 Wherewith to haul us from the sight of hope,
 And bind us to our earthly baiting-ring.

These lines were copied into the finished manuscript with the variations 'Swamp' for 'bog', 'drag' for 'haul', and 'bind' for 'fix'. The passage as it stands in the text is supplied in the margin of the manuscript. The grotesque imagery of the earlier version reminds us, in its rude vigour, that Keats had actually witnessed, and forcibly described to Clarke, a bear-baiting.

282. The final word in this line is clearly 'raught' in the manuscript, though 'caught' in the first edition. As the obsolete equivalent of reached occurs often in Shakespeare and elsewhere in 'Endymion' (see Book I, line 866), and also makes sense, while *caught* does not, we are justified in restoring *raught*.

290. In the draft, 'the free sleepy air'.

But far from such companionship to wear
 An unknown time, surcharg'd with grief, away,
 Was now his lot. And must he patient stay,
 Tracing fantastic figures with his spear?
 "No!" exclaim'd he, "why should I tarry here?" 295
 No! loudly echoed times innumerable.
 At which he straightway started, and 'gan tell
 His paces back into the temple's chief;
 Warming and glowing strong in the belief
 Of help from Dian: so that when again 300
 He caught her airy form, thus did he plain,
 Moving more near the while: "O Haunter chaste
 Of river sides, and woods, and heathy waste,
 Where with thy silver bow and arrows keen 305
 Art thou now forested? O woodland Queen,
 What smoothest air thy smoother forehead woos?
 Where dost thou listen to the wide halloos
 Of thy departed nymphs? Through what dark tree
 Glimmers thy crescent? Wheresoe'er it be, 310
 'Tis in the breath of heaven: thou dost taste
 Freedom as none can taste it, nor dost waste
 Thy loveliness in dismal elements;
 But, finding in our green earth sweet contents,
 There livest blissfully. Ah, if to thee
 It feels Elysian, how rich to me, 315
 An exile'd mortal, sounds its pleasant name!
 Within my breast there lives a choking flame—
 O let me cool 't the zephyr-boughs among!

294. The draft reads 'Drawing' for 'Tracing'.

297. The reading of the draft is 'roused, and gan to tell', and in the next line but one 'growing' for 'glowing'.

301. The draft reads—
 thus gan he plain,
 Pacing towards the while.

The finished manuscript reads 'Moving towards the while:'. The reading of the text must have been a correction of the proof.

304. The draft reads—

Where now with silver bow and arrows keen
 Art thou in covert hid?

308. In the draft there is a rejected reading, 'From what deep glen...'.
 313. In the finished manuscript, 'on' for 'in'.

318. In the finished manuscript, 'cool't' for 'cool it': otherwise the line is really written as the first edition gives it—

O let me cool it among the zephyr-boughs!

But it seems absolutely certain that 'among' was meant to be at the end, to rhyme with 'tongue',—an assurance made doubly sure by the fact that the line was originally written in the draft—

O let me cool't among the waving boughs!

and marked for transposition of 'among' to the end. Thus Keats clearly in copying the line altered 'waving' to 'zephyr' but forgot the transposition.

A homeward fever parches up my tongue—
 O let me slake it at the running springs ! 320
 Upon my ear a noisy nothing rings—
 O let me once more hear the linnet's note !
 Before mine eyes thick films and shadows float—
 O let me 'noint them with the heaven's light !
 Dost thou now lave thy feet and ankles white ? 325
 O think how sweet to me the freshening sluice !
 Dost thou now please thy thirst with berry-juice ?
 O think how this dry palate would rejoice !
 If in soft slumber thou dost hear my voice,
 O think how I should love a bed of flowers !— 330
 Young goddess ! let me see my native bowers !
 Deliver me from this rapacious deep !”

Thus ending loudly, as he would o'erleap
 His destiny, alert he stood : but when
 Obstinate silence came heavily again, 335
 Feeling about for its old couch of space
 And airy cradle, lowly bow'd his face
 Desponding, o'er the marble floor's cold thrill.
 But 'twas not long ; for, sweeter than the rill
 To its old channel, or a swollen tide 340
 To margin shallows, were the leaves he spied,
 And flowers, and wreaths, and ready myrtle crowns
 Up heaping through the slab : refreshment drowns
 Itself, and strives its own delights to hide—

319. In the draft this line was written thus—

A fever parches up my suppliant tongue—
 and then altered to

An endless fever parches up my tongue.

325. In the finished manuscript 'hands' stands cancelled in favour of 'feet'.

327. The draft reads 'cherry-juice'.

330. In the draft, 'would' instead of 'should'; 'Oh' for 'Young' in the next line; and the next line but one reads—

Lift me, oh lift me from this horrid deep !

335. In the draft, 'cloudily came' is cancelled in favour of 'came heavily'; and the next couplet originally stood thus—

Feeling its way to its old couch of space
 And airy cradle he bent down his face.

In the finished manuscript line 335 stands precisely as in the text.

339. The draft reads 'Twas not for long'.

340. In the draft—

To its cool channel, the o'erswollen tide...

The finished manuscript reads 'cold channel',—the first edition, 'old channel'.

343-4. The reading of the draft is—

Upswelling through the slab ; refreshment drowns
 Itself, lush tumbling down on every side :

Nor in one spot alone ; the floral pride 345
 In a long whispering birth enchanted grew
 Before his footsteps ; as when heav'd anew
 Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
 Down whose green back the short-liv'd foam, all hoar,
 Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence. 350

Increasing still in heart, and pleasant sense,
 Upon his fairy journey on he hastes ;
 So anxious for the end, he scarcely wastes
 One moment with his hand among the sweets : 355
 Onward he goes—he stops—his bosom beats
 As plainly in his ear, as the faint charm
 Of which the throbs were born. This still alarm,
 This sleepy music, forc'd him walk tiptoe :
 For it came more softly than the east could blow
 Arion's magic to the Atlantic isles ; 360
 Or than the west, made jealous by the smiles
 Of thron'd Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
 To seas Ionian and Tyrian.

in the finished manuscript, 'slap' is written for 'slab', and there is the cancelled reading,

Itself, lush-tumbling on every side :

the words 'cool fragrance' are inserted and struck out again ; but how they were to be used is not clear.

348-50. The draft shows the original reading to have been as follows :—

Old ocean sends a lengthened wave to the shore,
 From whose green head the gentle foam all hoar
 Runs gradual,...

Then we have 'O'er whose green back', and next 'Down whose green back'. The finished manuscript corresponds here precisely with the printed text ; and there can be no doubt the redundant *the* in line 348 is an intentional undulation. Strictly there are two undulations in the line, because the final syllable of *lengthened* is to be pronounced, according to Keats's practice.

353. The manuscript reads 'waits' in place of 'wastes'.

359. In the manuscript, 'For it' is contracted into 'For't'.

363. The draft supplies the history of the loss of a rhyme to this line ; but I fear it must remain rhymeless. The passage was left thus in the draft :

To seas Ionian and Tyrian. Dire
 Was the love lorn despair to which it wrought
 Endymion—for dire is the bare thought
 That among lovers things of tenderest worth
 Are swallow'd all, and made a blank—a dearth
 By one devouring flame : and far far worse
 Blessing to them become a heavy curse
 Half happy till comparisons of bliss
 To misery lead them. 'Twas even so with this...

Before this was finished there were the following readings of two of the lines—

Endymion—for dire to { placid } bosoms is the thought,
 { quiet }

O did he ever live, that lonely man,
 Who lov'd—and music slew not? 'Tis the pest 365
 Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest ;
 That things of delicate and tenderest worth
 Are swallow'd all, and made a seared dearth,
 By one consuming flame : it doth immerse
 And suffocate true blessings in a curse. 370
 Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
 Is miserable. 'Twas even so with this
 Dew-dropping melody, in the Carian's ear ;
 First heaven, then hell, and then forgotten clear,
 Vanish'd in elemental passion. 375

And down some swart abysm he had gone,
 Had not a heavenly guide benignant led
 To where thick myrtle branches, 'gainst his head
 Brushing, awakened : then the sounds again
 Went noiseless as a passing noontide rain 380
 Over a bower, where little space he stood ;

and

Half happy will they gaze upon the sky ;
 and when the passage was altered in copying out the poem for the press, the first
 reading (cancelled) of line 365 was—

Whom, loving, Music slew not,
 while, in line 371, 'comparisons', not 'comparison', was written, and line
 372 was left thus—

Is miserable. 'T[was] e'en so with this...
 The omission of 'was' is curious. It seems that, in altering line 363 and making
 line 364 rhyme with it, Keats overlooked the needs of line 362 : there is nothing in
 the finished manuscript to show that he or Taylor had any misgivings on the
 subject, though it is quite possible there may have been an intention to introduce
 some such line as

To seas Ionian and seas of Tyre.

The whole passage as it now stands is so superb that both poet and critic-publisher
 may be easily pardoned for the oversight. No imagination so delicate in regard to
 music had been vouchsafed to poet since Shakespeare wrote, in 'Twelfth Night',

That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour !

The attenuation of sound suggested by the thought that Arion's lyre-music was
 wafted by the east wind from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and blown back
 by Zephyrs, envious of Apollo's approbation, from the Atlantic to the seas about
 Greece and Tyre, is so exceeding as to be in some respects preferable to the lovely
 suggestion in 'Twelfth Night', which brings a second sense into the idea.

377. This line originally began (in the draft) with 'But that some... '.

379-85. This passage stood thus in the draft—

Brushing awaken'd him : the sounds again
 Came softly as a gentle evening rain,
 Around a bower, where he stay'd harkening
 And through whose tufted shrubby darkening

For as the sunset peeps into a wood
 So saw he panting light, and towards it went
 Through winding alleys ; and lo, wonderment !
 Upon soft verdure saw, one here, one there,
 Cupids a slumbering on their pinions fair. 385

After a thousand mazes overgone,
 At last, with sudden step, he came upon
 A chamber, myrtle wall'd, embowered high,
 Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy, 390
 And more of beautiful and strange beside :
 For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
 In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
 Of fondest beauty ; fonder, in fair sooth,
 Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach : 395
 And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
 Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
 Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
 Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
 Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve 400
 Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light ;
 But rather, giving them to the filled sight
 Officially. Sideway his face repos'd
 On one white arm, and tenderly unclos'd,
 By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth 405
 To slumbry pout ; just as the morning south
 Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,

Bright starry glimmers came, towards which he went
 Thro' winding alleys, and lo, wonderment !
 Upon soft turf he saw, one here one there...

In the finished manuscript line 380 at first began with 'Came'; but this was altered to 'Went', and for the rest the passage stands as in the text. This whole episode should be compared with Spenser's account of "the gardins of Adonis" ('Faerie Queene,' Book III, Canto vi) which probably suggested to Keats the embodiment of the legend in his poem. One would think stanzas 44, 46, and 47, at all events, must have been fresh in his memory.

396-7. In the draft—

And draperies mellow-tinted like the peach,
 Or lady peas entwined with marigolds.

399. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'his' for 'an'.

400. Woodhouse seems to have been in doubt what *tenting swerve* meant; for he notes that Keats told him it meant *in the form of the top of a tent*.

402. In the manuscript, 'gave' instead of 'giving', and in the draft 'gazer's' instead of 'filled'.

403-4. Compare Sonnet xxii, Livre II, 'Amours de Ronsard' (à Marie de Marquets) :

Un somme languissant la tenoit mi-penchée
 Dessus le coude droit fermant sa belle bouche.

405. The draft reads 'his' for 'a'.

Four lilly stalks did their white honours wed
 To make a coronal ; and round him grew
 All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue, 410
 Together intertwin'd and trammel'd fresh :
 The vine of glossy sprout ; the ivy mesh,
 Shading its Ethiop berries ; and woodbine,
 Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine ;
 Convolvulus in streaked vases flush ; 415
 The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush ;
 And virgin's bower, trailing airily ;
 With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
 Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
 One, kneeling to a lyre, touch'd the strings, 420
 Muffling to death the pathos with his wings ;
 And, ever and anon, uprose to look
 At the youth's slumber ; while another took
 A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
 And shook it on his hair ; another flew 425
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
 Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

At these enchantments, and yet many more,
 The breathless Latmian wonder'd o'er and o'er ;
 Until, impatient in embarrassment, 430
 He forthright pass'd, and lightly treading went
 To that same feather'd lyrist, who straightway,
 Smiling, thus whisper'd : " Though from upper day
 Thou art a wanderer, and thy presence here
 Might seem unholy, be of happy cheer ! 435

409. In the draft, 'coronet' for 'coronal', and the next line is—

All tendril green, of pleasant lush and hue.

412. The draft reads 'purply' for 'glossy', and in the next line 'darkling' for 'Ethiop'.

414. In the draft—

With all its honey bugle tufts divine.

415. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'of' for 'in'.

416. In the draft,

The creeper, blushing deep at Autumn's blush.

419. This triplet was not originally in the poem. The draft shews here the reading—

Stood Cupids holding o'er an upward gaze

Each a slim wand tipped with a silver blaze

Each one a silver torch...

The poet's nice taste doubtless rejected this on review as too suggestive of gilt gingerbread cupids such as he may very well have seen at Edmonton fair.

424. The draft reads 'A myrtle-bough', and in the next line but one 'In from the branched roof'.

429. In the draft, Endymion was described as 'The mortal Latmian'.

For 'tis the nicest touch of human honor,
 When some ethereal and high-favouring donor
 Presents immortal bowers to mortal sense ;
 As now 'tis done to thee, Endymion. Hence
 Was I in no wise startled. So recline 440
 Upon these living flowers. Here is wine,
 Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
 Since Ariadne was a vintager,
 So cool a purple : taste these juicy pears,
 Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears 445
 Were high about Pomona : here is cream,
 Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam ;
 Sweeter than that nurse Amalthea skimm'd
 For the boy Jupiter : and here, undimm'd
 By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums 450
 Ready to melt between an infant's gums :
 And here is manna pick'd from Syrian trees,
 In starlight, by the three Hesperides.
 Feast on, and meanwhile I will let thee know
 Of all these things around us." He did so, 455
 Still brooding o'er the cadence of his lyre ;
 And thus : "I need not any hearing tire
 By telling how the sea-born goddess pin'd
 For a mortal youth, and how she strove to bind
 Him all in all unto her doting self. 460
 Who would not be so prison'd ? but, fond elf,
 He was content to let her amorous plea
 Faint through his careless arms ; content to see
 An unseiz'd heaven dying at his feet ;

436. 'The nicest touch of human honor' is a curious and not very perspicuous phrase ; but the fact that the original reading of the draft was 'the highest reach of human honor' leaves no doubt that Endymion was given to understand he was receiving the greatest honour that could be conferred on a human being.

442. In the draft the line began with 'Sparkling up diamonds'.

443. It was a peculiarly happy piece of poetic realism to translate Ariadne's relations with Bacchus into her becoming a vintager ; and I presume this was Keats's own thought, as well as the idea immediately following, that the God of Orchards conciliated Love with a gift of pears when paying his addresses to Pomona.

448. In the draft,

Even sweet as that which Amalthea skimm'd.

456-7. The couplet was written thus in the draft—

Keeping a ravishing cadence with his lyre.

And thus it was "I'll not thy knowing tire...

461-4. In the draft thus—

Who would not be so bound, but, foolish elf,

He was content to let Divinity

Slip through his careless arms—content to see

An unseized heaven sighing at his feet ;

Content, O fool ! to make a cold retreat, 465
 When on the pleasant grass such love, lovelorn,
 Lay sorrowing ; when every tear was born
 Of diverse passion ; when her lips and eyes
 Were clos'd in sullen moisture, and quick sighs
 Came vex'd and pettish through her nostrils small. 470
 Hush ! no exclaim—yet, justly mightst thou call
 Curses upon his head.—I was half glad,
 But my poor mistress went distract and mad,
 When the boar tusk'd him : so away she flew
 To Jove's high throne, and by her plainings drew 475
 Immortal tear-drops down the thunderer's beard ;
 Whereon, it was decreed he should be rear'd
 Each summer time to life. Lo ! this is he,
 That same Adonis, safe in the privacy
 Of this still region all his winter-sleep. 480
 Aye, sleep ; for when our love-sick queen did weep
 Over his waned corse, the tremulous shower
 Heal'd up the wound, and, with a balmy power,
 Medicin'd death to a lengthened drowsiness :
 The which she fills with visions, and doth dress 485
 In all this quiet luxury ; and hath set
 Us young immortals, without any let,
 To watch his slumber through. 'Tis well nigh pass'd,
 Even to a moment's filling up, and fast
 She scuds with summer breezes, to pant through 490
 The first long kiss, warm firstling, to renew
 Embower'd sports in Cytherea's isle.
 Look ! how those winged listeners all this while
 Stand anxious : see ! behold !"—This clamant word
 Broke through the careful silence ; for they heard 495
 A rustling noise of leaves, and out there flutter'd

and there are the cancelled readings

He was content to unclasp his...

He was content to let { Elysium
a fainting heaven

Faint gradual from his arms.

The finished manuscript corresponds with the printed text.

474. In the manuscript, 'tush'd' ; in the first edition 'tusk'd'.

479. In the manuscript, 'i' the' for 'in the'.

482. In the draft,

Over this paly corse, the crystal shower...

487. The draft reads 'These' for 'Us', and in the next two lines 'winter' for 'slumber' and 'complishing' for 'filling up'.

489. The finished manuscript reads 'E'en' for 'Even'.

490. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'o'er' for 'with'.

491. The draft has 'sweet prologue' in place of 'warm firstling'.

495. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'and they heard'.

Pigeons and doves : Adonis something mutter'd
 The while one hand, that erst upon his thigh
 Lay dormant, mov'd convuls'd and gradually
 Up to his forehead. Then there was a hum 500
 Of sudden voices, echoing, "Come ! come !
 Arise ! awake ! Clear summer has forth walk'd
 Unto the clover-sward, and she has talk'd
 Full soothingly to every nested finch :
 Rise, Cupids ! or we'll give the blue-bell pinch 505
 To your dimpled arms. Once more sweet life begin !"
 At this, from every side they hurried in,
 Rubbing their sleepy eyes with lazy wrists,
 And doubling over head their little fists
 In backward yawns. But all were soon alive : 510
 For as delicious wine doth, sparkling, dive
 In nectar'd clouds and curls through water fair,
 So from the arbour roof down swell'd an air
 Odorous and enlivening ; making all
 To laugh, and play, and sing, and loudly call 515
 For their sweet queen : when lo ! the wreathed green
 Disparted, and far upward could be seen
 Blue heaven, and a silver car, air-borne,
 Whose silent wheels, fresh wet from clouds of morn,
 Spun off a drizzling dew,—which falling chill 520
 On soft Adonis' shoulders, made him still
 Nestle and turn uneasily about.
 Soon were the white doves plain, with neck stretch'd out,
 And silken traces lighten'd in descent ;

501. In the draft,

Of sudden voices, echoing out, "Come ! come !

504. The draft reads 'Most' for 'Full'.

505. Cancelled readings,—in the draft,

Cupids awake ! or black and blue we'll pinch
 Your dimpled arms—for lo ! your Queen, your Queen.

and in the finished copy,

Cupids awake ! or black and blue we'll pinch
 Your dimpled arms. Once more sweet life begin !

509. The draft reads 'in the air' for 'over head'.

523. In the draft thus—

Anon the doves { appear'd }
 { were plain }, with necks stretch'd out.

524. Woodhouse notes that in the original this line began with 'Their' instead of 'And', and read 'tighten'd' for 'lighten'd'. I presume both variations are from the draft; for in the finished manuscript there is certainly no trace of 'Their', while the other word is certainly written 'lighten'd', even if, as is possible, it was intended to cross the first letter and make a *t* of it. In the line before, Keats wrote the word 'out' without crossing the *t*; and he often omitted

And soon, returning from love's banishment, 525
 Queen Venus leaning downward open arm'd :
 Her shadow fell upon his breast, and charm'd
 A tumult to his heart, and a new life
 Into his eyes. Ah, miserable strife,
 But for her comforting ! unhappy sight, 530
 But meeting her blue orbs ! Who, who can write
 Of these first minutes ? The unchariest muse
 To embracements warm as theirs makes coy excuse.

O it has ruffled every spirit there,
 Saving Love's self, who stands superb to share 535
 The general gladness : awfully he stands ;
 A sovereign quell is in his waving hands ;
 No sight can bear the lightning of his bow ;
 His quiver is mysterious, none can know
 What themselves think of it ; from forth his eyes 540
 There darts strange light of varied hues and dies :

that small duty ; but I do not feel safe in altering 'lighten'd' to 'tighten'd' here, seeing that the first edition reads 'lighten'd', and that it makes the better sense : the traces would be lighter for the doves in descent, one would say, not tighter.

525. The finished manuscript reads 'next' instead of 'soon'.

526. In lieu of the passage extending from line 526 to line 534, the following fifteen lines were originally written in the draft :

Queen Venus bending downward, so o'ertaken,
 So suffering sweet, so blushing mad, so shaken
 That the wild warmth prob'd the young sleeper's heart
 Enchantingly ; and with a sudden start
 His trembling arms were out in instant time
 To catch his fainting love.—O foolish rhyme
 What mighty power is in thee that so often
 Thou strivest rugged syllables to soften
 Even to the telling of a sweet like this.
 Away ! let them embrace alone ! that kiss
 Was far too rich for thee to talk upon.
 Poor wretch ! mind not those sobs and sighs ! begone !
 Speak not one atom of thy paltry stuff,
 That they are met is poetry enough.

O this has ruffled every spirit there,...

These lines are struck out of the draft, where their place is not supplied ; but the finished copy corresponds with the printed text.

535. In the first edition, 'love's', with a small l ; but 'Love's' in the manuscript.

538. In the finished manuscript this line stands thus—

His bow no sight can bear for lightning so.

541. The draft reads first 'sundry' and then 'changeul' in place of 'varied'. The first edition reads 'dyes' ; but in the finished manuscript we have 'dies' instead of 'dyes' : I am confident that this is right ; and it is to be regretted that Woodhouse did not record which of the two words was in the draft. Keats was not incapable of applying the word 'dyes' to light ; but there is redundancy in 'light of varied hues and dyes' ; and the notion of strange light flashing from Love's eyes and dying is in a far higher strain.

A scowl is sometimes on his brow, but who
 Look full upon it feel anon the blue
 Of his fair eyes run liquid through their souls.
 Endymion feels it, and no more controls 545
 The burning prayer within him ; so, bent low,
 He had begun a plaining of his woe.
 But Venus, bending forward, said : " My child,
 Favour this gentle youth ; his days are wild
 With love—he—but alas ! too well I see 550
 Thou know'st the deepness of his misery.
 Ah, smile not so, my son : I tell thee true,
 That when through heavy hours I us'd to rue
 The endless sleep of this new-born Adon',
 This stranger eye I pitied. For upon 555
 A dreary morning once I fled away
 Into the breezy clouds, to weep and pray
 For this my love : for vexing Mars had teaz'd
 Me even to tears : thence, when a little eas'd,
 Down-looking, vacant, through a hazy wood, 560
 I saw this youth as he despairing stood :
 Those same dark curls blown vagrant in the wind ;
 Those same full fringed lids a constant blind
 Over his sullen eyes : I saw him throw 565
 Himself on wither'd leaves, even as though
 Death had come sudden ; for no jot he mov'd,
 Yet mutter'd wildly. I could hear he lov'd
 Some fair immortal, and that his embrace
 Had zon'd her through the night. There is no trace
 Of this in heaven : I have mark'd each cheek, 570
 And find it is the vainest thing to seek ;
 And that of all things 'tis kept secretest.
 Endymion ! one day thou wilt be blest :
 So still obey the guiding hand that fends
 Thee safely through these wonders for sweet ends. 575
 'Tis a concealment needful in extreme ;
 And if I guess'd not so, the sunny beam
 Thou shouldst mount up to with me. Now adieu !
 Here must we leave thee."—At these words upflew
 The impatient doves, uprose the floating car, 580
 Up went the hum celestial. High afar
 The Latmian saw them minish into nought ;
 And, when all were clear vanish'd, still he caught

548. The draft reads 'leaning' for 'bending'.

562. In the draft 'sweet boy !' instead of 'my son', and in the next line but one 'mad-brain'd' for 'new-born'.

561. The manuscript reads 'yon youth'.

567. The draft has 'madly' in place of 'wildly'.

Of a thousand fountains, so that he could dash
 The waters with his spear ; but at the splash, 605
 Done heedlessly, those spouting columns rose
 Sudden a poplar's height, and 'gan to enclose
 His diamond path with fretwork, streaming round
 Alive, and dazzling cool, and with a sound,
 Haply, like dolphin tumults, when sweet shells 610
 Welcome the float of Thetis. Long he dwells
 On this delight ; for, every minute's space,
 The streams with changed magic interlace :
 Sometimes like delicatest lattices,
 Cover'd with crystal vines ; then weeping trees, 615
 Moving about as in a gentle wind,
 Which, in a wink, to watery gauze refin'd,
 Pour'd into shapes of curtain'd canopies,
 Spangled, and rich with liquid broideries
 Of flowers, peacocks, swans, and naiads fair. 620
 Swifter than lightning went these wonders rare ;
 And then the water, into stubborn streams
 Collecting, mimick'd the wrought oaken beams,
 Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof,
 Of those dusk places in times far aloof 625
 Cathedrals call'd. He bade a loth farewell
 To these founts Protean, passing gulph, and dell,
 And torrent, and ten thousand jutting shapes,
 Half seen through deepest gloom, and griesly gapes,
 Blackening on every side, and overhead 630
 A vaulted dome like Heaven's, far bespread

606. The draft reads 'He playfully made' in place of 'Done heedlessly'.

607. In the finished manuscript, 'gan enclose'; but 'gan to enclose' in the first edition.

608. In the draft we read

His mid-air path with fretwork, quivering round

and in the next line but one 'loud' for 'sweet'. We must conclude that the poet chose, for Thetis' sweet sake, to subdue into sweetness the orthodox clamour of the conchs blown at her approach over the sea.

615-16. In the original draft

O'erspread with crystal vines ; then weeping peas,
 Waving about &c.

622-3. The draft gives this couplet thus—

And then the waters, into stubborn streams
 Collecting, mimick'd the wrought rafts and beams,

and in the next line but one reads 'dim' for 'dusk'.

628. In place of 'jutting' the draft reads successively 'massy', 'blackening', and 'bulging'.

629. 'Hid in the dim profound', according to the draft, which reads 'overspread' in the next line but one in place of 'far bespread', and in line 632 'so monstrous strange' for 'so huge and strange'.

With starlight gems : aye, all so huge and strange,
 The solitary felt a hurried change
 Working within him into something dreary,—
 Vex'd like a morning eagle, lost, and weary,
 And purblind amid foggy, midnight wolds.
 But he revives at once : for who beholds
 New sudden things, nor casts his mental slough ?
 Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
 Came mother Cybele ! alone—alone—
 In sombre chariot ; dark foldings thrown
 About her majesty, and front death-pale,
 With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale
 The sluggish wheels ; solemn their toothed maws,
 Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
 Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
 Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
 This shadowy queen athwart, and faints away
 In another gloomy arch.

640

645

Wherefore delay,
 Young traveller, in such a mournful place ?

650

633. The draft reads 'dizzy' for 'hurried', and in the next line but one 'Scared' for 'Vex'd'.

636. The words 'damp and' stand cancelled in the finished manuscript before 'foggy'.

639. The draft reads 'From out a { dismal
 beetling } arch'; and in the finished
 manuscript there is the cancelled reading 'dark' for 'dusk'.

642-7. In the original draft, there were seven lines in place of the six of the text, thus—

About her majesty, and her pale brow
 With turrets crown'd, which forward heavily bow
 Weighing her chin to the breast. Four lions draw
 The wheels in sluggish time—each toothed maw
 Shut patiently—eyes hid in tawny veils—
 Drooping about their paws, and nervy tails
 Cowering their tufted brushes to the dust.

These were crossed out; and the passage, revised so as to approach the final text, was inserted thus—

About her majesty, and front death-pale
 With turrets crown'd. Four tawny lions hale
 The sluggish wheels ; solemn their { closed } maws
 Their surly eyes half shut, their heavy paws
 Uplifted lazily, and nervy tails
 Vailing their tawny tufts.

In the finished manuscript the passage was written precisely as in the printed text, except that 'sleepily' was written in line 646 and then struck out in favour of 'drowsily'.

649. 'Into' is here struck out in the finished manuscript, and 'In' substituted.

Art thou wayworn, or canst not further trace
 The diamond path? And does it indeed end
 Abrupt in middle air? Yet earthward bend
 Thy forehead, and to Jupiter cloud-borne
 Call ardently! He was indeed wayworn; 655
 Abrupt, in middle air, his way was lost;
 To cloud-borne Jove he bowed, and there crost
 Towards him a large eagle, 'twixt whose wings,
 Without one impious word, himself he flings,
 Committed to the darkness and the gloom: 660
 Down, down, uncertain to what pleasant doom,
 Swift as a fathoming plummet down he fell
 Through unknown things; till exhal'd asphodel,
 And rose, with spicy fannings interbreath'd,
 Came swelling forth where little caves were wreath'd 665
 So thick with leaves and mosses, that they seem'd
 Large honey-combs of green, and freshly teem'd
 With airs delicious. In the greenest nook
 The eagle landed him, and farewell took.

It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown 670
 With golden moss. His every sense had grown
 Ethereal for pleasure; 'bove his head
 Flew a delight half-graspable; his tread
 Was Hesperian; to his capable ears

657. In the original draft the supernatural machinery for this transit was entirely different, thus—

To cloudborne Jove he bent: and there was tost
 Into his grasping hands a silken cord
 At which without a single impious word
 He swung upon it off into the gloom.
 Down, down, uncertain to what pleasant doom,
 Dropt like a fathoming plummet, down he fell
 Through unknown things; till &c.

668-71. The draft carries out the idea of the silken cord as follows:

With airs delicious. Long he hung about
 Before his nice enjoyment could pick out
 The resting place: but at the last he swung
 Into the greenest cell of all—among
 Dark leaved jasmine: star flower'd and bestrown
 With golden moss.

674. 'Hesperian', I presume, not Hespèrian as invariably accented by Milton. The precise value of 'capable' as used here is of course regulated by past and not by present custom. In this case it simply stands for receptive, able to receive, as in 'Hamlet' (Act III, Scene iv)—

look you how pale he glares,
 His forme and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capeable.

Silence was music from the holy spheres ; 675
 A dewy luxury was in his eyes ;
 The little flowers felt his pleasant sighs
 And stirr'd them faintly. Verdant cave and cell
 He wander'd through, oft wondering at such swell
 Of sudden exaltation : but, "Alas !" 680
 Said he, "will all this gush of feeling pass
 Away in solitude ? And must they wane,
 Like melodies upon a sandy plain,
 Without an echo ? Then shall I be left
 So sad, so melancholy, so bereft ! 685
 Yet still I feel immortal ! O my love,
 My breath of life, where art thou ? High above,
 Dancing before the morning gates of heaven ?
 Or keeping watch among those starry seven,
 Old Atlas' children ? Art a maid of the waters, 690
 One of shell-winding Triton's bright-hair'd daughters ?
 Or art, impossible ! a nymph of Dian's,
 Weaving a coronal of tender scions
 For very idleness ? Where'er thou art,
 Methinks it now is at my will to start 695
 Into thine arms ; to scare Aurora's train,
 And snatch thee from the morning ; o'er the main
 To scud like a wild bird, and take thee off
 From thy sea-foamy cradle ; or to doff
 Thy shepherd vest, and woo thee mid fresh leaves. 700

679. In the draft—

He wandered through, with still encreasing swell...

681. In the draft—

Said he, "will all these gushing feelings pass...

684. The draft reads 'Ah I shall be left...'

685. Compare the Sonnet 'On a Dream'—

So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft...

687-90. Endymion conjectures whether his unknown love is one of the Hours or one of the nymph Pleione's daughters by Atlas, transferred to heaven as the Pleiades. The draft reads 'the starry seven', and 'Art a nymph of the waters'. The finished manuscript has 'Art a maid o' the waters'.

691-2. According to the draft,

One of shell-winding Triton's floating daughters?
 Art thou, impossible ! a maid of Dian's,...

697. In the draft the passage originally stood thus :—

And snatch thee from among them ; to attain
 The starry hights and find thee ere a breath...

as if the intention had been to refer again to the fourfold conjecture instead of only three of its aspects.

698. The draft reads 'skim' for 'scud'.

705

710

Time has reversed in favour both of Keats and of some of his contemporaries this verdict that the sun of poetry set with Shakespeare.

The world has done its duty. Yet, oh yet,
 Although the sun of poesy is set,
 These lovers did embrace, and we must weep 730
 That there is no old power left to steep
 A quill immortal in their joyous tears.
 Long time ere silence did their anxious fears
 Question that thus it was ; long time they lay
 Fondling and kissing every doubt away ; 735
 Long time ere soft caressing sobs began
 To mellow into words, and then there ran
 Two bubbling springs of talk from their sweet lips.
 "O known Unknown ! from whom my being sips
 Such darling essence, wherefore may I not 740
 Be ever in these arms ? in this sweet spot
 Pillow my chin for ever ? ever press
 These toying hands and kiss their smooth excess ?
 Why not for ever and for ever feel
 That breath about my eyes ? Ah, thou wilt steal 745
 Away from me again, indeed, indeed—
 Thou wilt be gone away, and wilt not heed
 My lonely madness. Speak, delicious fair !
 Is—is it to be so ? No ! Who will dare
 To pluck thee from me ? And, of thine own will, 750
 Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me. Still
 Let me entwine thee surer, surer—now
 How can we part ? Elysium ! who art thou ?
 Who, that thou canst not be for ever here,
 Or lift me with thee to some starry sphere ? 755
 Enchantress ! tell me by this soft embrace,
 By the most soft completion of thy face,
 Those lips, O slippery blisses, twinkling eyes,

735-6. The draft reads 'dreaming' for 'every' and 'few' for 'soft'.

739. Compare, for mere juxtaposition of words, 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act 1, Scene v, line 141—

Too early seen unknown, and known too late !

743. The draft reads 'languid' for 'toying'.

747-8. Woodhouse notes, apparently from the draft, the variation,

And there must be a time when thou'lt not heed

My lonely madness—O delicious { maid }
 { fair }

The finished manuscript and the first edition both read 'my kindest fair !' But the version of the text is from the corrected copy.

749. In the draft, 'What will dare', and in the next line but one 'I know—I feel'.

756-7. The draft gives this couplet thus

Enchantress ! tell me by this mad embrace,
 By the moist languor of thy breathing face...

And by these tenderest, milky sovereignties—
 These tenderest, and by the nectar-wine, 760
 The passion"——"O dov'd Ida the divine!
 Endymion! dearest! Ah, unhappy me!
 His soul will 'scape us—O felicity!
 How he does love me! His poor temples beat
 To the very tune of love—how sweet, sweet, sweet. 765
 Revive, dear youth, or I shall faint and die;
 Revive, or these soft hours will hurry by
 In tranced dulness; speak, and let that spell
 Affright this lethargy! I cannot quell
 Its heavy pressure, and will press at least 770
 My lips to thine, that they may richly feast
 Until we taste the life of love again.
 What! dost thou move? dost kiss? O bliss! O pain!
 I love thee, youth, more than I can conceive;
 And so long absence from thee doth bereave 775
 My soul of any rest: yet must I hence:
 Yet, can I not to starry eminence
 Uplift thee; nor for very shame can own
 Myself to thee: Ah, dearest, do not groan
 Or thou wilt force me from this secrecy, 780
 And I must blush in heaven. O that I
 Had done 't already; that the dreadful smiles
 At my lost brightness, my impassion'd wiles,
 Had waned from Olympus' solemn height,
 And from all serious Gods; that our delight 785
 Was quite forgotten, save of us alone!
 And wherefore so asham'd? 'Tis but to atone
 For endless pleasure, by some coward blushes:

760-1. The draft has this couplet as follows—

These tenderest—and by the breath—the love
 The passion—nectar—Heaven!"—"Jove above!

The second of these lines originally stood in the finished manuscript thus—

The Passion — — — "O Ida the divine!

as if 'passion' were meant to scan as a trisyllable, as in many other cases of similar words in 'Endymion,'—'ambrosial' for instance in line 810; 'Endymion' in lines 823 and 855 of this Book; and 'intoxication' in line 502 of Book I; but Keats has inserted before 'Ida' the word 'dov'd', not 'lov'd' as in the first edition.

770. The draft reads 'yet' for 'and', and in the next line 'gainst' for 'to'.

774. Cancelled reading from the draft, 'Listen to me if Love will let me...'

782. The contraction 'done't' here is a final and deliberate intention: for although 'done it' was printed in the first edition—perhaps through Keats having puzzled the printer by writing in the manuscript 'don't'—the printed words are altered to 'done't' in the corrected copy.

783. There is a cancelled reading in the draft, 'At my dear weakness and'....

785. The draft reads 'Powers' for 'Gods' and 'my' for 'our', and in the next line but one 'But' for 'And'.

Yet must I be a coward!—Horror rushes
 Too palpable before me—the sad look 790
 Of Jove—Minerva's start—no bosom shook
 With awe of purity—no Cupid pinion
 In reverence veiled—my crystalline dominion
 Half lost, and all old hymns made nullity!
 But what is this to love? O I could fly 795
 With thee into the ken of heavenly powers,
 So thou wouldst thus, for many sequent hours,
 Press me so sweetly. Now I swear at once
 That I am wise, that Pallas is a dunce—
 Perhaps her love like mine is but unknown— 800
 O I do think that I have been alone
 In chastity: yes, Pallas has been sighing,
 While every eve saw me my hair uptying
 With fingers cool as aspen leaves. Sweet love,
 I was as vague as solitary dove, 805
 Nor knew that nests were built. Now a soft kiss—
 Aye, by that kiss, I vow an endless bliss,
 An immortality of passion's thine:
 Ere long I will exalt thee to the shine
 Of heaven ambrosial; and we will shade 810
 Ourselves whole summers by a river glade;
 And I will tell thee stories of the sky,
 And breathe thee whispers of its minstrelsy.
 My happy love will overwing all bounds!
 O let me melt into thee; let the sounds 815

789. In place of 'Horror' the draft reads first 'The thing', then 'The idea'. In the finished manuscript the original reading was 'the horror'; but 'the' is struck out. In the first edition the word was printed 'Honour', which word Keats habitually spelt without the *u*, so that in his writing 'horror' and 'honor' are almost if not quite identical. The correction is made in the copy in my possession; but it is not made in Woodhouse's copy though it appears in the longer list of errata found in some copies. Woodhouse's has only the single-erratum page.

793. In the first edition (and as far as I know all others) 'veiled', but 'vailed' in the manuscript, which is obviously right.

796. The draft reads 'starry' for 'heavenly'.

800. In the draft,

Does Pallas self not love? she must—she must!

807. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'swear' for 'vow'.

813-14. The draft has these two lines thus—

And breathe thee empyrean minstrelsy.

O my mad love

My maddened love } will overwing all bounds!

815-29. This passage varies considerably in detail from what was originally written in the draft:—

let the sounds

Of both our voices marry at their birth;

Of our close voices marry at their birth ;
 Let us entwine hoveringly—O dearth
 Of human words ! roughness of mortal speech !
 Lispings empyrean will I sometime teach
 Thine honied tongue—lute-breathings, which I gasp 820
 To have thee understand, now while I clasp
 Thee thus, and weep for fondness—I am pain'd,
 Endymion : woe ! woe ! is grief contain'd
 In the very deeps of pleasure, my sole life ?"—
 Hereat, with many sobs, her gentle strife 825
 Melted into a languor. He return'd
 Entranced vows and tears.

Ye who have yearn'd

With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
 For the mere sake of truth ; as 'tis a ditty
 Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told 830
 By a cavern wind unto a forest old ;
 And then the forest told it in a dream
 To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
 A poet caught as he was journeying
 To Phœbus' shrine ; and in it he did fling 835
 His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,
 And after, straight in that inspired place
 He sang the story up into the air,
 Giving it universal freedom. There
 Has it been ever sounding for those ears 840

Let us entwine inextricably—O dearth
 Of mortal words ! I'll teach thee other speech ;
 Lispings immortal will I sometime teach
 Thine honied tongue—Gold-breathings, which I gasp
 To have thee understand, now while I clasp
 Thee thus, and shed these { tears } —I am pain'd,
 { drops }
 Endymion. There is a grief contain'd
 In the very shrine of pleasure, O my life !"
 Hereat with fainting sobs her gentle strife
 Died into passive languor—he return'd
 No answer, saving tears.—Ye who have burn'd
 With over passion, here exclaim and pity
 Even for the sake of truth ;...

It is perhaps worth while to note the correspondence of thought between the utterance here given to Diana on the subject of the "grief contain'd in the very deeps of pleasure," and that wonderful line of Keats's in the Homer sonnet of 1818,

There is a budding morrow in midnight.

831. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'Cavern's Mouth' for 'cavern wind'.

833. The draft reads 'slumbering' for 'sleeping'.

Whose tips are glowing hot. The legend cheers
 Yon centinel stars ; and he who listens to it
 Must surely be self-doom'd or he will rue it :
 For quenchless burnings come upon the heart,
 Made fiercer by a fear lest any part 845
 Should be engulfed in the eddying wind.
 As much as here is penn'd doth always find
 A resting place, thus much comes clear and plain ;
 Anon the strange voice is upon the wane—
 And 'tis but echo'd from departing sound, 850
 That the fair visitant at last unwound
 Her gentle limbs, and left the youth asleep.—
 Thus the tradition of the gusty deep.

Now turn we to our former chroniclers.—
 Endymion awoke, that grief of hers 855
 Sweet paining on his ear : he sickly guess'd
 How lone he was once more, and sadly press'd
 His empty arms together, hung his head,
 And most forlorn upon that widow'd bed
 Sat silently. Love's madness he had known : 860
 Often with more than tortured lion's groan
 Moanings had burst from him ; but now that rage
 Had pass'd away : no longer did he wage
 A rough-voic'd war against the dooming stars.
 No, he had felt too much for such harsh jars : 865
 The lyre of his soul Æolian tun'd

841. Compare Milton's 'Lycidas'—

But not the praise,
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;...

849-50. The draft reads—

But after the strange voice is on the wane—
 And 'tis but guess'd from the departing sound,

and in the next line but one 'prison'd' for 'gentle'. The two lines as written in the draft make it more absolutely clear than the two lines as printed that the departure of Diana is divined from the faintly sounding close of the story to which the poet gave voice. The birth of this tale out-does in imaginative delicacy the account of the "sleepy music" in this Book (lines 358 to 363), though that exceeds this in compactness.

858. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'in' for 'on'.

860. The draft reads 'Patiently sat' for 'Sat silently'.

862. In the draft, this line began with the word 'Passion'; and 'Complaints' and 'Plainings' were in turn struck out of the finished manuscript before the word of the text, 'Moanings', was arrived at.

865. The draft gives the line—

No, he { was } too divine for such harsh jars.
 { felt }

866. In the first edition 'Eolian'. Keats meant to use the diphthong; but in the manuscript he put the wrong one, 'Æ.'

Forgot all violence, and but commun'd
 With melancholy thought : O he had swoon'd
 Drunken from pleasure's nipple ; and his love
 Henceforth was dove-like.—Loth was he to move 870
 From the imprinted couch, and when he did,
 'Twas with slow, languid paces, and face hid
 In muffling hands. So temper'd, out he stray'd
 Half seeing visions that might have dismay'd
 Alecto's serpents ; ravishments more keen 875
 Than Hermes' pipe, when anxious he did lean
 Over eclipsing eyes : and at the last
 It was a sounding grotto, vaulted, vast,
 O'er studded with a thousand, thousand pearls,
 And crimson mouthed shells with stubborn curls, 880
 Of every shape and size, even to the bulk
 In which whales harbour close, to brood and sulk
 Against an endless storm. Moreover too,
 Fish-semblances, of green and azure hue,
 Ready to snort their streams. In this cool wonder 885
 Endymion sat down, and 'gan to ponder
 On all his life : his youth, up to the day
 When 'mid acclaim, and feasts, and garlands gay,
 He stept upon his shepherd throne : the look
 Of his white palace in wild forest nook, 890
 And all the revels he had lorded there :
 Each tender maiden whom he once thought fair,
 With every friend and fellow-woodlander—

868. The draft reads 'With thoughts of tenderest birth'.

870-1. In the draft, thus—

Scarcely could he move
 From the dear couch.

873. The draft reads 'In muffling arms', and in the next line 'Scarce seeing wonders'.

876. The words 'those of' are cancelled in the finished manuscript before 'Hermes's' (not *Hermes*). The story of Argus seems to have impressed Keats vividly : see his sonnet, 'As Hermes once took to his feathers light.' Probably this vivid impression was derived from Cary's Dante (Purgatory, Canto xxxii), which he certainly read attentively, and on the fly-leaf of which, by the bye, he wrote that very sonnet. He may also have known the story in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' (Book I).

878. The draft reads 'He found' for 'It was'.

879. 'And' is here cancelled in favour of 'O'er' in the finished manuscript.

880. In the draft—

And shells outswelling their faint tinged curls.

881. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'hue' for 'shape'.

882. In the finished manuscript and in the first edition 'arbour'; but, although this might have a very far-fetched sense, I do not think it would be justifiable to restore the reading.

884. The draft reads 'green and golden hue'.

Pass'd like a dream before him. Then the spur
 Of the old bards to mighty deeds : his plans 895
 To nurse the golden age 'mong shepherd clans :
 That wondrous night : the great Pan-festival :
 His sister's sorrow ; and his wanderings all,
 Until into the earth's deep maw he rush'd :
 Then all its buried magic, till it flush'd 900
 High with excessive love. "And now," thought he,
 "How long must I remain in jeopardy
 Of blank amazements that amaze no more ?
 Now I have tasted her sweet soul to the core
 All other depths are shallow : essences, 905
 Once spiritual, are like muddy lees,
 Meant but to fertilize my earthly root,
 And make my branches lift a golden fruit
 Into the bloom of heaven : other light,
 Though it be quick and sharp enough to blight 910
 The Olympian eagle's vision, is dark,
 Dark as the parentage of chaos. Hark !
 My silent thoughts are echoing from these shells ;
 Or they are but the ghosts, the dying swells
 Of noises far away ?—list !"—Hereupon 915
 He kept an anxious ear. The humming tone
 Came louder, and behold, there as he lay,
 On either side outgush'd, with misty spray,
 A copious spring ; and both together dash'd
 Swift, mad, fantastic round the rocks, and lash'd 920
 Among the conchs and shells of the lofty grot,
 Leaving a trickling dew. At last they shot
 Down from the ceiling's height, pouring a noise
 As of some breathless racers whose hopes poize
 Upon the last few steps, and with spent force 925
 Along the ground they took a winding course.
 Endymion follow'd—for it seem'd that one
 Ever pursu'd, the other strove to shun—
 Follow'd their languid mazes, till well nigh

895. The draft reads 'minstrelsy' instead of 'the old bards'.

897. Cancelled readings from the draft—

That wondrous night that wean'd him...

That wondrous night : great Pan's high festival.

899. The draft reads 'dim' for 'deep'.

907. The draft reads first 'Made' and then 'Sent' for 'Meant', and in the next line 'their ripen'd fruit'.

914. This line was written in the draft—

Or they are subtlest and dying swells.

917. The word 'still' is struck out of the finished manuscript after 'louder'.

920. This line ends with 'splash'd' in the draft.

He had left thinking of the mystery,— 930
 And was now rapt in tender hoverings
 Over the vanish'd bliss. Ah! what is it sings
 His dream away? What melodies are these?
 They sound as through the whispering of trees,
 Not native in such barren vaults. Give ear! 935

“O Arethusa, peerless nymph! why fear
 Such tenderness as mine? Great Dian, why,
 Why didst thou hear her prayer? O that I
 Were rippling round her dainty fairness now,
 Circling about her waist, and striving how 940
 To entice her to a dive! then stealing in
 Between her luscious lips and eyelids thin.
 O that her shining hair was in the sun,
 And I distilling from it thence to run
 In amorous rillets down her shrinking form! 945
 To linger on her lilly shoulders, warm
 Between her kissing breasts, and every charm
 Touch raptur'd!—See how painfully I flow:
 Fair maid, be pitiful to my great woe.
 Stay, stay thy weary course, and let me lead, 950
 A happy wooer, to the flowery mead
 Where all that beauty snar'd me.”—“Cruel god,
 Desist! or my offended mistress' nod
 Will stagnate all thy fountains:—tease me not
 With syren words—Ah, have I really got 955
 Such power to madden thee? And is it true—
 Away, away, or I shall dearly rue
 My very thoughts: in mercy then away,
 Kindest Alpheus, for should I obey
 My own dear will, 'twould be a deadly bane. 960

932. In the draft, this line began with 'O'er past and future' The finished manuscript reads 'is't' for 'is it'.

945. The draft reads—

Amorous and slow adown her shrinking form!

947-9. These three lines stood thus in the draft—

About her { pouting } breasts, and every charm
 { budding }

Kiss, raptur'd, even to her milky toes.

O foolish maid be gentle to my woes.

952. The draft reads 'slew' for 'snar'd'.

954. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'waters' for 'fountains'.

960. In the first edition Arethusa's speech is closed at the end of this line, and taken up again at 'Alas, I burn', in line 363, the intermediate portion being separated from it by independent marks of quotation, as if spoken by Alpheus; but in the manuscript the one speech extends from 'Cruel God' (952) to 'cruel thing' (975); and this obviously correct arrangement is restored in the copy revised by Keats.

The channels where my coolest waters flow
 Through mossy rocks ; where, 'mid exuberant green,
 I roam in pleasant darkness, more unseen
 Than Saturn in his exile ; where I brim
 Round flowery islands, and take thence a skim 995
 Of mealy sweets, which myriads of bees
 Buzz from their honey'd wings : and thou shouldst please
 Thyself to choose the richest, where we might
 Be incense-pillow'd every summer night.
 Doff all sad fears, thou white deliciousness, 1000
 And let us be thus comforted ; unless
 Thou couldst rejoice to see my hopeless stream
 Hurry distracted from Sol's temperate beam,
 And pour to death along some hungry sands."—
 "What can I do, Alpheus ? Dian stands 1005
 Severe before me : persecuting fate !
 Unhappy Arethusa ! thou wast late
 A huntress free in"—At this, sudden fell
 Those two sad streams adown a fearful dell.
 The Latmian listen'd, but he heard no more, 1010
 Save echo, faint repeating o'er and o'er
 The name of Arethusa. On the verge
 Of that dark gulph he wept, and said : "I urge
 Thee, gentle Goddess of my pilgrimage,
 By our eternal hopes, to soothe, to assuage, 1015
 If thou art powerful, these lovers' pains ;
 And make them happy in some happy plains."

He turn'd—there was a whelming sound—he stept,
 There was a cooler light ; and so he kept
 Towards it by a sandy path, and lo ! 1020
 More suddenly than doth a moment go,
 The visions of the earth were gone and fled—
 He saw the giant sea above his head.

and the finished manuscript,

About Arcadian Forests ; and I will shew...

Probably Keats meant to cancel 'I' ; and it does not appear in his printed edition.

996. The draft reads 'powdery' for 'mealy'.

997. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'Shake' for 'Buzz'.

998. In the draft, 'choose the freshest'.

1004. The draft reads 'along hot Afric's sands', and in the next line but one 'cruel, cruel fate !'.

1016. 'Lovers' in the manuscript and in the first edition, without the apostrophe ; and the speech is not closed with a mark of quotation in either.

1017. The draft reads 'their native plains'.

1020. Cancelled reading of the finished manuscript, 'scanty' for 'sandy'.

ENDYMION.

BOOK III.

THERE are who lord it o'er their fellow-men
With most prevailing tinsel : who unpen
Their baaing vanities, to browse away
The comfortable green and juicy hay
From human pastures ; or, O torturing fact !
Who, through an idiot blink, will see unpack'd
Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe
Our gold and ripe-ear'd hopes. With not one tinge
Of sanctuary splendour, not a sight
Able to face an owl's, they still are dight
By the blear-ey'd nations in empurpled vests,
And crowns, and turbans. With unladen breasts,
Save of blown self-applause, they proudly mount
To their spirit's perch, their being's high account,
Their tiptop nothings, their dull skies, their thrones—
Amid the fierce intoxicating tones
Of trumpets, shoutings, and belabour'd drums,
And sudden cannon. Ah ! how all this hums,
In wakeful ears, like uproar past and gone—
Like thunder clouds that spake to Babylon,
And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks.—
Are then regalities all gilded masks ?
No, there are throned seats unscalable
But by a patient wing, a constant spell,
Or by ethereal things that, unconfin'd,
Can make a ladder of the eternal wind,

1. Woodhouse notes that "Keats said, with much simplicity, 'It will be easily seen what I think of the present ministers, by the beginning of the third Book.'" Perhaps the Quarterly Reviewer had heard of that simple saying.

5. The draft reads 'O devilish fact!'—and in the next line 'with' for 'through'.

19. The draft has 'almost' in place of 'past and'.

21-3. The following rejected reading is from the draft :

And set these old Chaldeans to their work.—
Are then all regal things so gone, so murk ?
No there are other thrones to mount.

And poize about in cloudy thunder-tents
 To watch the abysm-birth of elements.
 Aye, 'bove the withering of old-lipp'd Fate
 A thousand Powers keep religious state, 30
 In water, fiery realm, and airy bourne ;
 And, silent as a consecrated urn,
 Hold spherey sessions for a season due.
 Yet few of these far majesties, ah, few !
 Have bar'd their operations to this globe— 35
 Few, who with gorgeous pageantry enrobe
 Our piece of heaven—whose benevolence
 Shakes hand with our own Ceres ; every sense
 Filling with spiritual sweets to plenitude,
 As bees gorge full their cells. And, by the feud 40
 'Twixt Nothing and Creation, I here swear,
 Eterne Apollo ! that thy Sister fair
 Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
 When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
 She unobserved steals unto her throne, 45
 And there she sits most meek and most alone ;
 As if she had not pomp subservient ;
 As if thine eye, high Poet ! was not bent
 Towards her with the Muses in thine heart ;
 As if the ministring stars kept not apart, 50
 Waiting for silver-footed messages.

31-2. The draft yields the rejected couplet—

In the several vastnesses of air and fire ;
 And silent, as a corpse upon a pyre.

34. The draft reads

How few of these far majesties, how few !

38-9. These two lines stood thus in the draft—

Salutes our native Ceres—{ and each } sense
 { every }
 With spiritual honey fills to plenitude...

41. At the end of this line Keats wrote in the original draft, as if to localize the oath he was recording, "Oxford, Sept. 5."

42. The word 'eterne' seems to be another reminiscence of Spenser : see 'Faerie Queene,' Book III, Canto vi, Stanza 47 :

Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,...

44. The draft reads—

When thy gold hair falls thick about the west.

49. The draft has 'Upon' in place of 'Towards'.

50. This attribution of an active life of ministration to the stars is a recurrence of the idea in Book II, lines 184-5—

by all the stars
 That tend thy bidding...

O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
 Feel palpitations when thou lookest in :
 O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
 The while they feel thine airy fellowship. 55
 Thou dost bless every where, with silver lip
 Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
 Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine :
 Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
 Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes ; 60
 And yet thy benediction passeth not
 One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
 Where pleasure may be sent : the nested wren
 Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
 And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf 65
 Takes glimpses of thee ; thou art a relief
 To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
 Within its pearly house.—The mighty deeps,
 The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea !
 O Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee, 70
 And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

Cynthia! where art thou now? What far abode
 Of green or silvery bower doth enshrine

52. In the draft,

Waiting the oldest shadows { 'mong } old trees.
 of }

56-7. The draft reads—

Thou dost bless all things—even dead things sip
 A midnight life from thee.

63. In the draft, 'wrought' for 'sent'; and in the next line there is the cancelled reading, 'Quiet behind dark ivy leaves'...

69. The draft reads—

The monstrous sea is thine—the monstrous sea !

70. In the draft 'old' occurs in place of 'far'. The word 'spooming' for *spuming*, though not ordinarily found in dictionaries, was quite in Keats's line of reading. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher in 'The Double Marriage' (Act II, Scene i) have

Down with the foresail too, we'll spoom before her.

Dryden, in 'The Hind and the Panther,' has

When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale
 My heaving wishes help to fill the sail.

And Brooke, in 'Constantia,' has

The wind fresh blowing from the Syrian shore
 Swift through the floods her spooming vessel bore.

71. In the manuscript and in the corrected copy, 'his'; but 'her' was printed in the first edition, and corrected as an *erratum*,—the only one in some copies. The mistake arose through a pencilled marginal suggestion made in the printer's copy, not in Keats's writing.

Such utmost beauty? Alas, thou dost pine
 For one as sorrowful : thy cheek is pale 75
 For one whose cheek is pale : thou dost bewail
 His tears, who weeps for thee. Where dost thou sigh?
 Ah ! surely that light peeps from Vesper's eye,
 Or what a thing is love ! 'Tis She, but lo !
 How chang'd, how full of ache, how gone in woe ! 80
 She dies at the thinnest cloud ; her loveliness
 Is wan on Neptune's blue : yet there's a stress
 Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,
 Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
 The curly foam with amorous influence. 85
 O, not so idle : for down-glancing thence
 She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about
 O'erwhelming water-courses ; scaring out
 The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning
 Their savage eyes with unaccustom'd lightning. 90
 Where will the splendour be content to reach?
 O love ! how potent hast thou been to teach
 Strange journeyings ! Wherever beauty dwells,
 In gulph or aerie, mountains or deep dells,
 In light, in gloom, in star or blazing sun, 95
 Thou pointest out the way, and straight 'tis won.
 Amid his toil thou gav'st Leander breath ;
 Thou leddest Orpheus through the gleams of death ;
 Thou madest Pluto bear thin element ;
 And now, O winged Chieftain ! thou hast sent 100
 A moon-beam to the deep, deep water-world,
 To find Endymion.

74. Cancelled reading of the draft, 'Thine' for 'Such'.

77-8. In the draft there was a false rhyme here, seen and remedied in copying out :

Where art thou Ah
 Surely that light is from the Evening star...

86-7. The draft shows more than one tentative for this passage, thus :

Nor { stays it } the idleness—but glancing thence...
 Nor { there sleeps }
 Nor cradled idly—but down glancing thence...
 Yet not so idle—for down glancing thence
 It mingles and starts about unfathomed...

89-90. In the draft this couplet reads—

Enormous sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning
 The whale's large eyes with unaccustomed lightning.

94-5. The draft reads thus—

In air, or living flame—or magic shells,
 In earth, or mist, in star or blazing sun,...

On gold sand impearl'd
 With lilly shells, and pebbles milky white,
 Poor Cynthia greeted him, and sooth'd her light
 Against his pallid face : he felt the charm 105
 To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm
 Of his heart's blood : 'twas very sweet ; he stay'd
 His wandering steps, and half-entranced laid
 His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds,
 To taste the gentle moon, and freshening beads, 110
 Lash'd from the crystal roof by fishes' tails.
 And so he kept, until the rosy veils
 Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand
 Were lifted from the water's breast, and fann'd
 Into sweet air ; and sober'd morning came 115
 Meekly through billows :—when like taper-flame
 Left sudden by a dallying breath of air,
 He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare
 Along his fated way.

Far had he roam'd,
 With nothing save the hollow vast, that foam'd, 120
 Above, around, and at his feet ; save things
 More dead than Morpheus' imaginings :
 Old rusted anchors, helmets, breast-plates large
 Of gone sea-warriors ; brazen beaks and targe ;
 Rudders that for a hundred years had lost 125
 The sway of human hand ; gold vase emboss'd
 With long-forgotten story, and wherein
 No reveller had ever dipp'd a chin
 But those of Saturn's vintage ; mouldering scrolls,
 Writ in the tongue of heaven, by those souls 130
 Who first were on the earth ; and sculptures rude
 In ponderous stone, developing the mood
 Of ancient Nox ;—then skeletons of man,
 Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan,
 And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw 135
 Of nameless monster. A cold leaden awe
 These secrets struck into him ; and unless
 Dian had chac'd away that heaviness,
 He might have di'd : but now, with cheered feel,
 He onward kept ; wooing these thoughts to steal 140
 About the labyrinth in his soul of love.

“What is there in thee, Moon ! that thou shouldst move
 My heart so potently ? When yet a child

123. In the draft, 'revellers' for 'reveller'.

140. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'went' for 'kept'.

I oft have dry'd my tears when thou hast smil'd.
 Thou seem'dst my sister : hand in hand we went 145
 From eve to morn across the firmament.
 No apples would I gather from the tree,
 Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously :
 No tumbling water ever spake romance,
 But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance : 150
 No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
 Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine :
 In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take,
 Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake ;
 And, in the summer tide of blossoming, 155
 No one but thee hath heard me blythly sing
 And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
 No melody was like a passing spright
 If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
 Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain 160
 By thee were fashion'd to the self-same end ;
 And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
 With all my ardours : thou wast the deep glen ;
 Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
 The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun ; 165
 Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won ;
 Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
 My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed :—
 Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon !
 O what a wild and harmonized tune 170
 My spirit struck from all the beautiful !
 On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
 Myself to immortality : I prest
 Nature's soft pillow in a wakeful rest.
 But, gentle Orb ! there came a nearer bliss— 175
 My strange love came—Felicity's abyss !
 She came, and thou didst fade, and fade away—
 Yet not entirely ; no, thy starry sway
 Has been an under-passion to this hour.

150. The draft reads 'soul' in place of 'eyes'.

156. This line affords a curious instance of waywardness in the matter of spelling: the last word but one is 'blithly' in the first edition, 'blythly' in the finished manuscript, and, *vide* Woodhouse, 'blithely' in the draft. In Book I, line 939, the cognate adjective is spelt with a *y*, both in the manuscript and in the first edition; so that it is to be presumed that Keats really preferred this orthography, which is that adopted in 'Piers Plowman.'

159. The draft yields the readings 'flew' and 'sought' in place of 'went'.

163. Instead of 'topmost' the draft has 'highest'.

170. In the draft, 'harmonizing', and in the next line the alternative readings 'sung' and 'made' for 'struck'.

176. The draft reads 'dear pleasure's own abyss' for 'Felicity's abyss'.

Now I begin to feel thine orby power 180
 Is coming fresh upon me : O be kind,
 Keep back thine influence, and do not blind
 My sovereign vision.—Dearest love, forgive
 That I can think away from thee and live !—
 Pardon me, airy planet, that I prize 185
 One thought beyond thine argent luxuries !
 How far beyond !” At this a surpris’d start
 Frosted the springing verdure of his heart ;
 For as he lifted up his eyes to swear
 How his own goddess was past all things fair, 190
 He saw far in the concave green of the sea
 An old man sitting calm and peacefully.
 Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
 And his white hair was awful, and a mat
 Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet ; 195
 And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,
 A cloak of blue wrapp’d up his aged bones,
 O’erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans
 Of ambitious magic : every ocean-form
 Was woven in with black distinctness ; storm, 200
 And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar,
 Quicksand, and whirlpool, and deserted shore,
 Were emblem’d in the woof ; with every shape
 That skims, or dives, or sleeps, ’twixt cape and cape.
 The gulping whale was like a dot in the spell, 205
 Yet look upon it, and ’twould size and swell
 To its huge self ; and the minutest fish
 Would pass the very hardest gazer’s wish,
 And show his little eye’s anatomy.
 Then there was pictur’d the regality 210
 Of Neptune ; and the sea nymphs round his state,
 In beauteous vassalage, look up and wait.
 Beside this old man lay a pearly wand,
 And in his lap a book, the which he conn’d

180. The draft reads ‘orbed’ for ‘orby’.

183. In the draft, instead of ‘My sovereign vision’, we read ‘The vision of my Love’.

188. In the draft thus—

Blighted the
 Stemm’d quick the } flowing river of his heart.

201. This line stands rhymeless in the finished manuscript, as in the printed text of the first edition ; but in the original draft occurs the fellow line now restored to the text. Its omission was clearly an error of transcription, which poet, publisher, and printer alike failed to discover.

206. In the draft—

Yet look upon it long, twould grow and swell...

So stedfastly, that the new denizen 215
 Had time to keep him in amazed ken,
 To mark these shadowings, and stand in awe.

The old man rais'd his hoary head and saw
 The wilder'd stranger—seeming not to see,
 His features were so lifeless. Suddenly 220
 He woke as from a trance ; his snow-white brows
 Went arching up, and like two magic ploughs
 Furrow'd deep wrinkles in his forehead large,
 Which kept as fixedly as rocky marge,
 Till round his wither'd lips had gone a smile. 225
 Then up he rose, like one whose tedious toil
 Had watch'd for years in forlorn hermitage,
 Who had not from mid-life to utmost age
 Eas'd in one accent his o'er-burden'd soul,
 Even to the trees. He rose : he grasp'd his stole, 230
 With convuls'd clenches waving it abroad,
 And in a voice of solemn joy, that aw'd
 Echo into oblivion, he said :—

“Thou art the man ! Now shall I lay my head
 In peace upon my watery pillow : now 235
 Sleep will come smoothly to my weary brow.
 O Jove ! I shall be young again, be young !
 O shell-borne Neptune, I am pierc'd and stung
 With new-born life ! What shall I do ? Where go,
 When I have cast this serpent-skin of woe ?— 240
 I'll swim to the syrens, and one moment listen
 Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten ;
 Anon upon that giant's arm I'll be,
 That writhes about the roots of Sicily :
 To northern seas I'll in a twinkling sail, 245
 And mount upon the snortings of a whale
 To some black cloud ; thence down I'll madly sweep
 On forked lightning, to the deepest deep,
 Where through some sucking pool I will be hurl'd
 With rapture to the other side of the world ! 250
 O, I am full of gladness ! Sisters three,
 I bow full hearted to your old decree !
 Yes, every god be thank'd, and power benign,

226. The draft reads 'studious' for 'tedious'.

230. In the finished manuscript, 'Not even',—*Not* being however crossed rough with a pencil.

240. Cancelled manuscript reading, 'Now' for 'When'.

244. It is not clear whether the reference is to Briareus or to Enceladus, since both were supposed to have been imprisoned under Mount Etna.

For I no more shall wither, droop, and pine.
 Thou art the man!" Endymion started back 255
 Dismay'd; and, like a wretch from whom the rack
 Tortures hot breath, and speech of agony,
 Mutter'd: "What lonely death am I to die
 In this cold region? Will he let me freeze,
 And float my brittle limbs o'er polar seas? 260
 Or will he touch me with his searing hand,
 And leave a black memorial on the sand?
 Or tear me piece-meal with a bony saw,
 And keep me as a chosen food to draw
 His magian fish through hated fire and flame? 265
 O misery of hell! resistless, tame,
 Am I to be burnt up? No, I will shout,
 Until the gods through heaven's blue look out!—
 O Tartarus! but some few days ago
 Her soft arms were entwining me, and on 270
 Her voice I hung like fruit among green leaves:
 Her lips were all my own, and—ah, ripe sheaves
 Of happiness! ye on the stubble droop,
 But never may be garner'd. I must stoop
 My head, and kiss death's foot. Love! love, farewell! 275
 Is there no hope from thee? This horrid spell
 Would melt at thy sweet breath.—By Dian's hind
 Feeding from her white fingers, on the wind
 I see thy streaming hair! and now, by Pan,
 I care not for this old mysterious man!" 280

He spake, and walking to that aged form,
 Look'd high defiance. Lo! his heart 'gan warm
 With pity, for the grey-hair'd creature wept.
 Had he then wrong'd a heart where sorrow kept?
 Had he, though blindly contumelious, brought 285
 Rheum to kind eyes, a sting to humane thought,
 Convulsion to a mouth of many years?
 He had in truth; and he was ripe for tears.
 The penitent shower fell, as down he knelt
 Before that care-worn sage, who trembling felt 290
 About his large dark locks, and faltering spake:

"Arise, good youth, for sacred Phœbus' sake!
 I know thine inmost bosom, and I feel

266. In the draft, 'Oh hell' for 'of hell'.

269. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'hours' for 'days', and in the next line but one, 'lips' for 'voice'.

286. In the finished manuscript, 'humane': in the first edition 'human', which must surely be an error undiscovered by Keats.

291. The draft reads, haltingly, 'The youths' in place of 'About his'.

A very brother's yearning for thee steal
 Into mine own : for why? thou openest 295
 The prison gates that have so long oppress
 My weary watching. Though thou know'st it not,
 Thou art commission'd to this fated spot
 For great enfranchisement. O weep no more ;
 I am a friend to love, to loves of yore : 300
 Aye, hadst thou never lov'd an unknown power,
 I had been grieving at this joyous hour.
 But even now most miserable old,
 I saw thee, and my blood no longer cold
 Gave mighty pulses : in this tottering case 305
 Grew a new heart, which at this moment plays
 As dancingly as thine. Be not afraid,
 For thou shalt hear this secret all display'd,
 Now as we speed towards our joyous task."

So saying, this young soul in age's mask 310
 Went forward with the Carian side by side :
 Resuming quickly thus ; while ocean's tide
 Hung swollen at their backs, and jewel'd sands
 Took silently their foot-prints.

" My soul stands
 Now past the midway from mortality, 315
 And so I can prepare without a sigh
 To tell thee briefly all my joy and pain.
 I was a fisher once, upon this main,
 And my boat danc'd in every creek and bay ;
 Rough billows were my home by night and day,— 320
 The sea-gulls not more constant ; for I had
 No housing from the storm and tempests mad,
 But hollow rocks,—and they were palaces
 Of silent happiness, of slumberous ease :
 Long years of misery have told me so. 325
 Aye, thus it was one thousand years ago.
 One thousand years !—Is it then possible
 To look so plainly through them? to dispel
 A thousand years with backward glance sublime?
 To breathe away as 'twere all scummy slime 330
 From off a crystal pool, to see its deep,
 And one's own image from the bottom peep?

294. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'father's' for 'brother's'.

307. The draft reads 'As youthfully as thine'.

309. In the draft, 'The while we speed...'

329. For this line the draft has—

At one glance back the mistiness of time?

Yes : now I am no longer wretched thrall,
 My long captivity and moanings all
 Are but a slime, a thin-pervading scum,
 The which I breathe away, and thronging come
 Like things of yesterday my youthful pleasures.

335

" I touch'd no lute, I sang not, trod no measures :
 I was a lonely youth on desert shores.

My sports were lonely, 'mid continuous roars,
 And craggy isles, and sea-mew's plaintive cry
 Plaining discrepant between sea and sky.

340

Dolphins were still my playmates ; shapes unseen
 Would let me feel their scales of gold and green,
 Nor be my desolation ; and, full oft,

345

When a dread waterspout had rear'd aloft
 Its hungry hugeness, seeming ready ripe
 To burst with hoarsest thunderings, and wipe

My life away like a vast sponge of fate,
 Some friendly monster, pitying my sad state,
 Has div'd to its foundations, gulph'd it down,
 And left me tossing safely. But the crown

350

Of all my life was utmost quietude :

More did I love to lie in cavern rude,
 Keeping in wait whole days for Neptune's voice,
 And if it came at last, hark, and rejoice !

355

There blush'd no summer eve but I would steer
 My skiff along green shelving coasts, to hear
 The shepherd's pipe come clear from aery steep,
 Mingled with ceaseless bleatings of his sheep :

360

And never was a day of summer shine,

But I beheld its birth upon the brine :

For I would watch all night to see unfold

Heaven's gates, and Æthon snort his morning gold

Wide o'er the swelling streams : and constantly

365

At brim of day-tide, on some grassy lea,

My nets would be spread out, and I at rest.

337. The draft reads 'my first youth's pleasures'.

342. The draft reads 'twixt the sea and sky' ; and the finished manuscript reads 'atween' for 'between'.

353. In the finished manuscript, 'tip-top' instead of 'utmost'.

358. In the finished manuscript, 'coast', not 'coasts'.

364. See Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' Book II (Sandys's Translation) :

Meane while the Sunnes swift Horses, hot *Pyroüs*,
 Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eöus*,
 Neighing alowd, inflame the Ayre with heat ;
 And, with their thundering hooves, the barriers beate.

367. Cancelled manuscript reading 'outspread' for 'spread out'.

The poor folk of the sea-country I blest
 With daily boon of fish most delicate :
 They knew not whence this bounty, and elate
 Would strew sweet flowers on a sterile beach. 370

“Why was I not contented? Wherefore reach
 At things which, but for thee, O Latmian !
 Had been my dreary death? Fool ! I began
 To feel distemper’d longings : to desire 375
 The utmost privilege that ocean’s sire
 Could grant in benediction : to be free
 Of all his kingdom. Long in misery
 I wasted, ere in one extremest fit
 I plung’d for life or death. To interknit 380
 One’s senses with so dense a breathing stuff
 Might seem a work of pain ; so not enough
 Can I admire how crystal-smooth it felt,
 And buoyant round my limbs. At first I dwelt
 Whole days and days in sheer astonishment ; 385
 Forgetful utterly of self-intent ;
 Moving but with the mighty ebb and flow.
 Then, like a new fledg’d bird that first doth show
 His spreaded feathers to the morrow chill,
 I try’d in fear the pinions of my will. 390
 ’Twas freedom ! and at once I visited
 The ceaseless wonders of this ocean-bed.
 No need to tell thee of them, for I see
 That thou hast been a witness—it must be—
 For these I know thou canst not feel a drouth, 395
 By the melancholy corners of that mouth.
 So I will in my story straightway pass
 To more immediate matter. Woe, alas !
 That love should be my bane ! Ah, Scylla fair !
 Why did poor Glaucus ever—ever dare 400
 To sue thee to his heart? Kind stranger-youth !
 I lov’d her to the very white of truth,
 And she would not conceive it. Timid thing !
 She fled me swift as sea-bird on the wing,
 Round every isle, and point, and promontory, 405

377. In the finished manuscript the word ‘become’ stands cancelled between
 to’ and ‘be’.

395. The draft gives this line thus—

For such a drink thou canst not feel a drouth,...

he thought of the melancholy expression of the mouth of one who has seen
 ceaseless wonders” is probably allusive to the portrait of Dante, foremost of all
 holders of “ceaseless wonders.”

From where large Hercules wound up his story
 Far as Egyptian Nile. My passion grew
 The more, the more I saw her dainty hue
 Gleam delicately through the azure clear :
 Until 'twas too fierce agony to bear ; 410
 And in that agony, across my grief
 It flash'd, that Circe might find some relief—
 Cruel enchantress ! So above the water
 I rear'd my head, and look'd for Phœbus' daughter.
 Ææa's isle was wondering at the moon :— 415
 It seem'd to whirl around me, and a swoon
 Left me dead-drifting to that fatal power.

“ When I awoke, 'twas in a twilight bower ;
 Just when the light of morn, with hum of bees,
 Stole through its verdurous matting of fresh trees. 420
 How sweet, and sweeter ! for I heard a lyre,
 And over it a sighing voice expire.
 It ceas'd—I caught light footsteps ; and anon
 The fairest face that morn e'er look'd upon
 Push'd through a screen of roses. Starry Jove ! 425
 With tears, and smiles, and honey-words she wove
 A net whose thralldom was more bliss than all
 The range of flower'd Elysium. Thus did fall
 The dew of her rich speech : “ Ah ! Art awake ?
 “ O let me hear thee speak, for Cupid's sake ! 430
 “ I am so oppress'd with joy ! Why, I have shed
 “ An urn of tears, as though thou wert cold dead ;
 “ And now I find thee living, I will pour
 “ From these devoted eyes their silver store,
 “ Until exhausted of the latest drop, 435
 “ So it will pleasure thee, and force thee stop

406. Whether the reference is to the Pillars of Hercules, the confluence of the Mediterranean and Atlantic, or to the scene of the Death of Hercules, is not very clear ; but probably ‘wound up his story’ refers rather to his last labour than to his death on Mount Ceta.

412. In the draft, ‘might afford relief’.

415. The draft reads ‘looking’ for ‘wondering’.

417. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, ‘towards’ for ‘to’.

419. The draft reads ‘What time’ for ‘Just when’.

421-2. Cancelled reading of the manuscript—

How sweet to me ! and then I heard a Lyre
 With which a sighing voice.

425. The draft reads ‘Mighty’ for ‘Starry’.

429. The inverted commas before each line of this speech, to mark it as one speech within another, are in the manuscript, but not in the first edition, though carefully inserted in the corrected copy in my possession.

432. The draft reads ‘as if’ for ‘as though’.

436. In the draft, ‘would’ in place of ‘will’.

"Here, that I too may live : but if beyond
 "Such cool and sorrowful offerings, thou are fond
 "Of soothing warmth, of dalliance supreme ;
 "If thou art ripe to taste a long love dream ; 440
 "If smiles, if dimples, tongues for ardour mute,
 "Hang in thy vision like a tempting fruit,
 "O let me pluck it for thee." Thus she link'd
 Her charming syllables, till indistinct
 Their music came to my o'er-sweeten'd soul ; 445
 And then she hover'd over me, and stole
 So near, that if no nearer it had been
 This furrow'd visage thou hadst never seen.

"Young man of Latmos ! thus particular
 Am I, that thou may'st plainly see how far 450
 This fierce temptation went : and thou may'st not
 Exclaim, How then, was Scylla quite forgot ?

"Who could resist ? Who in this universe ?
 She did so breathe ambrosia ; so immerse
 My fine existence in a golden clime. 455
 She took me like a child of suckling time,
 And cradled me in roses. Thus condemn'd,
 The current of my former life was stemm'd,
 And to this arbitrary queen of sense
 I bow'd a tranced vassal : nor would thence 460
 Have mov'd, even though Amphion's harp had woo'd
 Me back to Scylla o'er the billows rude.
 For as Apollo each eve doth devise
 A new appareling for western skies ;
 So every eve, nay every spendthrift hour 465
 Shed balmy consciousness within that bower.
 And I was free of haunts umbrageous ;
 Could wander in the mazy forest-house
 Of squirrels, foxes shy, and antler'd deer,
 And birds from coverts innermost and drear 470

441. In the draft, 'rapture' for 'ardour'.

445-7. The draft reads thus—

Their music came to my o'ersweeten'd sense
 And then I felt a hovering influence
 A breathing on my forehead.

449. The first edition reads 'Latmos' here as well as in lines 63 and 196 of Book I ; but the finished manuscript reads 'Latmus' here, as at page 12 of the present volume.

451. The draft reads 'that' for 'and' ; and the word 'and' is wanting in the finished manuscript, so that the line is a syllable short.

461. In the manuscript, 'e'en' for 'even'.

466. The draft reads—

Shed nectarous Influence within that bower.

Warbling for very joy mellifluous sorrow—
To me new born delights !

“ Now let me borrow,
For moments few, a temperament as stern
As Pluto's sceptre, that my words not burn
These uttering lips, while I in calm speech tell 475
How specious heaven was changed to real hell.

“ One morn she left me sleeping : half awake
I sought for her smooth arms and lips, to slake
My greedy thirst with nectarous camel-draughts ;
But she was gone. Whereat the barbed shafts 480
Of disappointment stuck in me so sore,
That out I ran and search'd the forest o'er.
Wandering about in pine and cedar gloom
Damp awe assail'd me ; for there 'gan to boom
A sound of moan, an agony of sound, 485
Sepulchral from the distance all around.
Then came a conquering earth-thunder, and rumbled
That fierce complain to silence : while I stumbled
Down a precipitous path, as if impell'd.
I came to a dark valley.—Groanings swell'd 490
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew,
The nearer I approach'd a flame's gaunt blue,
That glar'd before me through a thorny brake.
This fire, like the eye of gordian snake,
Bewitch'd me towards ; and I soon was near 495
A sight too fearful for the feel of fear :
In thicket hid I curs'd the haggard scene—
The banquet of my arms, my arbour queen,
Seated upon an uptorn forest root ;
And all around her shapes, wizard and brute, 500
Laughing, and wailing, groveling, serpentine,
Showing tooth, tusk, and venom-bag, and sting !
O such deformities ! Old Charon's self,
Should he give up awhile his penny pelf,
And take a dream 'mong rushes Stygian, 505
It could not be so phantasy'd. Fierce, wan,
And tyrannizing was the lady's look,

477. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'day' for 'morn'.

483. The contraction 'Wand'ring' occurs here in the finished manuscript.

495. In the draft, 'Drew me towards it', showing that 'towards' was used as a dissyllable ; so that I fear 'it' was advisedly cancelled in revising the line.

498. Woodhouse notes, presumably from the draft, the variation—

My beautiful rose bud, my arbour Queen,
and in the next line but one 'about' for 'around'.

As over them a gnarled staff she shook.
 Oft-times upon the sudden she laugh'd out,
 And from a basket empty'd to the rout 510
 Clusters of grapes, the which they raven'd quick
 And roar'd for more ; with many a hungry lick
 About their shaggy jaws. Avenging, slow,
 Anon she took a branch of mistletoe,
 And empty'd on't a black dull-gurgling phial : 515
 Groan'd one and all, as if some piercing trial
 Was sharpening for their pitiable bones.
 She lifted up the charm : appealing groans
 From their poor breasts went sueing to her ear
 In vain ; remorseless as an infant's bier 520
 She whisk'd against their eyes the sooty oil.
 Whereat was heard a noise of painful toil,
 Increasing gradual to a tempest rage,
 Shrieks, yells, and groans of torture-pilgrimage ;
 Until their grieved bodies 'gan to bloat 525
 And puff from the tail's end to stifled throat :
 Then was appalling silence : then a sight
 More wildering than all that hoarse affright ;
 For the whole herd, as by a whirlwind writhen,
 Went through the dismal air like one huge Python 530
 Antagonizing Boreas,—and so vanish'd.
 Yet there was not a breath of wind : she banish'd
 These phantoms with a nod. Lo ! from the dark
 Came waggish fauns, and nymphs, and satyrs stark,
 With dancing and loud revelry,—and went 535
 Swifter than centaurs after rapine bent.—
 Sighing an elephant appear'd and bow'd
 Before the fierce witch, speaking thus aloud
 In human accent : “ Potent goddess ! chief
 “ Of pains resistless ! make my being brief, 540
 “ Or let me from this heavy prison fly :
 “ Or give me to the air, or let me die !
 “ I sue not for my happy crown again ;
 “ I sue not for my phalanx on the plain ;

537. The draft reads 'For a large Elephant' ; and in the finished manuscript the line begins with 'Seeing', instead of 'Sighing' as in the printed book.

539. In the draft this line stands thus—

With human voice : O potent goddess ! chief ..

The inverted commas before each line to mark this speech within speech are in the finished manuscript as in the case of Circe's speech (line 429) ; but in this instance Keats does not seem to have noticed, when correcting the printed book, that the manuscript had been departed from here also.

540. The draft gives 'spells' and 'charms' as alternative readings for 'pains'.

"I sue not for my lone, my widow'd wife ; 545
 "I sue not for my ruddy drops of life,
 "My children fair, my lovely girls and boys !
 "I will forget them ; I will pass these joys ;
 "Ask nought so heavenward, so too—too high :
 "Only I pray, as fairest boon, to die, 550
 "Or be deliver'd from this cumbrous flesh,
 "From this gross, detestable, filthy mesh,
 "And merely given to the cold bleak air.
 "Have mercy, Goddess ! Circe, feel my prayer !"

"That curst magician's name fell icy numb 555
 Upon my wild conjecturing : truth had come
 Naked and sabre-like against my heart.
 I saw a fury whetting a death-dart ;
 And my slain spirit, overwrought with fright,
 Fainted away in that dark lair of night. 560
 Think, my deliverer, how desolate
 My waking must have been ! disgust, and hate,
 And terrors manifold divided me
 A spoil amongst them. I prepar'd to flee
 Into the dungeon core of that wild wood : 565
 I fled three days—when lo ! before me stood
 Glaring the angry witch. O Dis, even now,
 A clammy dew is beading on my brow,
 At mere remembering her pale laugh, and curse.
 "Ha ! ha ! Sir Dainty ! there must be a nurse 570
 "Made of rose leaves and thistledown, express,
 "To cradle thee my sweet, and lull thee : yes,
 "I am too flinty-hard for thy nice touch :
 "My tenderest squeeze is but a giant's clutch.

545-8. The draft reads as follows—

I sue not for my lonely, my dear wife,
 I sue not for my hearts blood drops of life,
 My sweetest babes, my lovely girls and boys,
 Ah, likely they are dead—I pass these joys...

554. At this point the draft reads thus—

Have mercy goddess ! feel oh feel my prayer.
 Pity great Circe !"—Nor sight nor syllable
 Saw I or heard I more of this sick spell.

560. In the draft, 'dull realm' for 'dark lair'.

567. In the finished manuscript we read 'e'en' for 'even'.

569. In the manuscript, 'remembring'.

570. This line begins with 'Ah, Ah', in the finished manuscript; and Woodhouse notes, in apparent allusion to the draft, "formerly 'O ! O !'" The inverted commas before each line again occur both in the manuscript and in the corrected copy of the first edition, but were not printed in that edition.

"So, fairy-thing, it shall have lullabies 575
 "Unheard of yet : and it shall still its cries
 "Upon some breast more lilly-feminine.
 "Oh, no—it shall not pine, and pine, and pine
 "More than one pretty, trifling thousand years ;
 "And then 'twere pity, but fate's gentle shears 580
 "Cut short its immortality. Sea-flirt !
 "Young dove of the waters ! truly I'll not hurt
 "One hair of thine : see how I weep and sigh,
 "That our heart-broken parting is so nigh.
 "And must we part ? Ah, yes, it must be so. 585
 "Yet ere thou leavest me in utter woe,
 "Let me sob over thee my last adieus,
 "And speak a blessing : Mark me ! Thou hast thews
 "Immortal, for thou art of heavenly race :
 "But such a love is mine, that here I chace 590
 "Eternally away from thee all bloom
 "Of youth, and destine thee towards a tomb.
 "Hence shalt thou quickly to the watery vast ;
 "And there, ere many days be overpast,
 "Disabled age shall seize thee ; and even then 595
 "Thou shalt not go the way of aged men ;
 "But live and wither, cripple and still breathe
 "Ten hundred years : which gone, I then bequeath
 "Thy fragile bones to unknown burial.
 "Adieu, sweet love, adieu !"—As shot stars fall, 600
 She fled ere I could groan for mercy. Stung
 And poison'd was my spirit : despair sung
 A war-song of defiance 'gainst all hell.
 A hand was at my shoulder to compel
 My sullen steps ; another 'fore my eyes 605
 Mov'd on with pointed finger. In this guise
 Enforced, at the last by ocean's foam
 I found me ; by my fresh, my native home.
 Its tempering coolness, to my life akin,
 Came salutary as I waded in ; 610
 And, with a blind voluptuous rage, I gave

575. The draft reads 'tender' for 'fairy'.

577. In the draft, 'zephyr' in place of 'lilly', and in the next line but one, 'little' for 'trifling'.

581-3. The draft gives the passage thus—

Great Jove

What fury of the three could harm this dove
 Dear youth ! see how I weep, hear how I sigh...

in which 'Great Jove' is certainly preferable to 'Sea-flirt' !.

588. The finished manuscript reads 'Thou hadst thews'.

595. The word 'even' is contracted to 'e'en' in the finished manuscript.

Battle to the swollen billow-ridge, and drave
Large froth before me, while there yet remain'd
Hale strength, nor from my bones all marrow drain'd.

“Young lover, I must weep—such hellish spite 615
With dry cheek who can tell? While thus my might
Proving upon this element, dismay'd,
Upon a dead thing's face my hand I laid;
I look'd—'twas Scylla! Cursed, cursed Circe!
O vulture-witch, hast never heard of mercy? 620
Could not thy harshest vengeance be content,
But thou must nip this tender innocent
Because I lov'd her?—Cold, O cold indeed
Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed
The sea-swell took her hair. Dead as she was 625
I clung about her waist, nor ceas'd to pass
Fleet as an arrow through unfathom'd brine,
Until there shone a fabric crystalline,
Ribb'd and inlaid with coral, pebble, and pearl.
Headlong I darted; at one eager swirl 630
Gain'd its bright portal, enter'd, and behold!
Twas vast, and desolate, and icy-cold;
And all around—But wherefore this to thee
Who in few minutes more thyself shalt see?—
I left poor Scylla in a niche and fled. 635
My fever'd parchings up, my scathing dread
Met palsy half way: soon these limbs became
Gaunt, wither'd, sapless, feeble, cramp'd, and lame.

“Now let me pass a cruel, cruel space,
Without one hope, without one faintest trace 640
Of mitigation, or redeeming bubble
Of colour'd phantasy; for I fear 'twould trouble

612. The past tense 'drave', common enough in Elizabethan literature, is probably another Spenserian memory: thus, in 'The Faerie Queene,' Book I, Canto ix, stanza 33, we have—

the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle.

620. In the finished manuscript, 'hast' was written originally; but 'hadst' is written over it in pencil, though this seemingly more correct inflection was not adopted in the printed book or restored in the corrected copy.

621. In the finished manuscript,
Was not thine harshest Avengeance content,
but in the first edition the line stands as in the text.

628. In the draft—

I clung about her waist and dived nor ceas'd to pass...

Thy brain to loss of reason : and next tell
How a restoring chance came down to quell
One half of the witch in me.

“On a day, 645

Sitting upon a rock above the spray,
I saw grow up from the horizon's brink
A gallant vessel : soon she seem'd to sink
Away from me again, as though her course
Had been resum'd in spite of hindering force— 650
So vanish'd : and not long, before arose
Dark clouds, and muttering of winds morose.
Old Æolus would stifle his mad spleen,
But could not : therefore all the billows green
Toss'd up the silver spume against the clouds. 655
The tempest came : I saw that vessel's shrouds
In perilous bustle ; while upon the deck
Stood trembling creatures. I beheld the wreck ;
The final gulphing ; the poor struggling souls :
I heard their cries amid loud thunder-rolls. 660
O they had all been sav'd but crazed eld
Annull'd my vigorous cravings : and thus quell'd
And curb'd, think on't, O Latmian ! did I sit
Writhing with pity, and a cursing fit
Against that hell-born Circe. The crew had gone, 665
By one and one, to pale oblivion ;
And I was gazing on the surges prone,
With many a scalding tear and many a groan,
When at my feet emerg'd an old man's hand,
Grasping this scroll, and this same slender wand. 670
I knelt with pain—reach'd out my hand—had grasp'd
These treasures—touch'd the knuckles—they unclasp'd—
I caught a finger : but the downward weight
O'erpowered me—it sank. Then 'gan abate
The storm, and through chill aguish gloom outburst 675
The comfortable sun. I was athirst
To search the book, and in the warming air
Parted its dripping leaves with eager care.
Strange matters did it treat of, and drew on
My soul page after page, till well-nigh won 680

644. In the finished manuscript the word 'small' is cancelled before 'restoring'.

660. In the draft this line reads—

She would resume in spite of adverse force.

653. 'Æolus' in the manuscript, 'Eolus' in the first edition.

655. In the finished manuscript, 'their silver spume' not 'the'.

678. The draft reads 'Unfolded its damp leaves'.

Into forgetfulness ; when, stupefied,
 I read these words, and read again, and tried
 My eyes against the heavens, and read again.
 O what a load of misery and pain
 Each Atlas-line bore off !—a shine of hope
 Came gold around me, cheering me to cope
 Strenuous with hellish tyranny. Attend !
 For thou hast brought their promise to an end.

685

*“ In the wide sea there lives a forlorn wretch,
 Doom'd with enfeebled carcase to outstretch
 His loath'd existence through ten centuries,
 And then to die alone. Who can devise
 A total opposition ? No one. So
 One million times ocean must ebb and flow,
 And he oppressed. Yet he shall not die,
 These things accomplish'd :—If he utterly
 Scans all the depths of magic, and expounds
 The meanings of all motions, shapes, and sounds ;
 If he explores all forms and substances
 Straight homeward to their symbol-essences ;
 He shall not die. Moreover, and in chief,
 He must pursue this task of joy and grief
 Most piously ;—all lovers tempest-tost,
 And in the savage overwhelming lost,
 He shall deposit side by side, until
 Time's creeping shall the dreary space fulfil :
 Which done, and all these labours ripened,
 A youth, by heavenly power lov'd and led,
 Shall stand before him ; whom he shall direct
 How to consummate all. The youth elect
 Must do the thing, or both will be destroy'd.”—*

690

695

700

705

710

“ Then,” cried the young Endymion, overjoy'd,
 “ We are twin brothers in this destiny !
 Say, I intreat thee, what achievement high
 Is, in this restless world, for me reserv'd.
 What ! if from thee my wandering feet had swerv'd,
 Had we both perish'd ?”—“ Look ! ” the sage reply'd,
 “ Dost thou not mark a gleaming through the tide,

715

685-6. The draft reads—

sweet rays of hope

Glanc'd round me cheering me at once to cope...

689. The word 'Listen' stands in the finished manuscript at the beginning of this line, making an Alexandrine of it ; but it is struck through with a pencil.

697. In the draft this line begins with 'Sounds' instead of 'Scans'.

702. The draft reads 'heaviest grief' for 'joy and grief'.

Of diverse brilliances? 'tis the edifice
 I told thee of, where lovely Scylla lies ; 720
 And where I have enshrined piously
 All lovers, whom fell storms have doom'd to die
 Throughout my bondage." Thus discoursing, on
 They went till unobscur'd the porches shone ;
 Which hurryingly they gain'd, and enter'd straight. 725
 Sure never since king Neptune held his state
 Was seen such wonder underneath the stars.
 Turn to some level plain where haughty Mars
 Has legion'd all his battle ; and behold
 How every soldier, with firm foot, doth hold 730
 His even breast : see, many steeled squares,
 And rigid ranks of iron—whence who dares
 One step? Imagine further, line by line,
 These warrior thousands on the field supine :—
 So in that crystal place, in silent rows, 735
 Poor lovers lay at rest from joys and woes.—
 The stranger from the mountains, breathless, trac'd
 Such thousands of shut eyes in order plac'd ;
 Such ranges of white feet, and patient lips
 All ruddy,—for here death no blossom nips. 740
 He mark'd their brows and foreheads ; saw their hair
 Put sleekly on one side with nicest care ;
 And each one's gentle wrists, with reverence,
 Put cross-wise to its heart.

"Let us commence,"
 Whisper'd the guide, stuttering with joy, "even now." 745
 He spake, and, trembling like an aspen-bough,
 Began to tear his scroll in pieces small,
 Uttering the while some mumblings funeral.
 He tore it into pieces small as snow
 That drifts unfeather'd when bleak northerns blow ; 750
 And having done it, took his dark blue cloak
 And bound it round Endymion : then struck

719. The first edition reads 'divers'; but the manuscript reads 'diverse', the final *e* being crossed through with a pencil; probably this was one of the changes made by Taylor which Keats did not approve; for *diverse* gives the more characteristic sense.

744. The words 'Let us commence, Whisper'd the guide, stuttering with joy, even now', are enclosed in inverted commas as one speech in the first edition; and the manuscript reads similarly except that it has 'e'en' for 'even'.

750. The draft reads 'all shatter'd' for 'unfeather'd'.

751. In the manuscript, 'having don't, he took', instead of 'having done it, took'.

752. In the manuscript Keats perfects his rhyme here by using 'stroke' as the past tense of *strike*; but the word is 'struck' in his printed text.

His wand against the empty air times nine.—
 “What more there is to do, young man, is thine :
 But first a little patience ; first undo 755
 This tangled thread, and wind it to a clue.
 Ah, gentle ! ’tis as weak as spider’s skein ;
 And shouldst thou break it—What, is it done so clean ?
 A power overshadows thee ! O, brave !
 The spite of hell is tumbling to its grave. 760
 Here is a shell ; ’tis pearly blank to me,
 Nor mark’d with any sign or charactery—
 Canst thou read aught ? O read for pity’s sake !
 Olympus ! we are safe ! Now, Carian, break
 This wand against yon lyre on the pedestal.” 765

’Twas done : and straight with sudden swell and fall
 Sweet music breath’d her soul away, and sigh’d
 A lullaby to silence.—“Youth ! now strew
 These minced leaves on me, and passing through
 Those files of dead, scatter the same around, 770
 And thou wilt see the issue.”—’Mid the sound
 Of flutes and viols, ravishing his heart,
 Endymion from Glaucus stood apart,
 And scatter’d in his face some fragments light.
 How lightning-swift the change ! a youthful wight 775
 Smiling beneath a coral diadem,
 Out-sparkling sudden like an upturn’d gem,
 Appear’d, and, stepping to a beauteous corse,
 Kneel’d down beside it, and with tenderest force
 Press’d its cold hand, and wept,—and Scylla sigh’d ! 780
 Endymion, with quick hand, the charm apply’d—
 The nymph arose : he left them to their joy,
 And onward went upon his high employ,
 Showering those powerful fragments on the dead.
 And, as he pass’d, each lifted up his head, 785
 As doth a flower at Apollo’s touch.
 Death felt it to his inwards : ’twas too much :
 Death fell a weeping in his charnel-house.

753. The draft reads ‘at something in the air’.

758. The words ‘is it’ are contracted here to ‘is’t’ in the manuscript.

767. There is nothing in the finished manuscript to indicate how this line came to lose its fellow, if it ever had one ; and Woodhouse notes nothing from the draft bearing on that point. There is perhaps a reminiscence here of William Chamberlayne, in whose ‘Pharonnida’ (Book III, Canto iii, page 51 of the second volume of the 1820 edition) we have—

The glad birds had sung

A lullaby to night,...

787. The draft reads ‘at’ for ‘to’.

The Latmian persever'd along, and thus
 All were re-animated. There arose 790
 A noise of harmony, pulses and throes
 Of gladness in the air—while many, who
 Had died in mutual arms devout and true,
 Sprang to each other madly ; and the rest
 Felt a high certainty of being blest. 795
 They gaz'd upon Endymion. Enchantment
 Grew drunken, and would have its head and bent.
 Delicious symphonies, like airy flowers,
 Budded, and swell'd, and, full-blown, shed full showers
 Of light, soft, unseen leaves of sounds divine. 800
 The two deliverers tasted a pure wine
 Of happiness, from fairy-press ooz'd out.
 Speechless they ey'd each other, and about
 The fair assembly wander'd to and fro,
 Distracted with the richest overflow 805
 Of joy that ever pour'd from heaven.

——“ Away ! ”

Shouted the new born god ; “ Follow, and pay
 Our piety to Neptunus supreme ! ”—
 Then Scylla, blushing sweetly from her dream,
 They led on first, bent to her meek surprise, 810
 Through portal columns of a giant size,
 Into the vaulted, boundless emerald.
 Joyous all follow'd as the leader call'd,
 Down marble steps ; pouring as easily
 As hour-glass sand,—and fast, as you might see 815
 Swallows obeying the south summer's call,
 Or swans upon a gentle waterfall.

Thus went that beautiful multitude, nor far,
 Ere from among some rocks of glittering spar,
 Just within ken, they saw descending thick 820
 Another multitude. Whereat more quick

791. The draft reads 'A hum, a harmony'. Compare the reading of the text with 'Sleep and Poetry'—

The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
 Of harmony,...

795. The draft reads 'sweet' for 'high'.

796. The variation 'Ravishment' for 'Enchantment' stands cancelled in the finished manuscript.

802. The draft reads

Of happiness, not from earthly grapes press'd out.

811. 'Though' stands for 'Through' both in the finished manuscript and in the first edition.

Mov'd either host. On a wide sand they met,
 And of those numbers every eye was wet ;
 For each their old love found. A murmuring rose,
 Like what was never heard in all the throes 825
 Of wind and waters : 'tis past human wit
 To tell ; 'tis dizziness to think of it.

This mighty consummation made, the host
 Mov'd on for many a league ; and gain'd, and lost 830
 Huge sea-marks ; vanward swelling in array,
 And from the rear diminishing away,—
 Till a faint dawn surpris'd them. Glaucus cry'd,
 " Behold ! behold, the palace of his pride !
 God Neptune's palaces !" With noise increas'd,
 They shoulder'd on towards that brightening east. 835
 At every onward step proud domes arose
 In prospect,—diamond gleams, and golden glows
 Of amber 'gainst their faces levelling.
 Joyous, and many as the leaves in spring,
 Still onward ; still the splendour gradual swell'd. 840
 Rich opal domes were seen, on high upheld
 By jasper pillars, letting through their shafts
 A blush of coral. Copious wonder-draughts
 Each gazer drank ; and deeper drank more near :
 For what poor mortals fragment up, as mere 845
 As marble was there lavish, to the vast
 Of one fair palace, that far far surpass'd,
 Even for common bulk, those olden three,
 Memphis, and Babylon, and Nineveh.

832-40. In the draft this passage reads thus :

Till a faint dawning bloom'd—and Glaucus cried,
 " Behold ! behold, the palace of his pride !
 Of God Neptunus pride." With hum increased
 The host moved on towards that brightening east.
 And as it moved along proud domes arose
 In prospect,—diamond gleams, and golden glows
 Of amber leveling against their faces.
 With expectation high, and hurried paces
 Still onward ; &c.

The word 'hum' instead of 'noise' in line 834 was repeated in the finished manuscript, which reads otherwise like the printed text.

845. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'treasure up' for 'fragment up'. The use of the word *mere* here, though peculiar, is not without authority, "trifling" and "common" being among the equivalents given by Ash.

847. The draft reads—

Of one fair palace, that to nothing cast...

and in the finished manuscript we have the reading 'as far' struck out in favour of 'far far'.

As large, as bright, as colour'd as the bow 850
 Of Iris, when unfading it doth show
 Beyond a silvery shower, was the arch
 Through which this Paphian army took its march,
 Into the outer courts of Neptune's state :
 Whence could be seen, direct, a golden gate, 855
 To which the leaders sped ; but not half raught
 Ere it burst open swift as fairy thought,
 And made those dazzled thousands veil their eyes
 Like callow eagles at the first sunrise.
 Soon with an eagle nativeness their gaze 860
 Ripe from hue-golden swoons took all the blaze,
 And then, behold ! large Neptune on his throne
 Of emerald deep : yet not exalt alone ;
 At his right hand stood winged Love, and on
 His left sat smiling Beauty's paragon. 865

Far as the mariner on highest mast
 Can see all round upon the calmed vast,
 So wide was Neptune's hall : and as the blue
 Doth vault the waters, so the waters drew
 Their doming curtains, high, magnificent, 870
 Aw'd from the throne aloof ;—and when storm-rent
 Disclos'd the thunder-gloomings in Jove's air ;
 But sooth'd as now, flash'd sudden everywhere,
 Noiseless, sub-marine cloudlets, glittering
 Death to a human eye : for there did spring 875
 From natural west, and east, and south, and north,
 A light as of four sunsets, blazing forth
 A gold-green zenith 'bove the Sea-God's head.
 Of lucid depth the floor, and far outspread
 As breezeless lake, on which the slim canoe 880
 Of feather'd Indian darts about, as through
 The delicatest air : air verily,
 But for the portraiture of clouds and sky :

559-61. This simile must surely be a reminiscence of Perrin's 'Fables Amusantes' or some similar book used in Mr. Clarke's School. I remember the Fable of the old eagle and her young stood first in the book I used at school. The draft gives line 860 thus—

But soon like eagles natively their gaze...

864-5. This couplet reads as follows in the draft :

At his right hand stood winged Love, elate
 And on his left Love's fairest mother sate.

This reading leaves no doubt, if indeed there was any before, as to the identity of "smiling Beauty's paragon."

869. Originally an Alexandrine, reading 'canopy' for 'vault', but corrected in the manuscript.

This palace floor breath-air,—but for the amaze
Of deep-seen wonders motionless,—and blaze 885
Of the dome pomp, reflected in extremes,
Globing a golden sphere.

They stood in dreams
Till Triton blew his horn. The palace rang ;
The Nereids danc'd ; the Syrens faintly sang ;
And the great Sea-King bow'd his dripping head. 890
Then Love took wing, and from his pinions shed
On all the multitude a nectarous dew.
The ooze-born Goddess beckoned and drew
Fair Scylla and her guides to conference ;
And when they reach'd the throned eminence 895
She kist the sea-nymph's cheek,—who sat her down
A toying with the doves. Then,—“Mighty crown
And sceptre of this kingdom !” Venus said,
“Thy vows were on a time to Nais paid :
Behold !”—Two copious tear-drops instant fell 900
From the God's large eyes ; he smil'd delectable,
And over Glaucus held his blessing hands.—
“Endymion ! Ah ! still wandering in the bands
Of love ? Now this is cruel. Since the hour
I met thee in earth's bosom, all my power 905
Have I put forth to serve thee. What, not yet
Escap'd from dull mortality's harsh net ?
A little patience, youth ! 'twill not be long,
Or I am skillless quite : an idle tongue,
A humid eye, and steps luxurious, 910
Where these are new and strange, are ominous.
Aye, I have seen these signs in one of heaven,
When others were all blind : and were I given
To utter secrets, haply I might say
Some pleasant words :—but Love will have his day. 915
So wait awhile expectant. Prythee soon,
Even in the passing of thine honey-moon,
Visit thou my Cythera : thou wilt find
Cupid well-natured, my Adonis kind ;

889. The draft reads 'sweetly' for 'faintly'.

899. Glaucus was the son of Nais (one of the Oceanides) by Magnes.

903. In the manuscript, 'wandering'.

907. The draft reads 'rough' for 'harsh'.

913. The draft reads 'When others' sight was blind'; and in the next line but one 'honey' for 'pleasant'.

917. In the finished manuscript, 'even' is contracted to 'e'en'.

918-19. Woodhouse, apparently following the draft, gives this couplet thus :

Visit thou my Cithera : thou wilt find
Cupid a treasure, my Adonis kind ;

And pray persuade with thee—Ah, I have done, 920
 All blisses be upon thee, my sweet son !”—
 Thus the fair goddess : While Endymion
 Knelt to receive those accents halcyon.

Meantime a glorious revelry began
 Before the Water-Monarch. Nectar ran 925
 In courteous fountains to all cups outreach'd ;
 And plunder'd vines, teeming exhaustless, pleach'd
 New growth about each shell and pendent lyre ;
 The which, in disentangling for their fire,
 Pull'd down fresh foliage and coverture 930
 For dainty toying. Cupid, empire-sure,
 Flutter'd and laugh'd, and oft-times through the throng
 Made a delighted way. Then dance, and song,
 And garlanding grew wild ; and pleasure reign'd.
 In harmless tendril they each other chain'd, 935
 And strove who should be smother'd deepest in
 Fresh crush of leaves.

O 'tis a very sin
 For one so weak to venture his poor verse
 In such a place as this. O do not curse,
 High Muses ! let him hurry to the ending. 940

All suddenly were silent. A soft blending
 Of dulcet instruments came charmingly ;
 And then a hymn.

“ KING of the stormy sea !
 Brother of Jove, and co-inheritor
 Of elements ! Eternally before 945
 Thee the waves awful bow. Fast, stubborn rock,
 At thy fear'd trident shrinking, doth unlock
 Its deep foundations, hissing into foam.

and I presume there can be no doubt that the reading of the finished manuscript and all printed editions, 'Visit my Cytherea', was the result of an error of transcription. The reference is unquestionably to the island Cythera.

922. The draft has 'blithe' in place of 'fair'.

930. In the draft, 'full' instead of 'fresh'.

934-5. The draft reads thus—

and wildness reigns.

They bound each other up in tendril chains...

937. In the draft, 'crushing', not 'crush of'.

945. This passage was written thus—

Eternally in awe

Of thee the Waves bow down.

The reading of the text is inserted with a pencil in the finished manuscript.

All mountain-rivers, lost in the wide home
 Of thy capacious bosom, ever flow. 950
 Thou frownest, and old Æolus thy foe
 Skulks to his cavern, 'mid the gruff complaint
 Of all his rebel tempests. Dark clouds faint
 When, from thy diadem, a silver gleam
 Slants over blue dominion. Thy bright team 955
 Gulphs in the morning light, and scuds along
 To bring thee nearer to that golden song
 Apollo singeth, while his chariot
 Waits at the doors of heaven. Thou art not
 For scenes like this : an empire stern hast thou ; 960
 And it hath furrow'd that large front : yet now,
 As newly come of heaven, dost thou sit
 To blend and interknit
 Subdued majesty with this glad time.
 O shell-borne King sublime ! 965
 We lay our hearts before thee evermore—
 We sing, and we adore !

“Breathe softly, flutes ;
 Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes ;
 Nor be the trumpet heard ! O vain, O vain ; 970
 Not flowers budding in an April rain,
 Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow,—
 No, nor the Æolian twang of Love's own bow,
 Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
 Of goddess Cytherea ! 975
 Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
 On our souls' sacrifice.

949-50. In the draft these two lines were written and pointed thus—

A thousand rivers, lost in the wide home
 Of thy capacious bosom, ever flow.

And in the finished manuscript also there is a comma after 'bosom' and none after 'lost'. This is clearly sufficient evidence on which to reject the punctuation of the first and other printed editions, which place a comma after 'lost' and none after 'bosom'.

954-6. The draft reads—

When thy bright diadem a silver gleam
 O'er blue dominion starts. Thy finny team
 Snorts in the morning light, and sends along...

Compare 'Hyperion,' Book II, line 236—

I saw him on the calmed waters scud,...

960. The manuscript shows a cancelled reading, 'these' for 'this'.

962. Woodhouse notes, presumably from the draft, the variation—

Like a young child of heaven, dost thou sit...

“Bright-winged Child!

Who has another care when thou hast smil'd?

Unfortunates on earth, we see at last 980

All death-shadows, and glooms that overcast

Our spirits, fann'd away by thy light pinions.

O sweetest essence! sweetest of all minions!

God of warm pulses, and dishevell'd hair,

And panting bosoms bare! 985

Dear unseen light in darkness! eclipser

Of light in light! delicious poisoner!

Thy venom'd goblet will we quaff until

We fill—we fill!

And by thy Mother's lips——”

Was heard no more 990

For clamour, when the golden palace door

Opened again, and from without, in shone

A new magnificence. On oozy throne

Smooth-moving came Oceanus the old,

To take a latest glimpse at his sheep-fold, 995

Before he went into his quiet cave

To muse for ever—Then a lucid waye,

Scoop'd from its trembling sisters of mid-sea,

Afloat, and pillowing up the majesty

Of Doris, and the Ægean seer, her spouse— 1000

Next, on a dolphin, clad in laurel boughs,

Theban Amphion leaning on his lute:

His fingers went across it—All were mute

To gaze on Amphitrite, queen of pearls,

And Thetis pearly too.—

The palace whirls 1005

Around giddy Endymion; seeing he

Was there far strayed from mortality.

He could not bear it—shut his eyes in vain;

Imagination gave a dizzier pain.

“O I shall die! sweet Venus, be my stay! 1010

Where is my lovely mistress? Well-away!

979. The draft reads—

Who is not full of heaven when thou hast smil'd?

983. In the draft—

O sweetest essence of all sweetest minions!

1000. Nereus, the son of Oceanus, who espoused his sister Doris, and had by her fifty daughters, the Nereides.

1007. The draft gives this line thus—

Was there, a stray lamb from mortality.

I die—I hear her voice—I feel my wing—
 At Neptune's feet he sank. A sudden ring
 Of Nereids were about him, in kind strife
 To usher back his spirit into life : 1015
 But still he slept. At last they interwove
 Their cradling arms, and purpos'd to convey
 Towards a crystal bower far away.

Lo ! while slow carried through the pitying crowd,
 To his inward senses these words spake aloud ; 1020
 Written in star-light on the dark above :
*Dearest Endymion ! my entire love !
 How have I dwelt in fear of fate : 'tis done—
 Immortal bliss for me too hast thou won.
 Arise then ! for the hen-dove shall not hatch 1025
 Her ready eggs, before I'll kissing snatch
 Thee into endless heaven. Awake ! awake !*

The youth at once arose : a placid lake
 Came quiet to his eyes ; and forest green,
 Cooler than all the wonders he had seen, 1030
 Lull'd with its simple song his fluttering breast.
 How happy once again in grassy nest !

1012. This line reads thus in the draft—

I die—love calls me hence"—thus muttering...

1015. After this line are the four following in the draft—

They gave him nectar—shed bright drops, and strove
 Long time in vain. At last they interwove
 Their cradling arms, and carefully conveyed
 His body towards a quiet bowery shade.

Perhaps the last three words were found inappropriate to the submarine scenery and thus led to the loss of the rhyme. In the finished manuscript, after 'Their cradling arms, and,' Keats had written 'did his', probably meaning to complete the line with some such expression as *body move*; but he struck 'did his' out and wrote 'carried him', then cancelled that, and supplied the reading of the text. Were it not for the greater propriety of the 'crystal bower', there would be a strong temptation to restore the reading of the draft, merely substituting 'crystal' for 'bowery'.

1019. Cancelled readings, 'parting crowd' for 'pitying crowd' in the draft, and 'throng' for 'crowd' in the finished manuscript.

1022. The draft reads 'my own entire love !'

1026. The draft reads 'madly' for 'kissing'.

1032. At the end of this Book Keats wrote in the draft, "Oxf: Sept. 26".

ENDYMION.

BOOK IV.

MUSE of my native land ! loftiest Muse !
 O first-born on the mountains ! by the hues
 Of heaven on the spiritual air begot :
 Long didst thou sit alone in northern grot,
 While yet our England was a wolfish den ; 5
 Before our forests heard the talk of men ;
 Before the first of Druids was a child ;—
 Long didst thou sit amid our regions wild
 Rapt in a deep prophetic solitude.
 There came an eastern voice of solemn mood :— 10
 Yet wast thou patient. Then sang forth the Nine,
 Apollo's garland :—yet didst thou divine
 Such home-bred glory, that they cry'd in vain,
 " Come hither, Sister of the Island ! " Plain
 Spake fair Ausonia ; and once more she spake 15
 A higher summons :—still didst thou betake
 Thee to thy native hopes. O thou hast won
 A full accomplishment ! The thing is done,
 Which undone, these our latter days had risen
 On barren souls. Great Muse, thou know'st what prison,

2. This line originally began with 'O Mountain-born' in the draft, where also 'while' stands cancelled in favour of 'by'.

6. The draft reads 'voice' for 'talk', and in line 7 'babe' for 'child'.

10. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'an hebrew voice'.

11. The draft reads 'those nine'. The references to the Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Italian literatures are scarcely as clear and pointed as might have been expected from Keats.

13. In the finished manuscript, 'in vain they cry'd'.

14. The draft gives 'from the Island'.

16. The draft reads 'In self surpassing summons'.

17. Originally an Alexandrine in both the manuscripts—

Thee to thyself and to thy hopes. O thou hast won—
 but altered in the second manuscript.

19. In the draft, thus—

Which wanting all these latter days had dawnd...

20. The draft reads 'Oh Muse' not 'Great Muse'.

Of flesh and bone, curbs, and confines, and frets
 Our spirit's wings : despondency besets
 Our pillows ; and the fresh to-morrow morn
 Seems to give forth its light in very scorn
 Of our dull, uninspir'd, snail-paced lives. 25
 Long have I said, how happy he who shrives
 To thee ! But then I thought on poets gone,
 And could not pray :—nor could I now—so on
 I move to the end in lowliness of heart.—

“ Ah, woe is me ! that I should fondly part 30
 From my dear native land ! Ah, foolish maid !
 Glad was the hour, when, with thee, myriads bade
 Adieu to Ganges and their pleasant fields !
 To one so friendless the clear freshet yields
 A bitter coolness ; the ripe grape is sour : 35
 Yet I would have, great gods ! but one short hour
 Of native air—let me but die at home.”

Endymion to heaven's airy dome
 Was offering up a hecatomb of vows,
 When these words reach'd him. Whereupon he bows 40
 His head through thorny-green entanglement
 Of underwood, and to the sound is bent,
 Anxious as hind towards her hidden fawn.

“ Is no one near to help me ? No fair dawn
 Of life from charitable voice ? No sweet saying 45
 To set my dull and sadden'd spirit playing ?
 No hand to toy with mine ? No lips so sweet
 That I may worship them ? No eyelids meet

31. The draft reads 'With' for 'From'.

34-6. In the draft lines 34 and 36 read thus—

Where no friends are, the very freshet yields...
 Then take my life, great Gods ! for one short hour...

In the finished manuscript this last line originally began with 'And', which is struck out and replaced by 'Yet'.

41-2. Cancelled readings from the draft—

thro' ever rough entanglement

In the { thick }
 { briar'd } wood...

45. The draft reads 'hope' for 'life' ; but neither manuscript affords any help to this ailing line.

48-54. In place of this passage the draft has the following :

No eyelids meet

To twinkle on my bosom ! false ! 'twas false
 They said how beautiful I was ! who calls

To twinkle on my bosom? No one dies
Before me, till from these enslaving eyes
Redemption sparkles!—I am sad and lost.” 50

Thou, Carian lord, hadst better have been tost
Into a whirlpool. Vanish into air,
Warm mountaineer! for canst thou only bear
A woman's sigh alone and in distress? 55
See not her charms! Is Phœbe passionless?
Phœbe is fairer far—O gaze no more:—
Yet if thou wilt behold all beauty's store,
Behold her panting in the forest grass!
Do not those curls of glossy jet surpass 60
For tenderness the arms so idly lain
Amongst them? Feelest not a kindred pain,
To see such lovely eyes in swimming search
After some warm delight, that seems to perch
Doveline in the dim cell lying beyond 65
Their upper lids?—Hist!

“O for Hermes' wand,
To touch this flower into human shape!
That woodland Hyacinthus could escape
From his green prison, and here kneeling down 70
Call me his queen, his second life's fair crown!
Ah me, how I could love!—My soul doth melt
For the unhappy youth—Love! I have felt
So faint a kindness, such a meek surrender
To what my own full thoughts had made too tender,
That but for tears my life had fled away!— 75

Me now divine? Who now kneels down and dies
Before me till from these enslaving eyes
Redemption sparkles. Ah me how sad I am!
Of all the poisons sent to make us mad
Of all death's overwhelmings”—Stay Beware
Young Mountaineer!

Keats must have intended to write ‘Ah me how I am sad!’
55. In the draft—

A woman's sigh in the luxury of distress?

63. The draft reads ‘fruitless’ for ‘swimming’.

70. According to the draft, ‘living's crown’.

72-3. The draft reads these two lines thus—

After some beauteous youth—Who, who hath felt
So warm a faintness, such a meek surrender...

and there is a cancelled opening for line 73, ‘As I do now’.

74. In the draft, ‘fair’ for ‘full’.

For both, for both my love is so immense,
I feel my heart is cut for them in twain."

And so he groan'd, as one by beauty slain.
The lady's heart beat quick, and he could see
Her gentle bosom heave tumultuously. 100
He sprang from his green covert : there she lay,
Sweet as a muskrose upon new-made hay ;
With all her limbs on tremble, and her eyes
Shut softly up alive. To speak he tries.
"Fair damsel, pity me ! forgive that I 105
Thus violate thy bower's sanctity !
O pardon me, for I am full of grief—
Grief born of thee, young angel ! fairest thief !
Who stolen hast away the wings wherewith
I was to top the heavens. Dear maid, sith 110
Thou art my executioner, and I feel
Loving and hatred, misery and weal,
Will in a few short hours be nothing to me,
And all my story that much passion slew me ;
Do smile upon the evening of my days : 115
And, for my tortur'd brain begins to craze,
Be thou my nurse ; and let me understand
How dying I shall kiss that lilly hand.—
Dost weep for me ? Then should I be content.
Scowl on, ye fates ! until the firmament 120
Outblackens Erebus, and the full-cavern'd earth
Crumbles into itself. By the cloud girth
Of Jove, those tears have given me a thirst
To meet oblivion."—As her heart would burst
The maiden sobb'd awhile, and then reply'd : 125
"Why must such desolation betide
As that thou speak'st of ? Are not these green nooks

97. In the first edition this line is—

I feel my heart is cut in twain for them.

And it is left so in the corrected copy. It was originally written so in the finished manuscript, where, however, the inversion of the last four words is directed in pencil, so that the right reading, that of the text, must have been lost through a series of oversights.

104. Here again the draft is fuller,—thus :

Shut softly up alive—Ye harmonies
Ye tranced visions—ye flights ideal
Nothing are ye to life so dainty real
O Lady pity me !

127. In this line we read 'speakst' in the finished manuscript, but 'speakest' in the first edition.

Empty of all misfortune? Do the brooks
 Utter a gorgon voice? Does yonder thrush,
 Schooling its half-fledg'd little ones to brush 130
 About the dewy forest, whisper tales?—
 Speak not of grief, young stranger, or cold snails
 Will slime the rose to night. Though if thou wilt,
 Methinks 'twould be a guilt—a very guilt—
 Not to companion thee, and sigh away 135
 The light—the dusk—the dark—till break of day!"
 "Dear lady," said Endymion, "'tis past :
 I love thee! and my days can never last.
 That I may pass in patience still speak :
 Let me have music dying, and I seek 140
 No more delight—I bid adieu to all.
 Didst thou not after other climates call,
 And murmur about Indian streams?"—Then she,
 Sitting beneath the midmost forest tree,
 For pity sang this roundelay— 145

"O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow

128. For this choice use of the word 'empty', compare Shakespeare, 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act V, Scene ii, line 878 :

And I shall find you empty of that fault,...

136. After this line the speech of Phœbe still goes on in the draft; and Endymion's answer varies,—thus :

Canst thou do so? Is there no balm, no cure
 Could not a beckoning Hebe soon allure
 Thee into Paradise? What sorrowing
 So weighs thee down what utmost woe could bring
 This madness—Sit thee down by me, and ease
 Thine heart in whispers—haply by degrees
 I may find out some soothing medicine."—
 "Dear Lady," said Endymion, "I pine
 I die—the tender accents thou hast spoken
 Have finish'd all—my heart is lost and broken.
 That I may pass in patience still speak :
 Let me have music dying, and I seek
 No more delight—I bid adieu to all.
 Didst thou not after other climates call
 And murmur about Indian streams—now, now—
 I listen, it may save me—O my vow—
 Let me have music dying!" The ladye
 Sitting beneath the midmost forest tree
 With tears of pity sang this roundelay—

It will be remembered that this antiquated use of the word 'ladye' was defended by Coleridge both in theory and in practice. See the ballad of 'The Dark Ladye.'

The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?—
 To give maiden blushes
 To the white rose bushes? *or is't thy hand*
 Or is't thy dewy hand the daisy tips? 150

“O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—
 To give the glow-worm light? *or is't thy hand*
 Or, on a moonless night,
 To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spry? 155

“O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?— 160
 To give at evening pale
 Unto the nightingale,
 That thou mayst listen the cold dew among?

“O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow *the merriment of May?* 165
 Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?—
 A lover would not tread
 A cowslip on the head,
 Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
 Nor any drooping flower 170
 Held sacred for thy bower,
 Wherever he may sport himself and play.

“To Sorrow,
 I bade good-morrow,
 And thought to leave her far away behind ; 175
 But cheerly, cheerly,
 She loves me dearly ;

151. In the first edition 'is it'; but 'is't' in the manuscript and in the corrected copy.

154. The draft reads 'lover's eye' for 'falcon-eye'.

157. Keats has been supposed to have invented the variant 'spry' for 'spray' for convenience of rhyming, just as Shelley has been accused of inventing for like reasons the word 'uprest', for example, in 'Laon and Cythna,' Canto III, Stanza xxi. Sandys, the translator of Ovid, may not be a very good authority; but he is not improbably Keats's authority for 'spry', and will certainly do in default of a better. The following couplet is from Sandys's Ovid (Book XI, verses 498-9);

Now tossing Seas appeare to touch the sky,
 And wrap their curles in clouds, frotht with their spry.

172. The draft reads 'However' for 'Wherever'.

174. In the finished manuscript, 'bad': in the first edition, 'bade'.

She is so constant to me, and so kind :

I would deceive her

And so leave her,

180

But ah ! she is so constant and so kind.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,

I sat a weeping : in the whole world wide

There was no one to ask me why I wept,—

And so I kept

185

Brimming the water-lilly cups with tears

Cold as my fears.

"Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,

I sat a weeping : what enamour'd bride,

Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,

190

But hides and shrouds

Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

"And as I sat, over the light blue hills

There came a noise of revellers : the rills

Into the wide stream came of purple hue—

195

'Twas Bacchus and his crew !

The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills

From kissing cymbals made a merry din—

'Twas Bacchus and his kin !

Like to a moving vintage down they came,

200

Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame ;

All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,

To scare thee, Melancholy !

O then, O then, thou wast a simple name !

And I forgot thee, as the berried holly

205

By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,

Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon :—

I rush'd into the folly !

"Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,

Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,

210

With sidelong laughing ;

And little rills of crimson wine imbru'd

His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white

For Venus' pearly bite :

181. The draft reads this line thus—

But ah ! she is too constant and too kind.

187. In the draft, 'Chill'd with strange fears'.

190. The draft gives 'lover' for 'wooer'.

202-3. The draft reads 'down' for 'through' and 'my' for 'thee'.

207. In the draft 'Beeches' instead of 'chesnuts'.

212-13. The draft reads 'streaks' for 'rills' and 'dainty' for 'enough'.

214. In the draft, 'For any pearly bite'.

And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
Tipsily quaffing. 215

“Whence came ye, merry Damsels ! whence came ye !
So many, and so many, and such glee ?
Why have ye left your bowers desolate, 220
Your lutes, and gentler fate ?—

‘We follow Bacchus ! Bacchus on the wing,
A conquering !
Bacchus, young Bacchus ! good or ill betide,
We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide :— 225
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our wild minstrelsy !’

“Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs ! whence came ye !
So many, and so many, and such glee ?
Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left 230
Your nuts in oak-tree cleft ?—

‘For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree ;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms ;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth ; 235
Great God of breathless cups and chirping mirth !—
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy !’

“Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent, 240
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
With Asian elephants :

Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians’ prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles, 245
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers’ toil :
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind and tide. 250

221. An additional line comes between 221 and 222 in the draft—

We follow Bacchus from a far country.

225. The draft reads ‘beside’ for ‘before’.

232. The draft reads ‘forest meat’ for ‘kernel tree’.

236. The draft has ‘endless’ for ‘chirping’.

247. This line reads as follows in the draft—

Arch infant crews in mimic of the coil..

“ Mounted on panthers’ furs and lions’ manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the plains ;
 A three days’ journey in a moment done :
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn, 255
 On spleenful unicorn.

“ I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown !
 I saw parch’d Abyssinia rouse and sing 260
 To the silver cymbals’ ring !
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce !
 The kings of Inde their jewel-sceptres vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearled hail ;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans, 265
 And all his priesthood moans ;
 Before young Bacchus’ eye-wink turning pale.—
 Into these regions came I following him,
 Sick hearted, weary—so I took a whim
 To stray away into these forests drear 270
 Alone, without a peer :
 And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

“ Young stranger !
 I’ve been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every clime : 275
 Alas, ’tis not for me !
 Bewitch’d I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

“ Come then, Sorrow !
 Sweetest Sorrow ! 280
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :
 I thought to leave thee
 And deceive thee,
 But now of all the world I love thee best.

254. The draft reads ‘alway’ without the s.

263. The draft reads ‘jewel’d sceptres’.

267. At this point the following line is cancelled in the draft :

All city gates were opened to his pomp.

272. The biblical dissyllabic form ‘mayest’ is clearly used by deliberate preference, for the line originally stood thus in the draft :

And I have told thee all that thou canst hear.

277. In the draft, ‘Bewitch’d must I sure be’.

"There is not one, 285
 No, no, not one
 But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;
 Thou art her mother,
 And her brother,
 Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade." 290

O what a sigh she gave in finishing,
 And look, quite dead to every worldly thing !
 Endymion could not speak, but gaz'd on her ;
 And listened to the wind that now did stir
 About the crisped oaks full drearily, 295
 Yet with as sweet a softness as might be
 Remember'd from its velvet summer song.
 At last he said : " Poor lady, how thus long
 Have I been able to endure that voice ?
 Fair Melody ! kind Syren ! I've no choice ; 300
 I must be thy sad servant evermore :
 I cannot choose but kneel here and adore.
 Alas, I must not think—by Phœbe, no !
 Let me not think, soft Angel ! shall it be so ?
 Say, beautifullest, shall I never think ? 305
 O thou could'st foster me beyond the brink
 Of recollection ! make my watchful care
 Close up its bloodshot eyes, nor see despair !
 Do gently murder half my soul, and I
 Shall feel the other half so utterly !— 310
 I'm giddy at that cheek so fair and smooth ;
 O let it blush so ever ! let it soothe
 My madness ! let it mantle rosy-warm
 With the tinge of love, panting in safe alarm.—
 This cannot be thy hand, and yet it is ; 315
 And this is sure thine other softling—this

291-2. The draft reads 'Sob' for 'sigh' and begins line 292 with 'And look'd quite dead'.

297. The gentleness of summer wind seems to have been a cherished idea with Keats. Compare 'Sleep and Poetry,' line 1—

What is more gentle than a wind in summer ?

304. In the finished manuscript, 'shall't' for 'shall it'.

310-16. The draft reads thus at this point :

That—oh how beautiful—how giddy smooth !
 Blush so for ever ! let those glances soothe
 My madness for did I no mercy spy
 Dear lady I should shudder and then die.
 This cannot be thy hand—and yet it is
 And this thine other softling—and is this
 Thine own fair bosom, and am I so near ?

Thine own fair bosom, and I am so near !
 Wilt fall asleep ? O let me sip that tear !
 And whisper one sweet word that I may know
 This is this world—sweet dewy blossom !”—*Woe !* 320
Woe ! Woe to that Endymion ! Where is he ?—
 Even these words went echoing dismally
 Through the wide forest—a most fearful tone,
 Like one repenting in his latest moan ;
 And while it died away a shade pass'd by, 325
 As of a thunder cloud. When arrows fly
 Through the thick branches, poor ring-doves sleek forth
 Their timid necks and tremble ; so these both
 Leant to each other trembling, and sat so
 Waiting for some destruction—when lo, 330
 Foot-feather'd Mercury appear'd sublime
 Beyond the tall tree tops ; and in less time
 Than shoots the slanted hail-storm, down he dropt
 Towards the ground ; but rested not, nor stopt
 One moment from his home : only the sword 335
 He with his wand light touch'd, and heavenward
 Swifter than sight was gone—even before
 The teeming earth a sudden witness bore
 Of his swift magic. Diving swans appear
 Above the crystal circlings white and clear ; 340
 And catch the cheated eye in wide surprise,
 How they can dive in sight and unseen rise—
 So from the turf outsprang two steeds jet-black,
 Each with large dark blue wings upon his back.
 The youth of Caria plac'd the lovely dame 345
 On one, and felt himself in spleen to tame
 The other's fierceness. Through the air they flew,
 High as the eagles. Like two drops of dew
 Exhal'd to Phœbus' lips, away they are gone,
 Far from the earth away—unseen, alone, 350
 Among cool clouds and winds, but that the free,
 The buoyant life of song can floating be
 Above their heads, and follow them untir'd.—
 Muse of my native land, am I inspir'd ?
 This is the giddy air, and I must spread 355

341. In the first edition 'wild surprise'; and no change is made here in the corrected copy; but 'wide', the word in both the manuscripts, is so far more characteristic that 'wild' may be concluded to have passed through an oversight.

343. The draft reads 'coal black'.

349. In the manuscript, 'they're' for 'they are'. Compare Donne, 1st Satyre,

At last his love he in a window spies,
 And, like light dew exhaled, he flings from me.

Wide pinions to keep here ; nor do I dread
 Or height, or depth, or width, or any chance
 Precipitous : I have beneath my glance
 Those towering horses and their mournful freight.
 Could I thus sail, and see, and thus await 360
 Fearless for power of thought, without thine aid?—

There is a sleepy dusk, an odorous shade
 From some approaching wonder, and behold
 Those winged steeds, with snorting nostrils bold
 Snuff at its faint extreme, and seem to tire, 365
 Dying to embers from their native fire !

There curl'd a purple mist around them ; soon,
 It seem'd as when around the pale new moon
 Sad Zephyr droops the clouds like weeping willow :
 'Twas Sleep slow journeying with head on pillow. 370
 For the first time, since he came nigh dead born
 From the old womb of night, his cave forlorn
 Had he left more forlorn ; for the first time,
 He felt aloof the day and morning's prime—
 Because into his depth Cimmerian 375
 There came a dream, showing how a young man,
 Ere a lean bat could plump its wintery skin,
 Would at high Jove's empyreal footstool win
 An immortality, and how espouse
 Jove's daughter, and be reckon'd of his house. 380
 Now was he slumbering towards heaven's gate,
 That he might at the threshold one hour wait
 To hear the marriage melodies, and then
 Sink downward to his dusky cave again.
 His litter of smooth semiluent mist, 385
 Diversely ting'd with rose and amethyst,
 Puzzled those eyes that for the centre sought ;
 And scarcely for one moment could be caught
 His sluggish form reposing motionless.
 Those two on winged steeds, with all the stress 390
 Of vision search'd for him, as one would look

366. In the draft—

Seeming but embers to their former fire.

367-8. The draft reads 'comes' for 'curl'd' and 'half moon' for 'new moon'.

370. In the draft, 'voyaging', not 'journeying'.

384. The draft gives this line thus—

Betake him downward to his cave again.

385. In the draft, 'pale' for 'smooth'.

387-8. The draft reads 'Puzzled the eyes' and 'scarcely one short moment'.

Athwart the shallows of a river nook
 To catch a glance at silver throated eels,—
 Or from old Skiddaw's top, when fog conceals
 His rugged forehead in a mantle pale, 395
 With an eye-guess towards some pleasant vale
 Descry a favourite hamlet faint and far.

These raven horses, though they foster'd are
 Of earth's splenetic fire, dully drop
 Their full-vein'd ears, nostrils blood wide, and stop ; 400
 Upon the spiritless mist have they outspread
 Their ample feathers, are in slumber dead,—
 And on those pinions, level in mid air,
 Endymion sleepeth and the lady fair.
 Slowly they sail, slowly as icy isle 405
 Upon a calm sea drifting : and meanwhile
 The mournful wanderer dreams. Behold ! he walks
 On heaven's pavement ; brotherly he talks
 To divine powers : from his hand full fain
 Juno's proud birds are pecking pearly grain : 410
 He tries the nerve of Phœbus' golden bow,
 And asketh where the golden apples grow :
 Upon his arm he braces Pallas' shield,
 And strives in vain to unsettle and wield
 A Jovian thunderbolt : arch Hebe brings 415
 A full-brimm'd goblet, dances lightly, sings
 And tantalizes long ; at last he drinks,
 And lost in pleasure at her feet he sinks,
 Touching with dazzled lips her starlight hand.
 He blows a bugle,—an ethereal band 420
 Are visible above : the Seasons four,—
 Green-kyrtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store
 In Autumn's sickle, Winter frosty hoar,
 Join dance with shadowy Hours ; while still the blast,
 In swells unmitigated, still doth last 425

394. The draft has 'front' instead of 'top'.

401. The draft reads 'air' for 'mist'; and in the finished manuscript the word was first written 'mists'.

418. In the draft—

With pleasure at her knees he swoons and sinks.

420. This line stands thus (an Alexandrine) in the draft :

He takes a bugle blows it, an aerial band...

421. In the draft, 'o'erhead' for 'above'.

424. In the draft, 'with the shadowy Hours'; and the next line stands thus (another Alexandrine)—

Echoed in swells unmitigated, still doth last.

To sway their floating morris. "Whose is this?
 Whose bugle?" he inquires; they smile—"O Dis!
 Why is this mortal here? Dost thou not know
 Its mistress' lips? Not thou?—'Tis Dian's: lo!
 She rises crescented!" He looks, 'tis she, 430
 His very goddess: good-bye earth, and sea,
 And air, and pains, and care, and suffering;
 Good-bye to all but love! Then doth he spring
 Towards her, and awakes—and, strange, o'erhead,
 Of those same fragrant exhalations bred, 435
 Beheld awake his very dream: the gods
 Stood smiling; merry Hebe laughs and nods;
 And Phœbe bends towards him crescented.
 O state perplexing! On the pinion bed,
 Too well awake, he feels the panting side 440
 Of his delicious lady. He who died
 For soaring too audacious in the sun,
 When that same treacherous wax began to run,
 Felt not more tongue-tied than Endymion.
 His heart leapt up as to its rightful throne, 445
 To that fair shadow'd passion puls'd its way—
 Ah, what perplexity! Ah, well a day!
 So fond, so beauteous was his bed-fellow,
 He could not help but kiss her: then he grew
 Awhile forgetful of all beauty save 450
 Young Phœbe's, golden hair'd; and so 'gan crave
 Forgiveness: yet he turn'd once more to look
 At the sweet sleeper,—all his soul was shook,—

428. The draft reads 'a mortal'.

429-30. In both manuscripts the preceding line stands rhymeless, and these two stand thus—

Its Mistress' Lips? Not thou? Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah!
 'Tis Dian's, here she comes, look out afar,

so that by the withdrawal of one line two very noticeable flaws were remedied. In line 430, the finished manuscript has a cancelled reading 'look'd' for 'looks'.

432. The draft reads 'cares'.

442-4. The draft reads as follows:

Because in sunshine treacherous wax would melt,
 Even at the fatal melting thereof, felt
 Not more tongue-tied than did Endymion.

In the finished manuscript the reading is that of the text; and line 443 clearly begins with 'When': in the first edition it begins with 'Where'; but, though no alteration is here made in the corrected copy, the manuscript, supported by the sense of the passage as given in the draft, must rule the text.

449. This line reads thus in the draft—

He could not help but kiss—then did he grow...

but the finished manuscript gives the reading of the text.

She press'd his hand in slumber ; so once more
 He could not help but kiss her and adore. 455
 At this the shadow wept, melting away.
 The Latmian started up : " Bright goddess, stay !
 Search my most hidden breast ! By truth's own tongue,
 I have no dædale heart : why is it wrung
 To desperation ? Is there nought for me, 460
 Upon the bourn of bliss, but misery ?"

These words awoke the stranger of dark tresses :
 Her dawning love-look rapt Endymion blesses
 With 'haviour soft. Sleep yawn'd from underneath.
 " Thou swan of Ganges, let us no more breathe 465
 This murky phantasm ! thou contented seem'st
 Pillow'd in lovely idleness, nor dream'st
 What horrors may discomfort thee and me.
 Ah, shouldst thou die from my heart-treachery !—
 Yet did she merely weep—her gentle soul 470
 Hath no revenge in it : as it is whole
 In tenderness, would I were whole in love !
 Can I prize thee, fair maid, all price above,
 Even when I feel as true as innocence ?
 I do, I do.—What is this soul then ? Whence 475
 Came it ? It does not seem my own, and I
 Have no self-passion or identity.
 Some fearful end must be : where, where is it ?
 By Nemesis, I see my spirit flit
 Alone about the dark—Forgive me, sweet : 480
 Shall we away ?" He rous'd the steeds : they beat
 Their wings chivalrous into the clear air,
 Leaving old Sleep within his vapoury lair.

455. The draft reads 'kiss, kiss and adore'.

458. Cancelled reading of the finished manuscript, 'most inmost' for 'most hidden'.

461. In the first edition, 'bourne', with a final e ; but the manuscript reads 'bourn'.

462-3. The draft reads 'lady' for 'stranger' and 'love-glance' for 'love-look'.

464. The contraction 'haviour', it will be remembered, is of common Elizabethan use. Compare 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act II, Scene ii, lines 98-9 :

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
 And therefore thou mayest think my 'haviour light.

465. In the draft, 'Thou wandering fair one'.

483. The draft reads—

Leaving old Sleep to sail in vapoury lair.

The good-night blush of eve was waning slow,
 And Vesper, risen star, began to throe 485
 In the dusk heavens silverly, when they
 Thus sprang direct towards the Galaxy.
 Nor did speed hinder converse soft and strange—
 Eternal oaths and vows they interchange,
 In such wise, in such temper, so aloof 490
 Up in the winds, beneath a starry roof,
 So witless to their doom, that verily
 'Tis well nigh past man's search their hearts to see ;
 Whether they wept, or laugh'd, or griev'd, or toy'd—
 Most like with joy gone mad, with sorrow cloy'd. 495

Full facing their swift flight, from ebon streak,
 The moon put forth a little diamond peak,
 No bigger than an unobserved star,
 Or tiny point of fairy scymetar ;
 Bright signal that she only stoop'd to tie 500
 Her silver sandals, ere deliciously
 She bow'd into the heavens her timid head.
 Slowly she rose, as though she would have fled,
 While to his lady meek the Carian turn'd,
 To mark if her dark eyes had yet discern'd 505
 This beauty in its birth—Despair ! despair !
 He saw her body fading gaunt and spare
 In the cold moonshine. Straight he seiz'd her wrist ;
 It melted from his grasp : her hand he kiss'd,
 And, horror ! kiss'd his own—he was alone. 510

484-7. These four lines stand thus in the draft :

The good-night hush of eve was waning slow,
 And Vesper's timid pulse began to throe
 In the dusk heavens silverly, when they
 Thus sprang direct up to the Galaxy.

The finished manuscript corresponds with the text; but in the printed book the word 'silvery' for 'silverly' slipped in. There can be no doubt that *silverly* was the word intended.

492. The draft reads 'witless of all things'.

495. In the draft there are two cancelled readings, 'Until' and 'Haply', in place of 'Most like'; and 'woe' stands in the place of 'joy'.

505-10. In the draft, this passage stands thus :

To mark if her dark eyes slept or discern'd
 Such beauty being born—Despair ! despair !
 He saw her body faded gaunt and spare
 In the cold moonshine. Straight her wrist he seized
 It melted from his grasp—his lips were teased
 To madness for his—

In the finished manuscript there is no variation from the printed text to account for the loss of a rhyme. It is likely that line 510 was condensed from a roughly drafted couplet in which 'own' rhymed with 'alone'.

Her steed a little higher soar'd, and then
Dropt hawkwise to the earth.

There lies a den,

Beyond the seeming confines of the space
Made for the soul to wander in and trace
Its own existence, of remotest glooms. 515
Dark regions are around it, where the tombs
Of buried griefs the spirit sees, but scarce
One hour doth linger weeping, for the pierce
Of new-born woe it feels more inly smart :
And in these regions many a venom'd dart 520
At random flies ; they are the proper home
Of every ill : the man is yet to come
Who hath not journeyed in this native hell.
But few have ever felt how calm and well
Sleep may be had in that deep den of all. 525
There anguish does not sting ; nor pleasure pall :
Woe-hurricanes beat ever at the gate,
Yet all is still within and desolate.
Beset with plainful gusts, within ye hear
No sound so loud as when on curtain'd bier 530
The death-watch tick is stifled. Enter none
Who strive therefore : on the sudden it is won.
Just when the sufferer begins to burn,
Then it is free to him ; and from an urn,
Still fed by melting ice, he takes a draught— 535
Young Semele such richness never quaff
In her maternal longing ! Happy gloom !
Dark Paradise ! where pale becomes the bloom
Of health by due ; where silence dreariest
Is most articulate ; where hopes infest ; 540

513. In the draft this line stands thus—

Of misery beyond the seeming confines of the space...

518. The draft reads 'lingers' for 'doth linger', so as to force the word *hour* into service as a dissyllable.

520. In the draft, 'a random dart'.

522. The draft reads 'that soul' for 'the man'.

526-7. The draft reads thus :

There anguish stings not—sweetness cannot pall :
Dark hurricanes of woe beat ever at the gate,...

531. The draft has 'muffled' in place of 'stifled'.

534. The draft reads 'This den is free to him'.

539. The curious expression 'Of health by due', unmistakeably so written in the finished manuscript and printed in the first edition, is represented in the draft by 'The rightful tinge of health'. We may therefore presume that *by due* is used as an equivalent for *by right*.

Where those eyes are the brightest far that keep
 Their lids shut longest in a dreamless sleep.
 O happy spirit-home ! O wondrous soul !
 Pregnant with such a den to save the whole
 In thine own depth. Hail, gentle Carian ! 545
 For, never since thy griefs and woes began,
 Hast thou felt so content : a grievous feud
 Hath led thee to this Cave of Quietude.
 Aye, his lull'd soul was there, although upborne
 With dangerous speed : and so he did not mourn 550
 Because he knew not whither he was going.
 So happy was he, not the aerial blowing
 Of trumpets at clear parley from the east
 Could rouse from that fine relish, that high feast.
 They stung the feather'd horse : with fierce alarm 555
 He flapp'd towards the sound. Alas, no charm
 Could lift Endymion's head, or he had view'd
 A skyeey mask, a pinion'd multitude,—
 And silvery was its passing : voices sweet
 Warbling the while as if to lull and greet 560
 The wanderer in his path. Thus warbled they,
 While past the vision went in bright array.

“ Who, who from Dian's feast would be away ?
 For all the golden bowers of the day
 Are empty left ? Who, who away would be 565
 From Cynthia's wedding and festivity ?
 Not Hesperus : lo ! upon his silver wings

542. The draft reads 'close' for 'shut'.

546. In the draft, 'griefs and joys'.

548. In the first edition, 'Hath let'; but 'led' in both manuscripts.

550. In the draft this line reads thus:

With dangerous speed : nor did he sigh and mourn...

In the finished manuscript it was written thus :

On dangerous Winds : and so he did not mourn...

and then changed so as to correspond with the text.

554. At this point the draft reads as follows :—

Could rouse { him from that } inward feast—and yet to hear't
 { from }
 'Twas like a gift of Prophecy—alert
 The feather'd horse he snorted with alarm
 And towards it flapp'd away—Alas no charm...

563. The draft reads thus :

Who, who would absent be from Dian's feast
 For all the golden chambers of the East
 Are empty left ? Who, who away would be
 From Cynthia's wedding and festivity ?
 Who, who would be ?

Thus the rhyming of four successive lines, 561-4, was due to an accident of revision.

He leans away for highest heaven and sings,
 Snapping his lucid fingers merrily !—
 Ah, Zephyrus ! art here, and Flora too ! 570
 Ye tender bibbers of the rain and dew,
 Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
 Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill

Your baskets high
 With fennel green, and balm, and golden pines, 575
 Savory, latter-mint, and columbines,
 Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny thyme ;
 Yea, every flower and leaf of every clime,
 All gather'd in the dewy morning : hie

Away ! fly, fly !—
 Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,
 Aquarius ! to whom king Jove has given
 Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of feather'd wings,
 Two fan-like fountains,—thine illuminings 580

For Dian play !
 Dissolve the frozen purity of air ;
 Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare
 Show cold through watery pinions ; make more bright
 The Star-Queen's crescent on her marriage night : 585

Haste, haste away !—
 Castor has tam'd the planet Lion, see !
 And of the Bear has Pollux mastery :
 A third is in the race ! who is the third
 Speeding away swift as the eagle bird ? 590

The ramping Centaur !
 The Lion's mane's on end : the Bear how fierce !
 The Centaur's arrow ready seems to pierce
 Some enemy : far forth his bow is bent
 Into the blue of heaven. He'll be shent 595

Pale unrelentor, 600

569. The draft has two additional lines after this one,

He stay behind—he glad of lazy plea?

Not he ! not he !

573. The draft reads this line thus :—

Mind ere ye enter in to oppress and fill...

576-7. The word 'early' is cancelled in the finished manuscript before 'latter mint' ; and line 577 reads in the draft—

Cool parsley, dripping cresses, sunny thyme.

584. This was originally a short line consisting of the words 'Thine illuminings' alone. The whole stanza, lines 581 to 590, was sent by Keats to his friend Baily for his "vote, pro or con", in a letter dated the 22nd of November 1817. The curious may see the passage as given in the letter in the present edition with its slight variations of spelling and capitalling, and its 'hath' for 'has' in line 582.

589. The draft reads 'Night-Queen's' for 'Star-Queen's'.

593. The draft reads 'Ay three are in the race !'.

When he shall hear the wedding lutes a playing.—

Andromeda ! sweet woman ! why delaying

So timidly among the stars : come hither !

Join this bright throng, and nimbly follow whither

They all are going. 605

Danae's Son, before Jove newly bow'd,

Has wept for thee, calling to Jove aloud.

Thee, gentle lady, did he disenthral :

Ye shall for ever live and love, for all

Thy tears are flowing.— 610

By Daphne's fright, behold Apollo !—”

More

Endymion heard not : down his steed him bore,

Prone to the green head of a misty hill.

His first touch of the earth went nigh to kill.

“Alas !” said he, “were I but always borne 615

Through dangerous winds, had but my footsteps worn

A path in hell, for ever would I bless

Horrors which nourish an uneasiness

For my own sullen conquering : to him

Who lives beyond earth's boundary, grief is dim, 620

Sorrow is but a shadow : now I see

The grass ; I feel the solid ground—Ah, me !

It is thy voice—divinest ! Where ?—who ? who

Left thee so quiet on this bed of dew ?

Behold upon this happy earth we are ; 625

Let us aye love each other ; let us fare

On forest-fruits, and never, never go

Among the abodes of mortals here below,

Or be by phantoms dup'd. O destiny !

Into a labyrinth now my soul would fly, 630

But with thy beauty will I deaden it.

607-8. The draft reads—

calling to Jove aloud

For thee—thee gentle did he disenthral.

622. In the draft, this line is—

The real grass, the solid ground—Ah, me !

but in the finished manuscript it is an Alexandrine—

The real grass ; I feel the solid ground—Ah, me !

the word *real* being in both cases alike a full dissyllable, as in line 665, and not of simple monosyllabic value as in line 852 (page 201). The reading of the text is that of the first edition.

624. The draft has 'safe upon' for 'quiet on'.

629-30. This couplet stands thus in the draft :—

Or be by phantoms duped. Alas ! alas !

Into a labyrinth now my soul would pass,...

Where didst thou melt to? By thee will I sit
 For ever : let our fate stop here—a kid
 I on this spot will offer : Pan will bid
 Us live in peace, in love and peace among 635
 His forest wildernesses. I have clung
 To nothing, lov'd a nothing, nothing seen
 Or felt but a great dream ! O I have been.
 Presumptuous against love, against the sky,
 Against all elements, against the tie 640
 Of mortals each to each, against the blooms
 Of flowers, rush of rivers, and the tombs
 Of heroes gone ! Against his proper glory
 Has my own soul conspired : so my story
 Will I to children utter, and repent. 645
 There never liv'd a mortal man, who bent
 His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
 But starv'd and died. My sweetest Indian, here,
 Here will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast
 My life from too thin breathing : gone and past 650
 Are cloudy phantasms. Caverns lone, farewell !
 And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
 Of visionary seas ! No, never more
 Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
 Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast. 655
 Adieu, my daintiest Dream ! although so vast
 My love is still for thee. The hour may come
 When we shall meet in pure elysium.
 On earth I may not love thee ; and therefore
 Doves will I offer up, and sweetest store 660
 All through the teeming year : so thou wilt shine

632. The finished manuscript and the first edition read 'too' for 'to'; but as the question is repeated in line 668 in the words 'Whither didst melt', there can be no possible doubt as to the right reading.

641-3. The draft reads—

Of mortals to each other, against the blooms
 Of roses, rush of rivers, and the tombs
 Of heroes gone ! Against its proper glory...

646. The draft has the word 'Has' instead of 'There'.

649. In the finished manuscript this line stands thus :—

Will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast...

650. Woodhouse notes the following variation, presumably from the draft :—

My spirit from too thin a breath—gone and past...

653. Woodhouse notes the variation 'No more, no more'. See Book II, line 199 *et seq.*, for the explanation of this speech of Endymion's.

656. Woodhouse notes the variation 'how vast, how vast'.

660. Woodhouse notes the variation 'I offer thee'

661. Cancelled reading of the finished manuscript, 'smile' for 'shine'.

On me, and on this damsel fair of mine,
 And bless our silver lives. My Indian bliss !
 My river-lilly bud ! one human kiss !
 One sign of real breath—one gentle squeeze, 665
 Warm as a dove's nest among summer trees,
 And warm with dew at ooze from living blood !
 Whither didst melt ? Ah, what of that !—all good
 We'll talk about—no more of dreaming.—Now,
 Where shall our dwelling be ? Under the brow 670
 Of some steep mossy hill, where ivy dun
 Would hide us up, although spring leaves were none ;
 And where dark yew trees, as we rustle through,
 Will drop their scarlet berry cups of dew ?
 O thou wouldst joy to live in such a place ; 675
 Dusk for our loves, yet light enough to grace
 Those gentle limbs on mossy bed reclin'd :
 For by one step the blue sky shouldst thou find,
 And by another, in deep dell below,
 See, through the trees, a little river go 680
 All in its mid-day gold and glimmering.
 Honey from out the gnarled hive I'll bring,
 And apples, wan with sweetness, gather thee,—
 Cresses that grow where no man may them see,
 And sorrel untorn by the dew-claw'd stag : 685
 Pipes will I fashion of the syrinx flag,
 That thou mayst always know whither I roam,
 When it shall please thee in our quiet home
 To listen and think of love. Still let me speak ;
 Still let me dive into the joy I seek,— 690
 For yet the past doth prison me. The rill,
 Thou haply mayst delight in, will I fill
 With fairy fishes from the mountain tarn,
 And thou shalt feed them from the squirrel's barn.

664. Woodhouse notes the variation 'mortal' for 'human'.

666. An imagination in which there is no basis of reality ; but probably Keats had never seen the miserable platform of dry twigs that serves for "a dove's nest among summer trees."

670. Endymion's imaginary home and employments as pictured in the next fifty lines may be compared with Shelley's *Ægean island* and described so wonderfully in 'Epipsychidion.' Both passages are thoroughly characteristic ; and they show the divergence between the modes of thought and sentiment of the two men in a very marked way. Whatever debt there may be is on Shelley's side. He read 'Endymion' in 1819.

680. In the draft,

See, through the trees, a river at its flow...

682. The draft reads 'nest' for 'hive'.

685. The dew-claw is the small process at the back of the leg above the foot.

687. The draft reads 'That thou by ear mayst know'.

691. In the draft, 'For yet the past doth weigh me down'.

693-4. The draft reads 'tarns' and 'barns'.

Its bottom will I strew with amber shells, 695
 And pebbles blue from deep enchanted wells.
 Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine,
 And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.
 I will entice this crystal rill to trace
 Love's silver name upon the meadow's face. 700
 I'll kneel to Vesta, for a flame of fire ;
 And to god Phœbus, for a golden lyre ;
 To Empress Dian, for a hunting spear ;
 To Vesper, for a taper silver-clear,
 That I may see thy beauty through the night ; 705
 To Flora, and a nightingale shall light
 Tame on thy finger ; to the River-gods,
 And they shall bring thee taper fishing-rods
 Of gold, and lines of Naiads' long bright tress.
 Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness ! 710
 Thy mossy footstool shall the altar be
 'Fore which I'll bend, bending, dear love, to thee :
 Those lips shall be my Delphos, and shall speak
 Laws to my footsteps, colour to my cheek,
 Trembling or stedfastness to this same voice, 715
 And of three sweetest pleasurings the choice :
 And that affectionate light, those diamond things,
 Those eyes, those passions, those supreme pearl springs,
 Shall be my grief, or twinkle me to pleasure.
 Say, is not bliss within our perfect seisure ? 720
 O that I could not doubt !"

The mountaineer
 Thus strove by fancies vain and crude to clear
 His briar'd path to some tranquillity.

697. In the finished manuscript, 'I plant',—not 'I'll plant'.

699. Cancelled readings of the manuscript,

Aye, }
 And } I will make this crystal rillet trace.

700. After this line there is a couplet in the finished manuscript, which does not appear in the printed book,—

And by it shalt thou sit and sing, hey nonny !
 While doves coo to thee for a little honey.

709. The draft reads 'with' for 'and'.

716. This line originally began with the words 'And the most velvet', which are struck out in the finished manuscript. Woodhouse notes, doubtless from the draft, the line—

And the most velvet peaches to my choice.

720. The draft reads 'Is not, then, bliss', etc.

721. In the first edition there is a note of interrogation after 'doubt'; but a note of exclamation stands there both in the manuscript and in the corrected copy.

723. The draft reads 'The' for 'His'.

It gave bright gladness to his lady's eye,
 And yet the tears she wept were tears of sorrow ; 725
 Answering thus, just as the golden morrow
 Beam'd upward from the vallies of the east :
 "O that the flutter of this heart had ceas'd,
 Or the sweet name of love had pass'd away.
 Young feather'd tyrant ! by a swift decay 730
 Wilt thou devote this body to the earth :
 And I do think that at my very birth
 I lisp'd thy blooming titles inwardly ;
 For at the first, first dawn and thought of thee,
 With uplift hands I blest the stars of heaven. 735
 Art thou not cruel ? Ever have I striven
 To think thee kind, but ah, it will not do !
 When yet a child, I heard that kisses drew
 Favour from thee, and so I kisses gave
 To the void air, bidding them find out love : 740
 But when I came to feel how far above
 All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood,
 All earthly pleasure, all imagin'd good,
 Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss,—
 Even then, that moment, at the thought of this, 745
 Fainting I fell into a bed of flowers,
 And languish'd there three days. Ye milder powers,
 Am I not cruelly wrong'd ? Believe, believe
 Me, dear Endymion, were I to weave
 With my own fancies garlands of sweet life, 750
 Thou shouldst be one of all. Ah, bitter strife !

724-5. At the end of the book containing the draft, Keats wrote, apparently as a memorandum for this passage, the two lines—

There was rejoicing in his Lady's eye
 And yet the tears she wept were tears of sorrow.

726. The draft has 'what time' for 'just as'.

734. The draft reads 'thought and dawn' instead of 'dawn and thought'.

739. In the finished manuscript, this line ends with 'so I gave gave', as if one gave were an accidental repetition instead of the right word ; and indeed the word 'kisses' is inserted in pencil in the margin as a substitute for the first 'gave'. Nevertheless the first edition reads 'so I gave and gave' ; but the reading of the text is supplied in the corrected copy. It is surprising that Keats did not discover the rhymelessness of this line and of line 758, or the bad rhyme of lines 754 and 755.

743. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'Was' for the initial 'All' in this line.

748. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'serv'd' for 'wrong'd'.

749-51. The draft has the following variation :—

were I to weave
 My own imaginations to sweet life
 Thou would'st o'ertop them all.

I may not be thy love : I am forbidden—
 Indeed I am—thwarted, affrighted, chidden,
 By things I trembled at, and gorgon wrath.
 Twice hast thou ask'd whither I went : henceforth 755
 Ask me no more ! I may not utter it,
 Nor may I be thy love. We might commit
 Ourselves at once to vengeance ; we might die ;
 We might embrace and die : voluptuous thought !
 Enlarge not to my hunger, or I'm caught 760
 In trammels of perverse deliciousness.
 No, no, that shall not be : thee will I bless,
 And bid a long adieu."

The Carian

No word return'd : both lovelorn, silent, wan,
 Into the vallies green together went. 765
 Far wandering, they were perforce content
 To sit beneath a fair lone beechen tree ;
 Nor at each other gaz'd, but heavily
 Por'd on its hazle cirque of shedded leaves.

Endymion ! unhappy ! it nigh grieves 770
 Me to behold thee thus in last extreme :
 Ensky'd ere this, but truly that I deem
 Truth the best music in a first-born song.
 Thy lute-voic'd brother will I sing ere long,
 And thou shalt aid—hast thou not aided me ? 775
 Yes, moonlight Emperor ! felicity
 Has been thy meed for many thousand years ;
 Yet often have I, on the brink of tears,
 Mourn'd as if yet thou wert a forester ;—
 Forgetting the old tale.

He did not stir 780

His eyes from the dead leaves, or one small pulse
 Of joy he might have felt. The spirit culls

754. In the draft, 'tremble', not 'trembled'.

766. This line begins in the draft with 'Long' instead of 'Far'.

769. The draft reads 'carpet of shed leaves' instead of 'cirque of shedded leaves'.

772. In the draft—

That hadst been high ere this, but that I deem...

774. Another allusion to the poetic scheme of which the stately fragment 'Hyperion' is the unachieved result.

778. The draft reads—

Yet often have I, mid some foolish tears,...

Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
 Through the old garden-ground of boyish days.
 A little onward ran the very stream 785
 By which he took his first soft poppy dream ;
 And on the very bark 'gainst which he leant
 A crescent he had carv'd, and round it spent
 His skill in little stars. The teeming tree
 Had swollen and green'd the pious charactery, 790
 But not ta'en out. Why, there was not a slope
 Up which he had not fear'd the antelope ;
 And not a tree, beneath whose rooty shade
 He had not with his tamed leopards play'd :
 Nor could an arrow light, or javelin, 795
 Fly in the air where his had never been—
 And yet he knew it not.

O treachery !

Why does his lady smile, pleasing her eye
 With all his sorrowing ? He sees her not.
 But who so stares on him ? His sister sure ! 800
 Peona of the woods !—Can she endure—
 Impossible—how dearly they embrace !
 His lady smiles ; delight is in her face ;
 It is no treachery.

“Dear brother mine !

Endymion, weep not so ! Why shouldst thou pine 805
 When all great Latmos so exalt will be ?
 Thank the great gods, and look not bitterly ;
 And speak not one pale word, and sigh no more.
 Sure I will not believe thou hast such store
 Of grief, to last thee to my kiss again. 810

783. The draft has 'perchance' in place of 'wild', so as to make 'amaranth' scan as a dissyllable.

791-2. The draft reads 'effaced' for 'ta'en out' and 'chaced' for 'fear'd' which is of course used in its old sense of *frightened*.

794. Woodhouse notes, presumably from the draft, the variation 'jessied falcons' for 'tamed leopards'.

799. The finished manuscript does not help us to the missing rhyme; and Woodhouse notes nothing from the draft here, though against line 801 he records what is doubtless a variation from the draft, 'Peona kind and fair'.

805. Woodhouse notes the variation 'Dear Endy: weep', etc., which I should not like to accept literally without seeing the original.

806. Here again as in Book III, line 449, the first edition reads 'Latmos' though the manuscript reads 'Latmus'.

808. Another variation noted by Woodhouse is 'nor sigh once more' for 'and sigh no more'.

Thou surely canst not bear a mind in pain,
 Come hand in hand with one so beautiful.
 Be happy both of you ! for I will pull
 The flowers of autumn for your coronals.
 Pan's holy priest for young Endymion calls ; 815
 And when he is restor'd, thou, fairest dame,
 Shalt be our queen. Now, is it not a shame
 To see ye thus,—not very, very sad ?
 Perhaps ye are too happy to be glad :
 O feel as if it were a common day ; 820
 Free-voic'd as one who never was away.
 No tongue shall ask, whence come ye ? but ye shall
 Be gods of your own rest imperial.
 Not even I, for one whole month, will pry
 Into the hours that have pass'd us by, 825
 Since in my arbour I did sing to thee.
 O Hermes ! on this very night will be
 A hymning up to Cynthia, queen of light ;
 For the soothsayers old saw yesternight
 Good visions in the air,—whence will befall, 830
 As say these sages, health perpetual
 To shepherds and their flocks ; and furthermore,
 In Dian's face they read the gentle lore :
 Therefore for her these vesper-carols are.
 Our friends will all be there from nigh and far. 835
 Many upon thy death have ditties made ;
 And many, even now, their foreheads shade
 With cypress, on a day of sacrifice.
 New singing for our maids shalt thou devise,

811. At this point Woodhouse gives the following passage, which is doubtless from the draft :—

Were this sweet damsel like a long neck'd crane
 Or an old rocking barn owl half asleep
 Some reason would there be for thee to keep
 So dull-eyed—but thou knowst she's beautiful
 Yes, Yes ! and thou dost love her well—I'll pull...

815. Woodhouse notes here the variation 'Great Pan's high priest', and for the next line—

This Shepherd Prince restor'd, thou, fairest dame,...

819. Woodhouse notes the following two variants of this line,—one expressly and the other presumably from the draft :

- (1) Perhaps ye feel too much joy—too overglad :
- (2) Perhaps ye are too glad, too overglad.

825. The draft reads 'Into the long hours', so as to avoid the necessity for scanning *hours* as a dissyllable.

827. In the draft thus—

Why ! hark ye ! on this very eve will be...

And pluck the sorrow from our huntsmen's brows. 840
 Tell me, my lady-queen, how to espouse
 This wayward brother to his rightful joys !
 His eyes are on thee bent, as thou didst poize
 His fate most goddess-like. Help me, I pray,
 To lure—Endymion, dear brother, say 845
 What ails thee ?" He could bear no more, and so
 Bent his soul fiercely like a spiritual bow,
 And twang'd it inwardly, and calmly said :
 " I would have thee my only friend, sweet maid !
 My only visitor ! not ignorant though, 850
 That those deceptions which for pleasure go
 'Mong men, are pleasures real as real may be :
 But there are higher ones I may not see,
 If impiously an earthly realm I take.
 Since I saw thee, I have been wide awake 855
 Night after night, and day by day, until
 Of the empyrean I have drunk my fill.
 Let it content thee, Sister, seeing me
 More happy than betides mortality.
 A hermit young, I'll live in mossy cave, 860
 Where thou alone shalt come to me, and lave
 Thy spirit in the wonders I shall tell.
 Through me the shepherd realm shall prosper well ;
 For to thy tongue will I all health confide.
 And, for my sake, let this young maid abide 865
 With thee as a dear sister. Thou alone,
 Peona, mayst return to me. I own
 This may sound strangely : but when, dearest girl,
 Thou seest it for my happiness, no pearl
 Will trespass down those cheeks. Companion fair ! 870
 Wilt be content to dwell with her, to share
 This sister's love with me ?" Like one resign'd
 And bent by circumstance, and thereby blind
 In self-commitment, thus that meek unknown :
 " Aye, but a buzzing by my ears has flown, 875
 Of jubilee to Dian :—truth I heard ?
 Well then, I see there is no little bird,

840. The draft has 'cypress' for 'sorrow'.

853. In the draft, 'But I have', etc.

862. Woodhouse notes the variation 'will' for 'shall'.

866. Woodhouse notes the variation 'With thee ev'n as a sister'.

874. Woodhouse notes the variation 'mild' for 'meek'.

876. This line ends with a note of exclamation in the first edition, but with a note of interrogation both in the finished manuscript and in the corrected copy. Woodhouse does not cite the draft on this point.

Tender soever, but is Jove's own care.
 Long have I sought for rest, and, unaware,
 Behold I find it ! so exalted too ! 880
 So after my own heart ! I knew, I knew
 There was a place untenanted in it :
 In that same void white Chastity shall sit,
 And monitor me nightly to lone slumber.
 With sanest lips I vow me to the number 885
 Of Dian's sisterhood ; and, kind lady,
 With thy good help, this very night shall see
 My future days to her fane consecrate."

As feels a dreamer what doth most create
 His own particular fright, so these three felt : 890
 Or like one who, in after ages, knelt
 To Lucifer or Baal, when he'd pine
 After a little sleep : or when in mine
 Far under-ground, a sleeper meets his friends
 Who know him not. Each diligently bends 895
 Towards common thoughts and things for very fear ;
 Striving their ghastly malady to cheer,
 By thinking it a thing of yes and no,
 That housewives talk of. But the spirit-blow
 Was struck, and all were dreamers. At the last 900
 Endymion said : " Are not our fates all cast ?
 Why stand we here ? Adieu, ye tender pair !
 Adieu ! " Whereat those maidens, with wild stare,
 Walk'd dizzily away. Pained and hot
 His eyes went after them, until they got 905
 Near to a cypress grove, whose deadly maw,
 In one swift moment, would what then he saw
 Engulph for ever. " Stay ! " he cried, " ah, stay !
 Turn, damsels ! hist ! one word I have to say.
 Sweet Indian, I would see thee once again. 910
 It is a thing I dote on : so I'd fain,
 Peona, ye should hand in hand repair

878. A curious importation from biblical theology into a subject from Greek mythology. Compare St. Matthew, X, 29 : " Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." Or, as made familiar to our childhood by the popular hymn-wright,—

A little sparrow cannot fall,
 Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee.

882. Woodhouse notes the variation 'void' for 'place'.

888-9. The draft reads 'in' for 'to' and 'can' for 'doth'.

892. In the draft, 'at strife' in place of 'he'd pine'.

904. The draft reads 'patiently' for 'dizzily'.

906. In the draft, 'shade' for 'maw'.

Into those holy groves, that silent are
 Behind great Dian's temple. I'll be yon,
 At vesper's earliest twinkle—they are gone— 915
 But once, once, once again—" At this he press'd
 His hands against his face, and then did rest
 His head upon a mossy hillock green,
 And so remain'd as he a corpse had been
 All the long day ; save when he scantily lifted 920
 His eyes abroad, to see how shadows shifted
 With the slow move of time,—sluggish and weary
 Until the poplar tops, in journey dreary,
 Had reach'd the river's brim. Then up he rose,
 And, slowly as that very river flows, 925
 Walk'd towards the temple grove with this lament :
 "Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
 Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
 Before the serene father of them all
 Bows down his summer head below the west. 930
 Now am I of breath, speech, and speed possest,
 But at the setting I must bid adieu
 To her for the last time. Night will strew
 On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
 And with them shall I die ; nor much it grieves 935
 To die, when summer dies on the cold sward.
 Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
 Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,
 Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbour roses ;
 My kingdom's at its death, and just it is 940
 That I should die with it : so in all this
 We miscall grief, bale, sorrow, heartbreak, woe,
 What is there to plain of? By Titan's foe
 I am but rightly serv'd." So saying, he
 Tripp'd lightly on, in sort of deathful glee ; 945
 Laughing at the clear stream and setting sun,
 As though they jests had been : nor had he done

918-22. In the draft this passage stands thus :—

His hands upon a pillow of green moss
 And so remained without impatient toss
 All the day long—save when he scantily lifted
 His eyes abroad, to see how shadows shifted,
 And note the weary time.—Ah weary, weary,...

The word 'hands' in line 918 was probably a mere slip.

926-7. Woodhouse gives, presumably from the draft, the couplet,

Walk'd towards the temple grove lamenting "O
 "Why such a golden eve? The breezes blow...

933. This line, though possibly corrupt, stands thus in the finished manuscript and in Keats's edition. Woodhouse does not bring the draft in evidence.

934. In the manuscript, 'ling'ring' for 'lingering'.

His laugh at nature's holy countenance,
 Until that grove appear'd, as if perchance,
 And then his tongue with sober seemlihed 950
 Gave utterance as he enter'd : " Ha ! I said,
 " King of the butterflies ; but by this gloom,
 And by old Rhadamanthus' tongue of doom,
 This dusk religion, pomp of solitude,
 And the Promethean clay by thief endued, 955
 By old Saturnus' forelock, by his head
 Shook with eternal palsy, I did wed
 Myself to things of light from infancy ;
 And thus to be cast out, thus lorn to die,
 Is sure enough to make a mortal man 960
 Grow impious." So he inwardly began
 On things for which no wording can be found ;
 Deeper and deeper sinking, until drown'd
 Beyond the reach of music : for the choir
 Of Cynthia he heard not, though rough briar 965
 Nor muffling thicket interpos'd to dull
 The vesper hymn, far swollen, soft and full,
 Through the dark pillars of those sylvan aisles.
 He saw not the two maidens, nor their smiles,
 Wan as primroses gather'd at midnight 970
 By chilly finger'd spring. " Unhappy wight !
 Endymion ! " said Peona, " we are here !
 What wouldst thou ere we all are laid on bier ? "
 Then he embrac'd her, and his lady's hand
 Press'd, saying : " Sister, I would have command, 975
 If it were heaven's will, on our sad fate."
 At which that dark-ey'd stranger stood elate
 And said, in a new voice, but sweet as love,

949-50. In the draft—

Until he saw that grove, as if perchance,
 And then his soul was changed...

951. The inverted commas are closed after 'Ha!' in the first edition; but it is not so in the manuscript; and the matter is set right in the corrected copy.

955. Cancelled reading of the manuscript, 'And by Promethean...'. This was probably rejected to get rid of the repetition of the word *by*.

956. The draft reads 'And by old Saturn's single forelock...'.
 967. The draft reads 'prelude' for 'vesper'.

968. It is worth noting that, when writing out the fair copy, Keats made three several attempts to spell this word 'aisles' rightly, having first written it 'isles', then 'ailes' and lastly 'aisles'.

974-7. The draft reads as follows :

Her brother kiss'd her, and his lady's hand
 Saying, " Sweet sister I would have command,
 If it were heaven's will, on our sad fate."
 Then that dark-tressed stranger stood elate...

To Endymion's amaze : " By Cupid's dove,
 And so thou shalt ! and by the lilly truth 980
 Of my own breast thou shalt, beloved youth !"
 And as she spake, into her face there came
 Light, as reflected from a silver flame :
 Her long black hair swell'd ampler, in display
 Full golden ; in her eyes a brighter day 985
 Dawn'd blue and full of love. Aye, he beheld
 Phœbe, his passion ! joyous she upheld
 Her lucid bow, continuing thus : " Drear, drear
 Has our delaying been ; but foolish fear
 Withheld me first ; and then decrees of fate ; 990
 And then 'twas fit that from this mortal state
 Thou shouldst, my love, by some unlook'd for change
 Be spiritualiz'd. Peona, we shall range
 These forests, and to thee they safe shall be
 As was thy cradle ; hither shalt thou flee 995
 To meet us many a time." Next Cynthia bright
 Peona kiss'd, and bless'd with fair good night :
 Her brother kiss'd her too, and knelt adown
 Before his goddess, in a blissful swoon.
 She gave her fair hands to him, and behold, 1000
 Before three swiftest kisses he had told,
 They vanish'd far away !—Peona went
 Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.

THE END.

984-6. In the draft thus :—

Her long black hair swell'd ampler, while it turned
 Golden—and her eyes of jet dawned forth a brighter day
 Blue—blue—and full of love.

997-8. In the finished manuscript the word 'kist' occurs twice in these two lines instead of 'kiss'd' as in the first edition ; but 'bless'd' is not similarly transformed to 'blest'.

1003. At the end of the draft Keats wrote—"Burford Bridge Nov. 28, 1817". Looking back at the several cases, recorded in the notes, of lines standing rhymeless, I am convinced that Palgrave was not right in assuming intention on Keats's part thus to vary his form.

LIST OF WORDS ALTERED SO AS TO CONSIST WITH
KEATS'S RULE OR PRACTICE.

In the 1817 Volume.

	Page	Line		Page	Line		Page	Line
anceles	18	82	honour	38	128	shewn	55	167
lily	34	89	laurel'd	39	3	smoothness	61	377

In Endymion.

		Preface		Book	Line		Book	Line
honour			ay	II	555	shew	III	388
valley-lilies	I	157	tease	"	602	shewing	"	502
owlets	"	182	farewel	"	626	lily	"	577
honour	"	226	"	"	669	chase	"	590
childrens'	"	317	crystaline	"	793	shew	"	851
pavilion	"	628	lily	"	946	lily	IV	118
balances	"	644	tease	"	954	water-lily	"	186
tease	"	745	shew	"	990	shewing	"	376
farewel	"	974	poise	III	27	Shew	"	588
pavilions	II	56	sphery	"	33	ay	"	626
lilies	"	100	splendor	"	91	farewel	"	651
"	"	115	gulf	"	94	river-lily	"	664
farewel	"	129	lily	"	103	poise	"	843
lily	"	408	blithly	"	156	miscal	"	942
honour	"	436	shew	"	209	lily	"	980
			farewel	"	275			

WORDS ENDING IN *ed*.—In the 1817 Volume.

	Page	Line		Page	Line		Page	Line
passed	5	1	large-eyed	19	127	fine-eyed	30	35
leaved	7	5	turned	19	129	intertwined	30	43
played	8	25	arched	19	130	black-eyed	31	87
overtwined	8	35	Embroidered	21	14	tired	33	84
scattered	8	45	listened	22	30	Lured	34	101
inspired	11	163	glistered	22	32	required	37	105
delayed	13	212	honied	24	24	strayed	41	9
turned	13	213	broidered	24	45	ruled	46	6
soothed	13	224	placed	24	49	Smoothed	52	57
eyed	13	225	bright-eyed	25	21	chequered	53	77
turned	14	9	reclined	26	18	Bared	55	190
prepared	16	29	tried	27	32	blasphemed	56	202
bright-eyed	18	73	loved	27	14	dared	59	300

In Endymion.

Book	Line	Book	Line	Book	Line
finished	I 55	reached	II 84	tried	III 390
strayed	" 69	clear-eyed	" 109	ceased	" 423
unsullied	" 97	Descried	" 245	phantasied	" 506
seemed	" 111	exclaimed	" 295	emptied	" 510 & 515
died	" 116	Medicined	" 484	poisoned	" 602
used	" 134	used	" 553	Moved	" 606
trailed	" 145	zoned	" 569	reached	" 671
piled	" 183	exhaled	" 663	applied	" 781
paled	" 189	endued	" 707	eyed	" 803
Eyed	" 194	ashamed	" 787	Moved	" 822
fire-tailed	" 367	self-doomed	" 843	cried	" 832
used	" 433	pursued	" 928	uninspired	IV 25
Dried	" 439	honied	" 997	replied	" 125
used	" 546	blear-eyed	III 11	imbrued	" 212
dazed	" 601	bared	" 35	gazed	" 293
used	" 728	Couched	" 58	full-veined	" 400
died	" 733	unaccustomed	" 90	yawned	" 464
moved	" 897	Lashed	" 111	tamed	" 591
preserved	" 904	chaced	" 138	duped	" 629
magnified	II 19	died	" 139	entered	" 951
dared	" 36	dried	" 144	dark-eyed	" 977
		dived	" 351		

ERRATA.

Page 18, Line 73 for 'bright-eyed' read 'bright-ey'd'.

Page 18, Line 105 for 'pressed' read 'press'd'.

Page 47, Sonnet XII, Line 8 for 'discover'd' read 'discovered'.

Page 73, Line 63 for 'Latmus' read 'Latmos'.

Page 103, Line 974 for 'farewel' read 'farewell'.

Page 189, Line 492 for 'to' read 'of'.

ADDENDUM.

Under the title "A Shelf of Old Books," Mrs. Fields contributed to 'Scribner's Magazine' for March 1888 an account of some books of personal interest owned by the late Mr. James T. Fields. One of these was a volume containing the poems of Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, annotated in manuscript by Leigh Hunt. Inserted in this were a letter from Coleridge, a tiny business note from Shelley, and a fragment of Keats's holograph draft of "I stood tip-toe upon a little hill."

